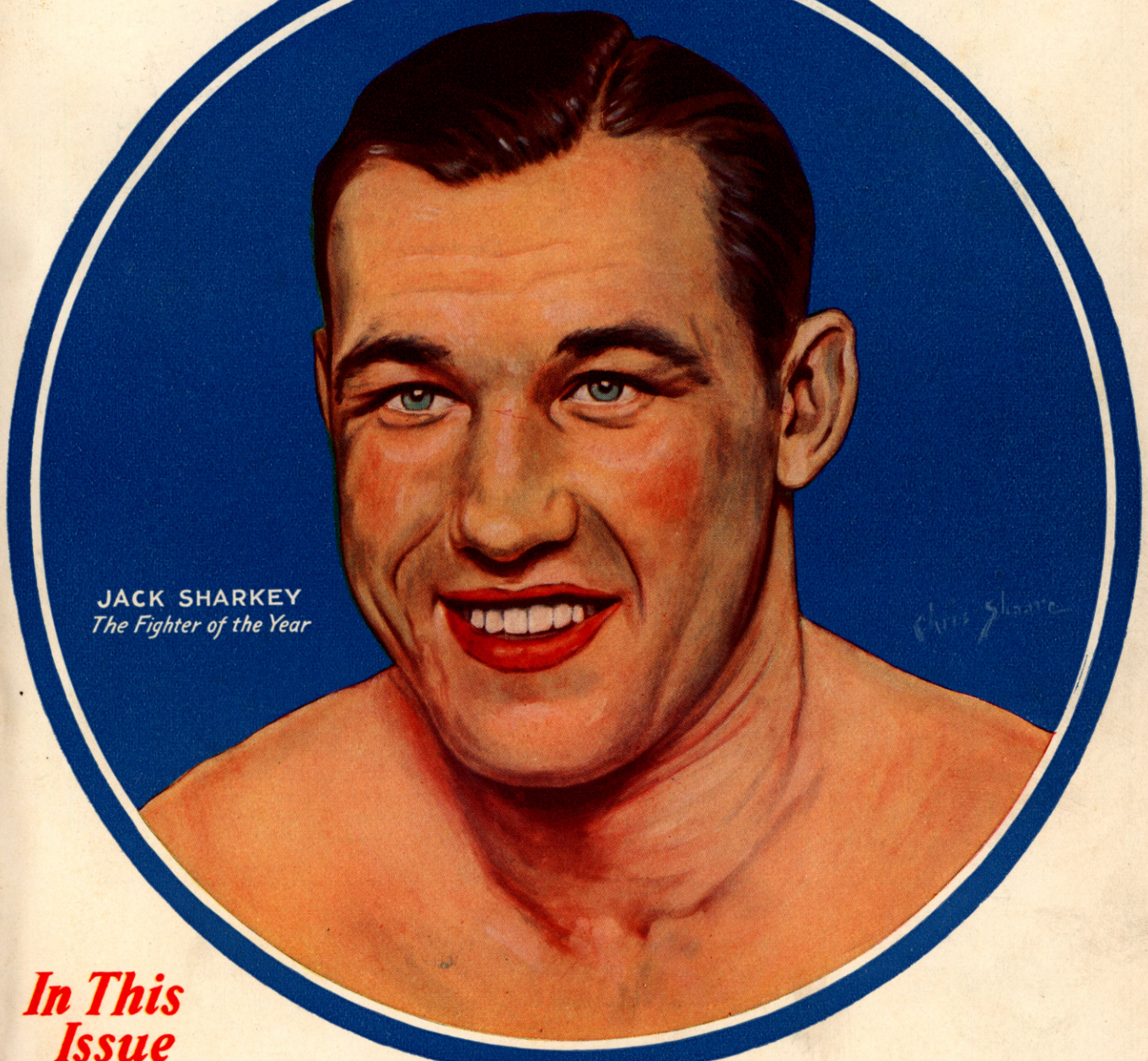
BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

15 CENTS

FEBRUARY

The RING



JACK SHARKEY
The Fighter of the Year

In This Issue

The RING'S RANKING for 1932

A Book for Every Fight Lover!

It will make your blood run faster!

CHAMPIONS OFF GUARD

By WILLIAM O. INGLIS

Old-time sports writer on the New York World

- The thrilling story of ring champions from Sullivan to Sharkey—told by a man who sparred with most of them and was the friend of all.

- Read about the fierce Sullivan's fights with Flood, Paddy Ryan, Slade, the Maori warrior, Jake Kilrain, Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett.

- Intimate and interesting reminiscences of Mike Donovan, Bob Fitzsimmons, "Kid" McCoy, Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

- "Mr. William O. Inglis, who used to be a boxing writer himself, has produced an interesting and authoritative book in CHAMPIONS OFF GUARD, in which he gives some original sidelights of the American gladiators, from John L. Sullivan to Gene Tunney. Having been a young writer when the old 'Champion of Champions' was young, Mr. Inglis, like all who have written of him, while looking back over the American fighting dynasty, sees in Sullivan the greatest of them all."

  —W. O. McGeehan, *The Herald-Tribune.*

- "The author knows his ground. He saw Sullivan in all his glory. He ran along the roads with the young bank clerk, James J. Corbett, who was to surprise the country by knocking out the supposedly invincible Boston Strong Boy (Sullivan). He chatted with Bob Fitzsimmons, the freckled Cornishman, and sat silent with Jim Jeffries, 'the gentle grizzly'."

  —John Kieran, *New York Times.*

- "This book, by William O. Inglis, once boxing expert for the *New York World*, a man who knows a lot about the great—their habits, their fighting ways and the stories of their best battles—is a book to make the blood course faster. It is written with the gusto of the reporter who relives the big moments of the past and who can write against time."—Harry Hansen, *The World-Telegram.*

Please mail this to your bookseller or to

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me _____ copies at $3.15 each ($3.00 plus 15c for postage) of **CHAMPIONS OFF GUARD** by William O. Inglis.

Name _____ *Address* _____

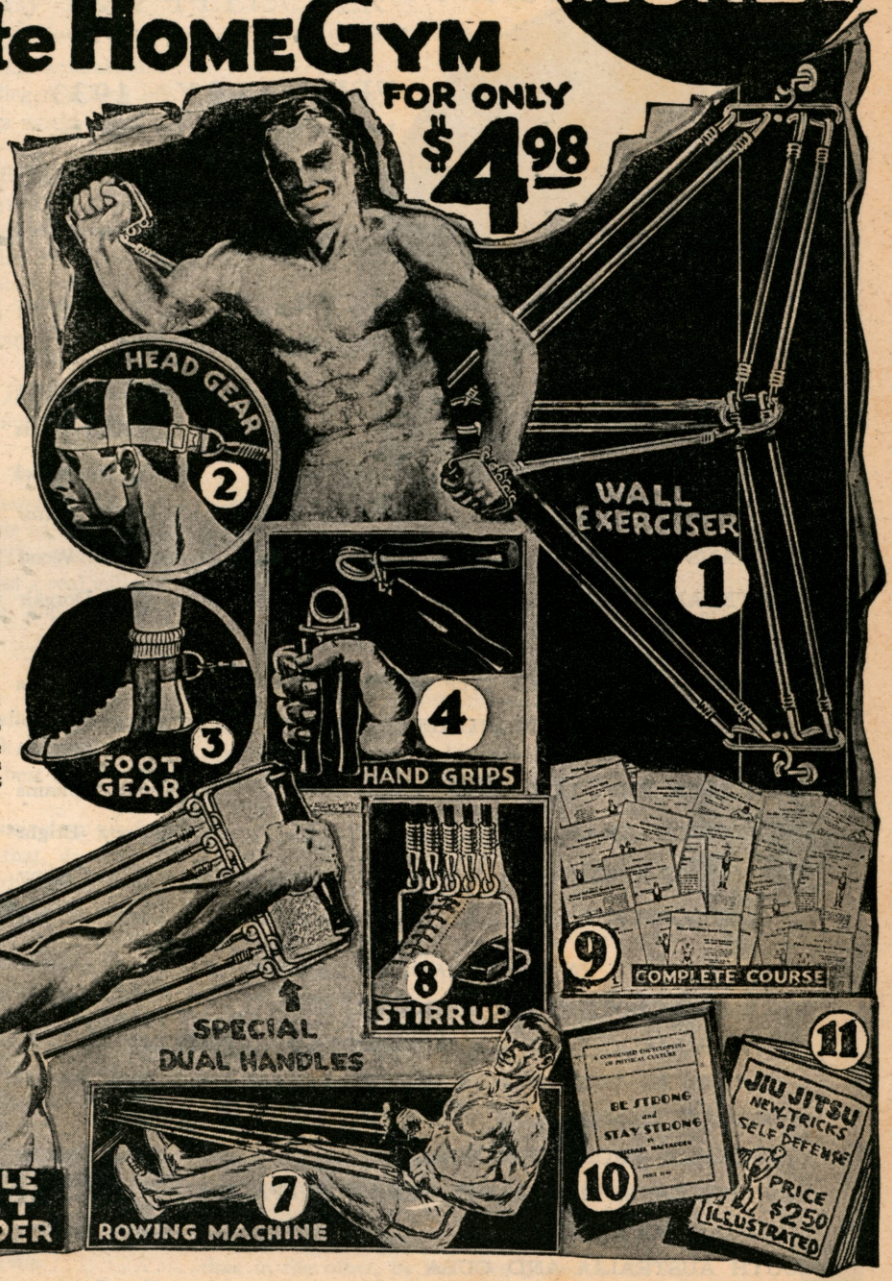
☐ Please send C. O. D. ☐ I enclose check or money order

Big Muscles Quick! Get This Complete Home Gym

SEND NO MONEY

12-in-1 Muscle Building OUTFIT

FOR ONLY $4.98



Man—look at these pictures! Here's Everything you need to develop EVERY muscle in your body—all in one great 12-in-1 Outfit. Just spend a few minutes a day with that Snappy Wall Exerciser, the big Chest Expander, the zippy Rowing Machine and the other great muscle builders included—and WATCH THOSE MUSCLES GROW!

Read the list below—see what you get. The whole works for less than a five-dollar bill—with a Complete Course of Instruction, two great books and a special, confidential sex lesson for men thrown in for good measure. Rush coupon below for this great bargain.

Money-Back Guarantee

You don't risk a cent. Examine this wonderful 12-in-1 Outfit for yourself. YOUR MONEY RIGHT BACK if you don't agree this is the greatest muscle building outfit and biggest value you've ever seen.

1—Complete set of Wall-Exerciser Attachments—a wonderful muscle-builder for arms, back, chest and stomach.

2—Adjustable Head Gear for developing powerful neck muscles, and—

3—Adjustable Foot Gear for building muscular legs.

4—Two High-tension Scissor Grips for strengthening hands, wrists and forearms.

5—Ten-Cable Progressive Chest Expander (300 lbs. resistance). A few minutes a day with this will give you a mighty chest, powerful arms and legs.

Here's What You Get:

6—Professional Skip Rope, develops speed and wind.

7—Complete Rowing Machine Attachments, giving you all the wonderful body-building benefits of rowing.

8—Foot Stirrup, patented, non-slip; great for developing legs, thighs and stomach muscles.

9—Twelve weeks' scientific Muscle-Building Course, a complete and progressive system of home training that will re-build your body from head to foot.

10—Encyclopedia of Health and Strength, a big book full of vital facts about your body and its development.

11—Book on Jiu Jitsu, the famous art that makes you master of any man you meet.

12—Special Confidential Lesson for Men, tells you frankly and clearly the things you ought to know.

Rush Coupon for this Amazing Bargain

NO MONEY NEEDED

Just write name and address in coupon or write letter AT ONCE. Pay postman only $4.98 plus postage on delivery. (Or send $4.98 and I pay postage.) Simply return outfit immediately if not pleased. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. First come, first served. Get YOUR outfit NOW. This offer may never be repeated.

Michael McFadden
Dept. L-2
55 East 11th Street
New York, N. Y.
(No connection with Macfadden Publications)

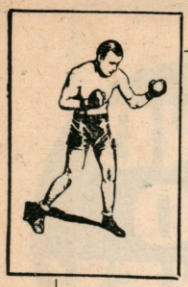
MICHAEL McFADDEN
Dept. L-2
55 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Mike: Shoot me the works C. O. D. I'll pay $4.98 plus actual postage. My money back if I am not satisfied and return outfit immediately. (NOTE: If you prefer, enclose $4.98 and I pay postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee.)

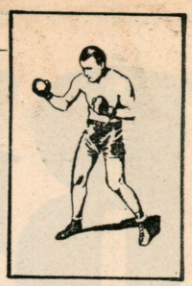
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....
(Outside U. S. A. Send Cash with Order)



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1933—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XII FEBRUARY, 1933 No. 1

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

THE RING'S RATING OF BOXERS FOR 1932	Nat Fleischer	3
HOW BOXERS OF WORLD ARE GROUPED BY "THE RING"		11
FEINTING A LOST ART	The Ring Editor	13
WHEN GRANDPA WAS A KID	Olin Davis	14
IT HAPPENED IN BROGGNOGGDOGG! (Fiction)	Daniel M. Daniel	16
THE GOLDFIELD A. C	The Ring Editor	18
GERMANS IN BOXING	Wilbur Wood	20
A VETERAN SPEAKS	John L. (Ike) Dorgan	22
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)		24
FROM MILO TO LONDOS (The History of Wrestling)	A. D. Phillips	26
$2000 SOLID GOLD DIAMOND BELT OFFERED BY "THE RING"	"Tex" Austin	28
THEY LACK HEFT BUT SHOW SKILL	George Williams	30
ON LONDOS' TRAIL	Harvey Bright	31
CRADLES OF BOXING (The history of New England pugilism)	"Doc" Almy	32
IN OUR QUESTION BOX		37

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NEWS FROM BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA		38
SOUTHERN OHIO, GEORGIA, MINNESOTA AND OREGON		39
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	40
MICHIGAN, KANSAS AND VICINITY		41
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	42
NEW ORLEANS, MARYLAND, TEXAS, BUFFALO		43
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO	Frank Maestro	44
SOUTH AUSTRALIA AND CUBA		45
GREAT BRITAIN, EUROPE AND HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.		46
CLEVELAND AND SIOUX CITY		47
PITTSBURGH, ST. LOUIS AND "HEAD OF THE LAKES", WISCONSIN		48

In Our Next Issue

A special "Old Timers" Number, in which a most interesting collection of old drawings hitherto not brought together in any magazine, will be featured. Many pages of pictures long out of print—a rarity in the sports collector's album. And stories to go with them by one of America's foremost sports writers, Daniel M. Daniel. Don't miss this.

The Sharkey-Schmeling feud has been resumed. How will it affect the heavyweight sock market? Nat Fleischer will answer this in a critical analysis.

Boxing may truly be called the sport of all nations. It is astonishing to note how this sport, once confined to the English race, now finds support in every nook and corner of the world. You've read in previous issues of the English, Irish, Jews, Italians, Germans, Negroes and Filipinos who have made their mark in fisticuffs. Now you'll have a chance to read of the Slavs, Swiss, French, Austrians, Crotians, Tetawanians and Danes who captured the highest laurels in boxing.

These in addition to fight fiction and special articles by "The Ring's" great staff—Wilbur Wood, A. D. Phillips, Charles F. Mathison, Arthur Lumley, Eddie Borden, "Tex" Austin, Clarence Gillespie, Joe Humphreys and Jimmy Johnston.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 20 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass., or 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Office of publication, **The Ring, Inc.**, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone Longacre 5-7244-45.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.

A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

Price—15 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$1.50 per year in United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. Canada $2.25, and all other countries $2.50 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y. Transfer of the Dunellen entry to Springfield, Mass., is pending.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Ring's Rating of BOXERS for 1932

By NAT FLEISCHER

ANOTHER year has passed in boxing. Another year with its mixture of blessings and woes. And now we come to the seventh annual ranking of boxers. Despite depression, despite the alleged falling off in the general calibre of fistic talent all over the world, we find that the 1932 rating list discloses an amazingly high quality of ability and achievement in almost every class of the fistic cosmos.

First, let us explain the origin of these ratings. This time the list is exclusively a RING product. Readers of this magazine will recollect that when THE RING originated the idea of rating the boxers, Tex Rickard was responsible for the job. Once Rickard had made it a practice to rank the fistic leaders for THE RING, newspapers and news agencies all over the country borrowed the idea.

When Rickard died, Jack Dempsey and then Jimmy Johnston picked up where Tex had left off. Johnston handled the 1931 ratings and did a good job of it.

However, there were objections. Readers of THE RING protested that they did not want any promoter or manager—in fact, they wanted nobody connected with the money side of the game—to tell them who was who, and what was what. The publisher of THE RING did not believe that these objections had a real validity, as he appreciated that the rankings had been fair, and unaffected by professional duty or connection.

* * *

HOWEVER, the readers of THE RING called on the publisher of this magazine to do the work himself. They felt that the staff of THE RING had the best insight into boxing conditions and boxing abilities.

As a result, the 1932 rating is entirely and exclusively a product of THE RING. It is the publisher's conviction that, as such, it embraces the best thought on the subject and the most expert impressions. It is the belief of THE RING that the 1932 ranking is the best of the series.

The year was marked by a change in the ownership of the world's heavyweight championship. In a fifteen-round fight in New York, Jack Sharkey, of Boston, took the title from Max Schmeling, of Germany, on a decision.

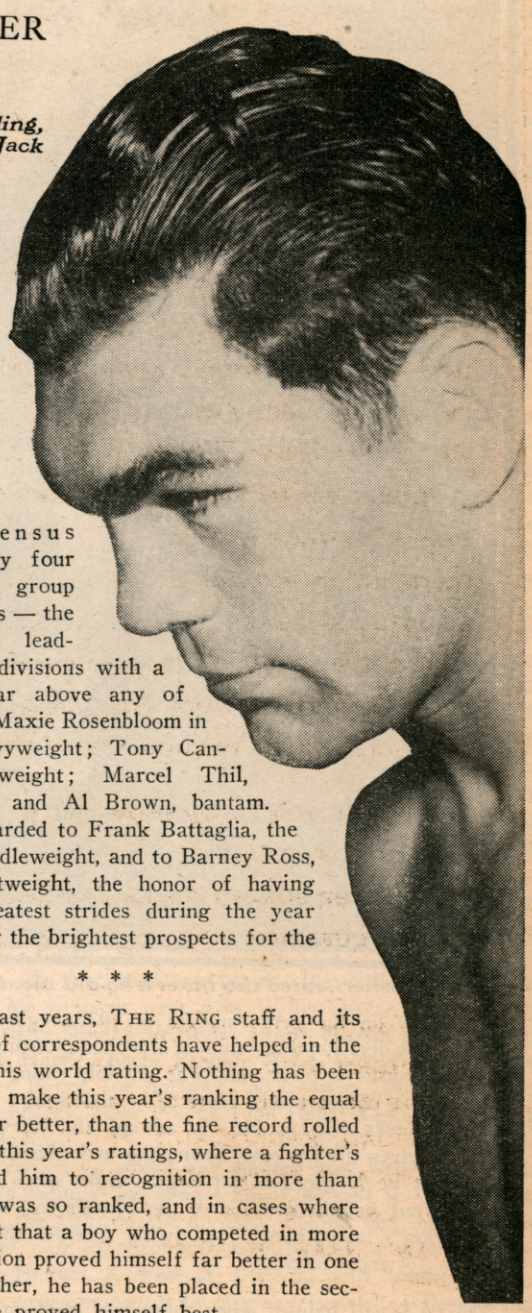
There was much debate over this verdict. Thousands who saw the fight felt that the Teuton had earned the right to keep the laurels. Thousands were equally certain that Sharkey had merited the title.

It is not the purpose of this ranking to reopen the controversy. The position of THE RING is demonstrated quite definitely through the fact that Jack Sharkey is ranked Number One among the fighters of the world, with Schmeling Number Two.

THE RING also awards to Sharkey the distinction of being the boxer who accomplished the greatest feat of the year. His taking the championship from Schmeling was the most noteworthy achievement of the last two years in world boxing.

Of a total of 807 names submitted for consideration from all parts of the world, about half were eliminated. They were found not deserving of a rating or a mention. Only those whose records clearly showed that they were not just the ordinary gladiator were listed.

It is interesting to note that of the 142 experts who figured in the ratings, only nineteen failed to award a place among the first five in any division to a foreigner. On the other hand, despite the fact that Sharkey won the title from Schmeling, almost fifty per cent of the selectors listed Schmeling as not only the best heavyweight but the outstanding fighter. Sharkey won his place by a scant margin.



Max Schmeling, who with Jack Sharkey is in Group No. 1 among the heavyweights

The consensus places only four fighters in a group by themselves — the acknowledged leaders of their divisions with a percentage far above any of their rivals—Maxie Rosenbloom in the light-heavyweight; Tony Canzoneri, lightweight; Marcel Thil, middleweight, and Al Brown, bantam.

It also awarded to Frank Battaglia, the Canadian middleweight, and to Barney Ross, Chicago lightweight, the honor of having made the greatest strides during the year and of having the brightest prospects for the new year.

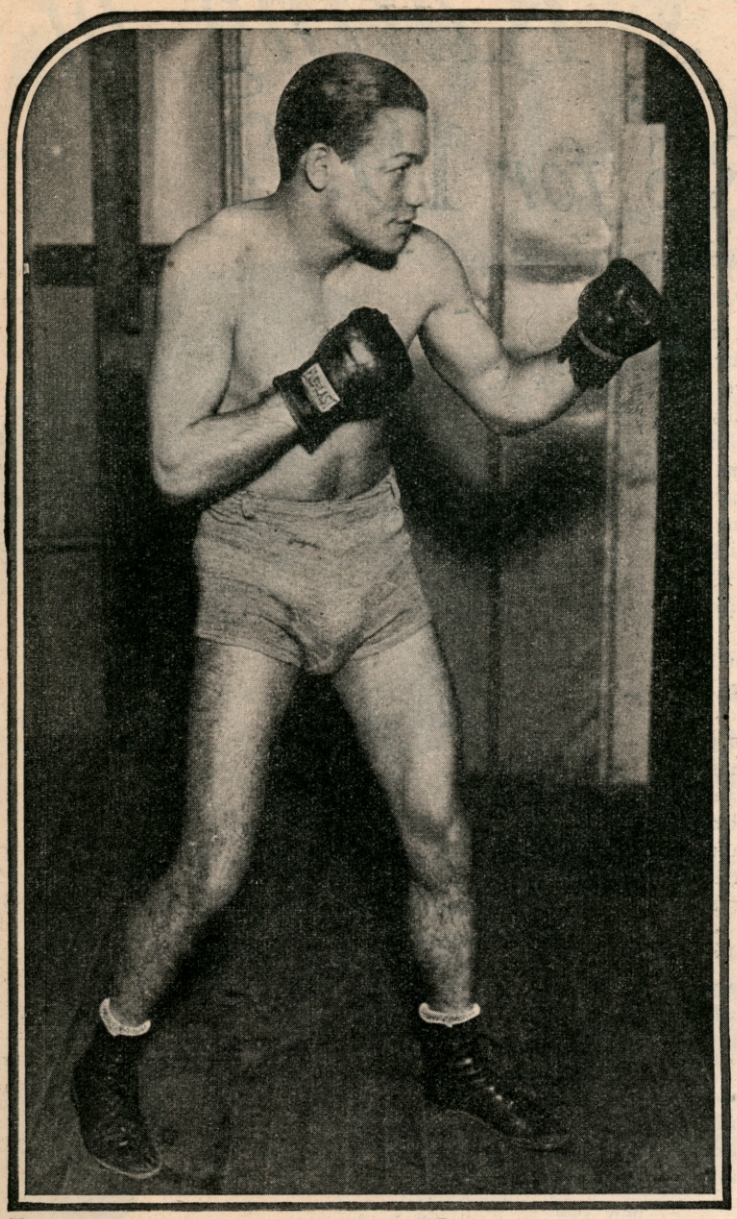
* * *

AS in past years, THE RING staff and its army of correspondents have helped in the selection of this world rating. Nothing has been left undone to make this year's ranking the equal in accuracy, or better, than the fine record rolled up to date. In this year's ratings, where a fighter's record entitled him to recognition in more than one class, he was so ranked, and in cases where it was thought that a boy who competed in more than one division proved himself far better in one than in the other, he has been placed in the section where he proved himself best.

Based on the above, Kid Chocolate receives recognition both among the featherweights, as the leader, and the lightweights, in which division he finds himself in third place. Petrolle, is removed from the lightweight to the welterweight section.

The year was a particularly lean one financially, due primarily to the fact that promoters, managers and fighters didn't realize until it was too late that the world depression was at its height. The only big money fights of the year were the Walker-Schmeling and the Schmeling-Sharkey affairs.

The year witnessed the downfall of two heavyweights who, in 1931, were given exceptionally high ranking and who, it was predicted, would be ranked among the first four leaders this year—Mickey Walker and Ernie Schaaf—and also saw the rise of a third heavyweight to a place just below the two ranking men of the division. To Max Baer goes that honor.



Tony Canzoneri, rated the boxer who did most for the sport in 1932

BASED on the performances of 1932, regardless of merits of the decision that removed the championship from Schmeling's to Sharkey's head, only one possible rating can be made—THE RING's choice places Herr Max and Squire Jack in a class by themselves, Group No. 1, among the heavyweights, with Sharkey given the top post. Schmeling undoubtedly proved in that fight that he is the greatest heavyweight since Dempsey came to the front, but the decision of the officials was against him and in Sharkey's favor, hence Jack justly receives the award as the world's foremost pugilist.

* * *

WHAT will happen when these two clash again, if ever, is problematical. My personal opinion is that Schmeling will be the first fighter in modern fisticuffs to regain the heavyweight championship after once losing it, but what we must go by in making an annual rating is not what might have happened or will take place, but what did when those fellows met.

Schmeling, by taking the measure of Walker a few months after losing the title, made certain that no one will stand between him and a return match and, based on that performance, he gains his place in the same bracket with his conqueror. It is notable that of the 142 persons throughout the world who submitted the first three ratings in each division, there was almost a deadlock on Schmeling and Sharkey. The difference was only two per cent. That is remarkable in gauging opinion on the relative ability of each. Practically the same percentage separated Kid Chocolate and La Barba among the featherweights.

GROUP Two of the heavyweights finds Baer heading the list, with Poreda, Schaaf and Carnera following. Baer's margin is almost sufficient to place him in a class by himself, with the other three well bunched.

Baer occupies the rôle this year that Schaaf did in our last ranking. Max possesses everything a good fighter should have. He has rare courage, terrific hitting powers, capacity for assimilating punishment and speed, and, if he will take his work seriously, he may find himself in a championship match before the year is over.

Baer's performance against Schaaf, whom he whipped badly in Chicago, the bell saving Ernie from a knockout after he was floored in the tenth, was this year's classic. He also knocked out Tuffy Griffiths in seven rounds, Walter Cobb in four, Paul Swiderski in seven, and won over King Levinsky twice—once in twenty rounds—and over Tom Heeney and Arthur De Kuh.

In Stanley Poreda, the Jersey fighter, the heavyweight section has a smart, cagey boy, who looms as a fine prospect. Checked by Ruggirello by way of a knockout in five rounds, Stanley came back with a spurt that commanded attention. He knocked out Jimmy Flinker in two, whipped Pietro Corri, Primo Carnera, Ernie Schaaf and Tommy Loughran.

As for Schaaf, he had the opportunity of a lifetime, but apparently dissension with his managers broke his spirit and he tumbled from his high perch of the previous year. Losses to Poreda, Baer and Unknown Winston, reduced his standing. Later he turned the tables on Winston in a return engagement. During the year Ernie whipped Paulino, Young Stribling, Ted Sandwina, twice; Jack Gross and Tony Galento; and stopped Ruggirello twice, each in four rounds, and Winston twice, once in the fifth and once in the sixth.

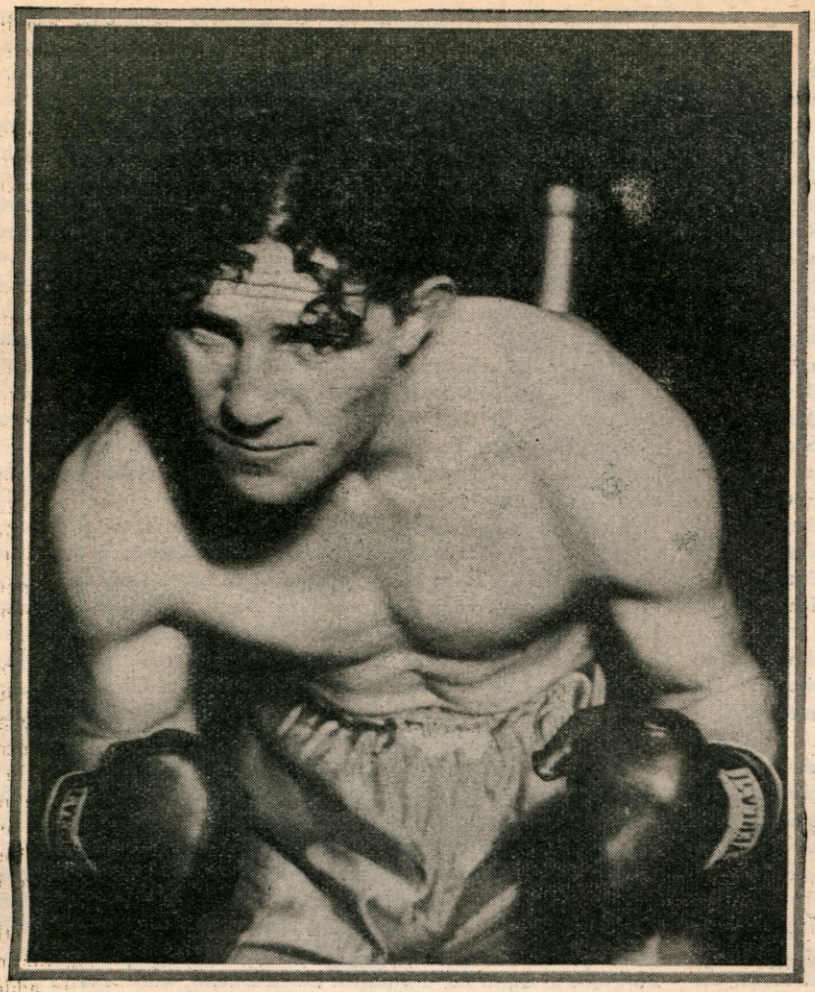
As for Carnera, the other member of this group, he still remains an enigma. He has been very active, but doesn't seem to get anywhere as his victories mean little in added prestige. He lost to Poreda and Larry Gains during the year, but scored victories over King Levinsky, Art Lasky, Pierre Charles, Maurice Griselle, Hans Birkie and Don McCorkindale and scored knockouts over Jack Gagnon and Jimmy Merriott in one round; Big Boy Peterson, Moise Bouquillon and Jack Taylor in two each; Les Kennedy in three; George Cook, Ted Sandwina and K. O. Christner in four each; Hans Schonrath, Jerry Pavelic and Ernest Guhring in five each; Gene Stanton, six; Jose Santa, Jack Gross and John Schwake in seven each.

That is by far the most active record of any heavyweight of note but, despite the victories and knockouts, it is not impressive because of the poor talent engaged. If Carnera can develop a punch he will get somewhere. If he cannot (and I don't think he can) he'll just be another fighter—and a freak, at that. That he has lost his drawing power is evident by the gates at shows in which he has been the headliner.

* * *

MY third group consists of only two men who, a year ago, held high ranking. This group is headed by Johnny Risko, the Cleveland Rubber Man, who every now and then comes forth with an astonishing performance. His victories over Walker, Levinsky and Griffiths were sufficient to gain for him the eighth position among world heavyweights, with Walker close on his trail. Walker proved in his bout with Schmeling that he doesn't belong in the heavyweight ranks, but since he insists on clashing with the big fellows, we will rate him with them. His triumphs over King Levinsky and Paulino, and his knockout of De Kuh, Ruggirello, Jackie Williams and Jim Mahoney were nothing to brag about, but since the field is an exceptionally mediocre one compared to heavyweights of the past, that record was sufficient to earn him a place below Risko.

Young Stribling, who, two years ago, was picked as the leading contender to fight Schmeling for the title, although quite active during the year, did nothing to show that he still merits recogni-



Max Baer who heads Group Two and is rated third best heavyweight

tion among the headliners. He still is good enough to take the measure of the second and third raters, but that is all.

His tour of Australia has added nothing to his prestige, nor has it aided boxing any. Stribling, following the method he adopted years ago in this country of carrying his fighters with him, has accomplished little to merit praise. His best victory was that over McCorkindale recently in South Africa, a fifteen-round decision, and with the exception of his triumph over Palmer in Sydney, the fighters he has met have not measured up to the standard of America's second notch talent.

Stribling is, therefore, ranked below King Levinsky, who is our choice as head of this group. The King is a tough boy, even though he does lack class, and would probably prove the Georgian's master if they met. Then comes Walter Neusel, the young, rising German, who has taken all Europe by storm. It was Neusel who stopped the streak of Larry Gains', at a time when Gains was being considered as a likely opponent for Schmeling, and the European experts predict for him as successful a career as Schmeling is enjoying. Gains follows Neusel to end group four.

* * *

OF the other heavyweights the only talent that deserves separation from the field is ranked in group five, and consists of Steve Hamas, Tommy Loughran, Lee Ramage, the young Californian, Paulino, and Griffiths.

Loughran, after being knocked out by Hamas in two rounds and losing a return engagement via the decision route, turned the tables on Steve in a third meeting. Tommy's days are now numbered. He is through as a first-rate fighter and the sooner he quits, the better his friends will rest. Tommy has always been referred to as the "honest fighter," and his admirers hate to see him beaten by men who could not touch him when Tommy was in his prime. But loss of his money in a bank that failed brought Loughran out of retirement, and how long he will continue to fight depends on how long he can stand the strain.

Hamas' loss to Ramage and his recent unsatisfactory bout in Paterson, N. J., ruined his chances for a high rating. Ramage looms as a fine prospect, one of the best in the heavyweight ranks. Not only did he beat Hamas when Steve was going great, but he defeated Hudkins and Yale Okun and knocked out Tony Poloni and Wally Hunt, each in five rounds. Coast critics think he will travel high.

Among the other good heavyweight prospects are Tony Galento, Orange, N. J.; Unknown Winston, Hartford, Conn.; Jack Redman, South Bend, Ind.; Red Barry, Washington; Tony Shucco, Boston; Arthur Huttick, New York; Ray Impellitiere, New York; Charley Massare, East Monongahela; Jack Peterson, England, and Al Ettore, Philadelphia. Don McCorkindale looked like a comer until recently when he lost the verdict to Stribling and met setbacks in Europe.

* * *

COMING into the light-heavyweight division, we find that the champion—the National Boxing Association notwithstanding—is in a class all by himself. Maxie Rosenbloom, one of the most active fighters in the sport, repeatedly proved his right to recognition as the king of the class, and why the N. B. A. refuses to recognize him, and classes him as a contender, will always remain a mystery. For an organization that boasts of splendid executives, men of high understanding, the N. B. A. has made itself ridiculous by refusing to acclaim Maxie the champion.

Not only has he defeated Lou Scozza in a titular match, after Lou has severely beaten the N. B. A. crown-wearer, George Nichols, but he has fought heavyweights and light-heavyweights throughout the country and has given a good account of himself. Maxie's only reason for failing to defend his crown more often is because promoters have been unable to get classy light-heavyweights to oppose him. Each contends that Rosenbloom's freak style of milling, places Maxie in an advantageous position; yet the N. B. A. won't concede that Maxie leads the field.

During the year Rosenbloom has travelled over the country, meeting all comers in overweight matches. He lost three decisions in such bouts, fought two draws with Bob Godwin and won many battles. He lost to Dave Maier, Joe Knight and Tony Shucco, and his victories were over Willie Oster, Jim Herman, Lou Scozza, twice besides the titular affair; Martin Levandowski, Harry Fuller, Harry Ebbets, Frankie Wine, Jack Redman, Tiger Jack Fox, Red Barry, Joe Barlow, Bob Godwin, Stanley Wellise, Gordon Fortenberry, Tony Poloni, John Henry Lewis, Jack Silva and Leroy Haynes.

That is a record of which any fighter may well feel proud.

THE RING'S ratings find Maxie all by himself in Group One, because he is the class of the division. Behind him, in a second group, we find four excellent prospects, headed by a young German, Adolph Heuser. Knight and Godwin, both Southern boys, follow in the order named, with Norman Conrad of Boston and Harry Ebbets, the heavy-hitting boy from Long Island, winding up the section.

* * *

HEUSER looms as the next champion. He is a two-fisted, rough fighter, a boy with the courage of his forefathers on display to the nth degree. He throws plenty of punches and always gives the fans the thrills that draw them in at the gate. He whipped, among others, the N. B. A. champion, Georgie Nichols, Norman Conrad, Rosy Rosales, Alfa De Martinez and Eddie Simms, in addition to

Young Corbett, who is awarded second place among the welters

The Ten Fighters Who Showed Most Promise in 1932

Heavyweight — Max Baer, San Francisco.
Light-heavyweight—Adolph Heuser, Germany.
Middleweight — Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada.
Welterweight — Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
Lightweight—Barney Ross, Chicago.
Featherweight—Baby Arizmendi, Mexico.
Bantamweight—Speedy Dado, Los Angeles.
Flyweight—Little Pancho, Philippine Islands.

knocking out George Manley, in four, and Leo Williams, in three rounds. A most impressive record.

Bob Godwin, besides his three mills with Rosenbloom, drew with Joe Knight and Joe Banovic and scored over Owen Phelps and twice over Red Barry. Knight, another Mason-and-Dixon entry, is a southpaw with a heavy punch. He must be reckoned with seriously. He knocked out Terry Roberts in one round, Bob Tow and Don Petrin in four, and Natie Brown and George Courtney in five each. He also beat Nichols, Willie Oster, Charley Belanger, Chick Raines, Pietro Corri and Owen Phelps. That entitles him to a high standing.

Norman Conrad, since advancing from the middleweight to the light-heavyweight ranks, has made a formidable showing. He whipped Tony Shucco, Harry Ebbets and Bob Jasse and knocked out Battling Archie and drew twice with Al Gainor. In Ebbets, the class has one of its hardest hitters, but Harry doesn't take his work seriously, hence has made little headway. He likes his races too much. He kayoed Unknown Winston in nine rounds, which was one of his best feats.

* * *

THE third group of light-heavyweights finds John Henry Lewis, a Pacific Coast entry, on top. He has made great strides for a newcomer. Lewis takes his place above Scozza, the veteran Buffalo fighter. His record for the year shows that he gave Rosenbloom an exceptionally close fight, whipped Scozza and Yale Okun. Scozza, besides sharing decisions in two bouts with Nichols, stopped Jimmy Braddock in six rounds.

Ambrose Palmer of Australia, Billy Jones of Philadelphia and Al Gainer of New Haven make up the rest of this group. Palmer, all of whose fighting his been done in Australia, has a good record—far above the average. True, he has never taken part against any American talent other than Young Stribling, who flattened him, but his record in his home country is a fine one and, based on that, he is deserving of a place among the world's twelve best light-heavies. In reality, he is a middleweight who has been fighting light-heavies and heavies, as did Bob Fitzsimmons years before him.

Our Australian correspondents, who know a fighter when they see one, have placed the stamp of approval on Palmer. In fact, Pa and Young Stribling think so well of him that they have tried to buy his contract and to exploit him in America. Pa never gives money away for nothing, hence he must think highly of Ambrose as a fighter.

As for Jones, he was knocked out by Winston, who beat Ernie Schaaf and lost to Nichols. Among his other contests, he has a draw with Charley Belanger and victories over Larry Johnson and Belanger, and knocked out Dave Maier. Gainer lost to Banovic, then knocked Joe out, beat Bob Olin and kayoed Courtney in the ninth.

Among the promising youngsters in the light-heavyweight class are Johnny Miles, of St. Louis; Al White, Abie Feldman, Maxie Pink and Dick Fullam of New York.

It is significant that the N. B. A. champion, Georgie Nichols, is rated in the fourth group with other mediocre fighters. Georgie's record is just ordinary as compared to the world champion, Rosenbloom, yet the N. B. A. named Nichols the champion and Maxie the contender.

Although in this country the majority of critics hold that there is a vacancy in the middleweight ranks, with Marcel Thil, of France, the leading contender, there is no doubt that Thil is the world champion. In our rating we place Thil in a class by himself because of his high achievement during the year, a record that outclasses that of any other middleweight. Although he has not yet shown in this country, that is no reason why he should not receive 100 per cent credit for his work in eliminating the world's leading contenders. Let's analyze his record:

This rugged Frenchman took the measure of our leading boy in this class, Vince Dundee, and then triumphed over Len Harvey, British titleholder. Thil also won on a foul in the eleventh round from Gorilla Jones, the National Boxing Association champion, beat Jack Hood, another of England's best middles; Jimmy Tarante and Ignacio Ara, a tough Spanish hombre. He also knocked out Frank Boja in one round and Len Johnson, one of England's best boys, a Negro, in seven.

Now, when we take into consideration the one-round knockout of Ben Jeby, New York's best middleweight, by Frank Battaglia, and Shade's victory over Jeby, there can be no doubt that Thil merits first position.

In our second group we lead off with Battaglia, the promising Canadian, and follow him with Dundee. These two fighters are about on a par. Both have impressive records. Dundee, during the year, beat Young Terry, Jimmy Smith, Matt Rice, Bucky Lawless, Sbie Bain, Johnny Oakey, Young Ketchel, Johnn Peppe, Billy Angelo, twice, and knocked out Vincent Forgione. Most of these boys do not click as topnotchers, while those who were conquered by Battaglia were first-rank fighters. That's why Battaglia is our choice for second place.

He has T.N.T. concealed in either hand, can take it and can give. He is courageous, a heady fighter and a willing one. He possesses all the assets of a champion and should be close to the top or on top when the next rating is in order.

He is young, strong and powerfully built. His knockout of Jeby in one round was a noteworthy feat. He also knocked out My Sullivan in two, Roy Williams and George Brazelton in three, Sammy Slaughter and Young Terry in seven, and Vincent Forgione in eight. He drew with Chick Devlin, which most critics, including myself, thought he had won hands down, then reversed the order in a second meeting, and also whipped Jack Moran. No middleweight other than Thil has so fine a year's record.

Dave Shade, the veteran of the game, continues to show his skill. His cleverness enables him to

Maxie Rosenbloom, who is in a class by himself as a light-heavyweight

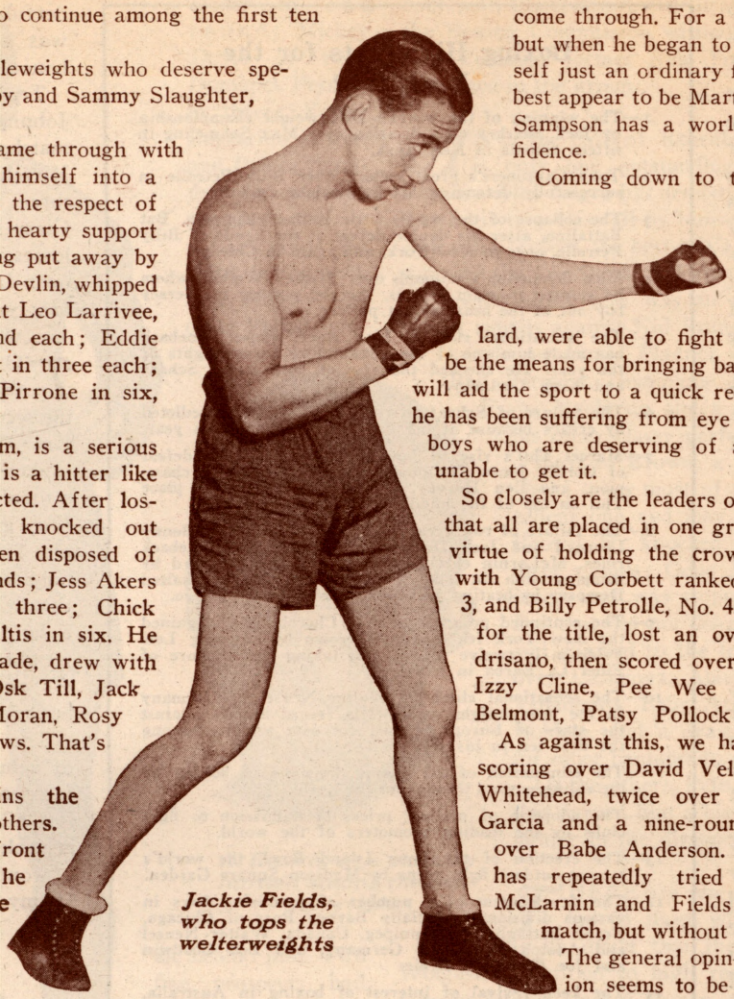
rating a high position and to continue among the first ten in his class.

There are two more middleweights who deserve special mention in this group, Jeby and Sammy Slaughter, a Negro.

Jeby, after a poor start, came through with flying colors and advanced himself into a position where he commands the respect of his rivals and has gained the hearty support of the fight fans. After being put away by Battaglia, he trounced Chick Devlin, whipped Roscoe Manning, knocked out Leo Larrivee, Al De Lamonte in one round each; Eddie Kid Whalen and Billy Kohut in three each; Nick Palmer in four, Paul Pirrone in six, and Mike Sullivan in nine.

Slaughter, who follows him, is a serious threat for the top boys. He is a hitter like Battaglia and must be respected. After losing to Angel Clivelle, he knocked out Clivelle in a return tilt, then disposed of Pirrone in two and four rounds; Jess Akers in three, Howard Webb in three; Chick Raines in four, and Bud Saltis in six. He split decisions with Dave Shade, drew with Roy Wallace and whipped Osk Till, Jack Purvis, Al Stillman, Jack Moran, Rosy Kid Baker and Allen Matthews. That's a record worth while.

Our third group contains the N. B. A. champion, among others. After fighting his way to the front in the N. B. A. tournament, he went abroad to clash with the European champion and dropped the verdict on a foul. Aside from that defeat, he rolled up a fairly good record for the year.



Jackie Fields, who tops the welterweights

The big disappointment was the failure of Chick Devlin to come through. For a time he looked most formidable, but when he began to meet the leaders he proved himself just an ordinary fighter. Of the prospects, the two best appear to be Marty Sampson and Enzo Fiermonte. Sampson has a world of ability but lacks self-confidence.

Coming down to the welterweight class, we find that division boasting of the finest fighters in the entire field of pugilism. If the champion, Jackie Fields, who regained the crown by beating Lou Brouillard, were able to fight more often, that division might be the means for bringing back to boxing the enthusiasm that will aid the sport to a quick recovery. Unfortunately, however, he has been suffering from eye trouble and, as a result, several boys who are deserving of a championship mill have been unable to get it.

So closely are the leaders of the welterweight class bunched that all are placed in one group. In Group No. 1, Fields, by virtue of holding the crown, receives the highest award, with Young Corbett ranked No. 2; Jimmy McLarnin, No. 3, and Billy Petrolle, No. 4. Fields, after beating Brouillard for the title, lost an overweight match to Johnny Indrisano, then scored over Henry Firpo and knocked out Izzy Cline, Pee Wee Jarrell, Leslie Baker, Jimmy Belmont, Patsy Pollock and Tommy Herman.

As against this, we have Corbett scoring over David Velasco, Vearl Whitehead, twice over Carefino Garcia and a nine-round K.O. over Babe Anderson. Corbett has repeatedly tried to get McLarnin and Fields into a match, but without avail. The general opinion seems to be that he is the outstanding welterweight and that he would prove it if he could get Fields and McLarnin to face him. He was matched to meet Fields, but the bout was cancelled late last month.

Jimmy McLarnin, again receives a high post among the welters

* * *

McLARNIN did little to merit higher recognition than third. He fought only three times, losing one bout to Brouillard, then stopping the veteran, Leonard, in the sixth and Sammy Fuller, a lightweight, in the eighth. Jimmy is a great little fighter, undoubtedly the hardest hitter, weight for weight, in any class, but he should discard the watchful waiting tactics and engage in more fights. Fighters like Jimmy don't appear very often and, for that reason, he and his manager owe it to the fans to be more active. Jimmy has it in him to win the championship, but he didn't do sufficient last year to get a higher world rating than third.

Petrolle, a junior

Billy Petrolle, who occupies fourth place in welter class

welter, did the foolish thing by thinking he could retain his strength by making 135 pounds for a championship bout with Canzoneri, but found he had been mistaken. He was whipped, and decided never again to enter that division. His knockouts of Billy Townsend, in seven rounds, at a time when Billy was considered an outstanding welter contender, was a masterpiece. Petrolle then checked the career of Battalino by stopping him in twelve rounds and winning a ten-round verdict and also scored over Tommy Grogan. So badly did he batter Battalino that the Connecticut lad has never been himself since.

In THE RING'S second group, Johnny Indrisano takes top rank. Two other Massachusetts boys, Callahan and Brouillard, follow him. Eddie Kid Wolfe, the Southern lad who follows them, was one of the busiest welters in the country. He suffered several reverses, but the number of victories over good boys entitles him to a high rating. Among his victories are decisions over Paulie Walker, King Tut, Billy McMahon, Jimmy McNamara, Ray Kiser, Jimmy Phillips, Emil Rossi, Lew Avery, Philly Griffin, Paola Villa, Dick Sisk, and an eight-round K.O. over Pee Wee Jarrell. He lost and drew with Teddy Yarosz and lost to Gans and Herrera. For a most active boy, Wolfe's record is outstanding.

Among the best prospects are several fine newcomers, Bep Van Klavern of Holland, Cleto Locatelli, Italian entry, and Eddie Flynn, former amateur and Olympic star.

Boxing Highlights for the Year 1932

1—The winning of the world's heavyweight championship by Jack Sharkey on a decision over Max Schmeling in fifteen rounds in New York.

2—Tony Canzoneri's great victory over Billy Petrolle in successfully defending his lightweight crown.

3—The collapse of the sturdy little Italian champion, Bat Battalino, after his double defeat at the hands of Billy Petrolle, once in New York, and again in Chicago.

4—Max Schmeling's triumph over Mickey Walker whom he stopped in eight rounds, thereby putting the Jersey boy out of the heavyweight picture.

5—The sensational rise of Max Baer whose comeback has made him one of the outstanding heavyweights of the year. He checked the rise of both Ernie Schaaf and King Levinsky.

6—The failure of Schaaf to rise to the heights predicted by critics because of his fine work the previous year.

7—Marcel Thil's rise to fame. The Frenchman's defeat of Gorilla Jones, National Boxing Association's champion, and Len Harvey, European title holder, place Thil on top of the middleweight ladder.

8—The failure of two great champions of the past, Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey, to succeed in comeback rôles. McLarnin checked the comeback of Leonard by stopping him in six rounds and Levinsky halted Dempsey by beating Jack in four rounds in Chicago.

9—The continued progress of Kid Chocolate, who gained the New York featherweight crown by stopping Lew Feldman in twelve rounds and taking the measure of Fidel La Barba in fifteen.

10—The sensational climb of Walter Neusel of Germany in the heavyweight ranks. His record abroad against the stars of Europe, gained for him a place among the first ten in his section.

11—The elimination of the junior divisions in boxing by the ruling powers throughout the world.

12—The adoption of pre-war prices of admission to fight clubs by the leading promoters of the world.

13—The erection of the Long Island Bowl, the world's largest outdoor fight arena by Madison Square Garden.

14—The development of a number of promising boys in various divisions, especially Barney Ross of Chicago, Frank Battaglia of Winnipeg, Canada, Walter Neusel and Adolph Heuser of Germany, and Bob Goodwin and Joe Knight of Dixie.

15—The keen revival of interest of boxing in Australia, brought about by that country's development of its best talent since the World War.

* * *

TO Tony Canzoneri is awarded the highest honors of the year—THE RING'S highest rating for general, all-around ability, willingness to fight, and his aid to boxing. By his showing for the year, Canzoneri took his place among the great men of the lightweight class. He may not be a Benny Leonard in cleverness, but he repeatedly demonstrated that he is a true fighting man. In his class, he stands by himself. His wonderful victory over Billy Petrolle was sufficient to gain him that honor.

True, he was defeated twice by Johnny Jadick in overweight matches, but his knockouts of Lew Kirsch and Frankie Petrolle in three rounds each, and Battling Gizzy in five, overcame the Jadick losses. In addition, he triumphed over Lew Massey, Ray Kiser and Harry Dublinsky, who beat Jadick.

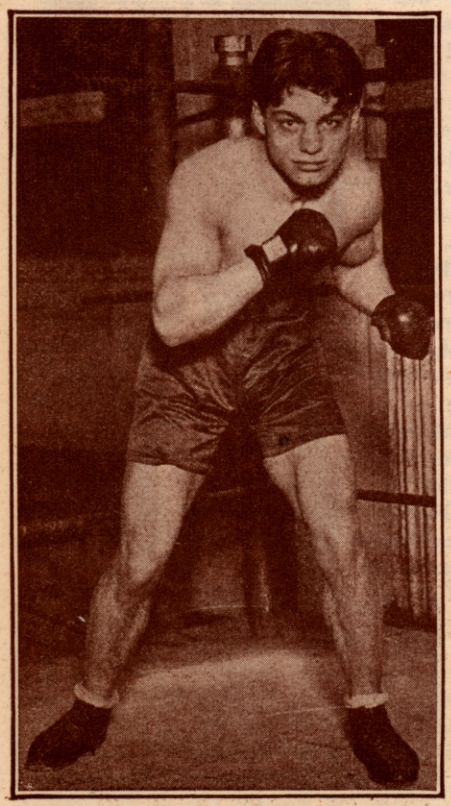
* * *

TO Jadick goes second place in the division, or first place in the second group of selections, with Kid Chocolate, the only fighter ranked in two classes, giving Jadick a tough battle for the position. The Keed gets third place, Jadick's margin being very small, seventeen-hundredths of a point separating them. The Keed is equally good as a lightweight as he is a featherweight and is one of the few fighters who can make both classes and be strong in either.

The lightweight division boasts of a number of heavy clouters. In fact, each of the first seven choices is a hitter. In Sammy Fuller, who is ranked fourth, the division has a wonderful prospect. He is the Jimmy McLarnin of his class and, if he has not been softened by McLarnin, he should find himself in a championship fight before the year is over, and may land the crown in Boston. He is a classy little battler, a tremendous socker and as game as they come. With him, Canzoneri, Jadick, Chocolate and Berg, the lightweights have a quintet second to none in any division. Added to those five, there is a newcomer, Barney Ross of Chicago, who follows Berg in the ranking, and who will be heard from this year. A classy field, this.

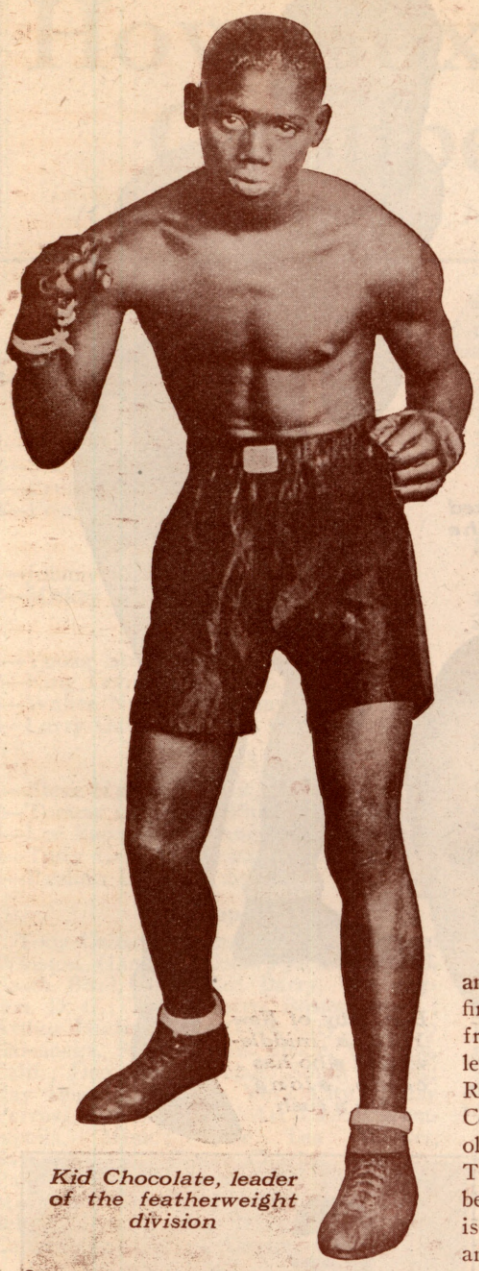
Fuller drew and scored over Berg, beat and then kayoed Billy Wallace in seven rounds; stopped Ted Kid Drew in nine, and won over Ray Miller. Berg's victory over Kid Chocolate kept him in the lightweight race. He recently returned from England, and his presence should add interest to the class.

Another boy who holds a high rating is Benny Bass, the veteran Philadelphian, who, having moved from the featherweight ranks, now finds himself going stronger and better than ever. He defeated Tony Falco, Harry Dublinsky, Patsy Wallace and Ernie Ratner, and kayoed Eddie



Sammy Fuller, Boston's great lightweight

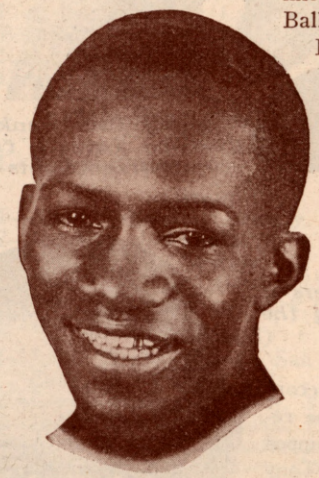
Fidel La Barba, rated second best featherweight in the world



Kid Chocolate, leader of the featherweight division

Reilly in one round; Mickey Doyle in two; Dominick Petrone in three; Young Zazzarino in five, and Prince Saunders in seven—a proud record.

Bass heads the third section, with Lew Massey, another Philadelphian, behind him. Two fine prospects hail from the West, Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids and Tracey Cox from Indianapolis. Of the two, Tracey looms as the better prospect. He is a terrific hitter and should cut quite a figure among the lightweights this year.



Al Brown, in a class by himself among the bantamweights

* * *

WHILE our rating places Kid Chocolate on top in the featherweight class, he is not recognized as world champion. The Keed must first dispose of the European titleholder before he can gain that recognition, yet the fact remains that he is America's outstanding boy in his division. His clear-cut victory over Lew Feldman, New York champion, and that over La Barba, which is not conceded by many who saw the mill, though I disagree with them, clinched the American rights for the Cuban.

Tommy Paul, the N. B. A. titleholder, cannot be considered as he is only a mediocre fighter who has been whipped repeatedly and who, like his Buffalo pal, Georgie Nichols, another N. B. A. crown wearer, is not deserving of such honors. The only boy in America who has any claim as a first-rate contender is Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican. He is a flashy fighter, who has whipped Newsboy Brown twice, Speedy Dado, Lew Farber, Archie Bell, Young Tommy and Claude Varner, among others.

Because of the closeness of the Chocolate-La Barba tilt, and the dissension following the verdict, the Keed and his rival are placed in Group No. 1. In the second group, Arizmendi takes first place, with two British boys, Seaman Watson, conqueror of Nel Tarlton, and Tarlton, ranking two and three, respectively, in that section. As Tarlton's ability is well known in this country, where he gave a good account of himself, his defeat at the hands of Watson proves Watson's calibre and entitles Watson to a bout with Chocolate. Unfortunately, such a bout was checked by the Boxing Commission without any good reason for doing so. Lew Feldman, former New York State champion, receives the last place in the group.

* * *

AS in the case of Rosenbloom, Thil and Canzoneri, there is only one outstanding bantamweight, Al Brown of Panama. This Negro has demonstrated in bouts all over the world that he is in a class all by himself. He has taken the measure of America's leaders, the best in Canada, England, France and other parts of the Continent, and receives THE RING's highest award.

Brown's latest feat was to defend his title successfully in fifteen rounds against Kid Francis, then get out of a sick bed to knock out Emile Pladner in the first. Victories over Golf Ball Bernard, Dominique Di Cea, Mose Butch, two over Franz Machtens, and a draw with Tarlton were among his other classy performances.

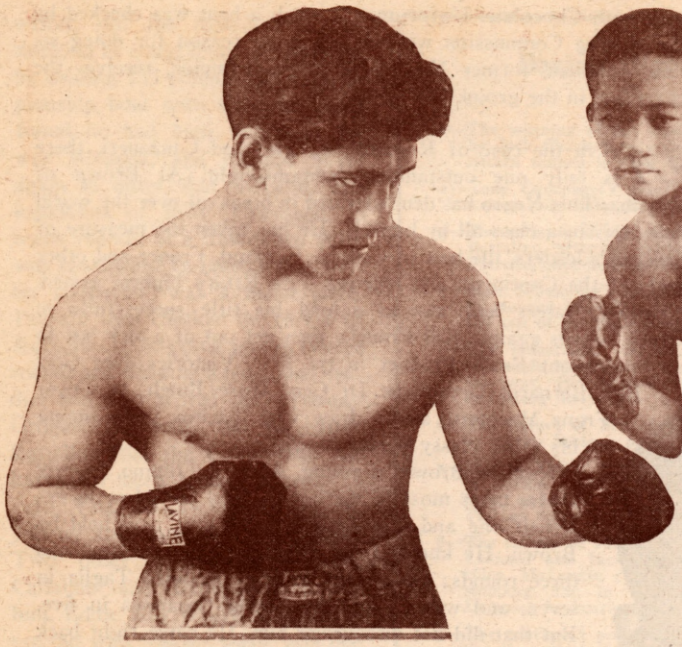
Next to Brown, a young, dashing Filipino, Speedy Dado, takes most of the honors. His record is an excellent one and may land him the post now held by Brown. He knocked out Hilo Hernandez in one and three rounds; Gene Jens in one; Rodolfo Taglia in seven, and was stopped by Young Casanova in five. But that did not discourage him. He came right back and climbed to the top again by sensational victories over Casanova, Abie Israel, Young Tommy, Pedro Villaneuva, Baby Arizmendi, Rodolfo Taglia, Canto Robleto, and a draw with Robleto. There's a mark for other bantams to shoot at.

Of the others, Pete Sanstol made a strong comeback that earned him a high place. He is the third ranking fighter in the division.

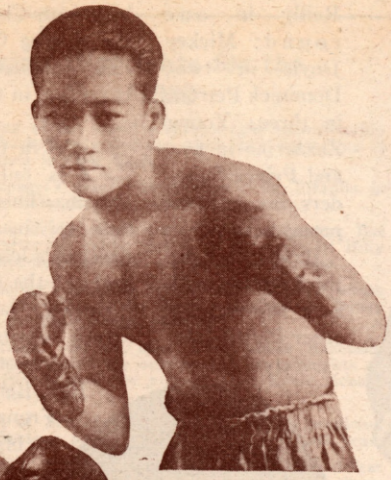
* * *

THERE are few good lads in the flyweight ranks, but of those who have been most active, there is no doubt that the New York champion, Midget Wolgast, is entitled to high recognition. He and a good little foreign fighter, Jackie Brown, the British champion, share the honors in THE RING's rating. Jackie is the N. B. A. and European titleholder and, as such, has strong support for the world honors, but until such time as he whips Wolgast, he'll have to be satisfied

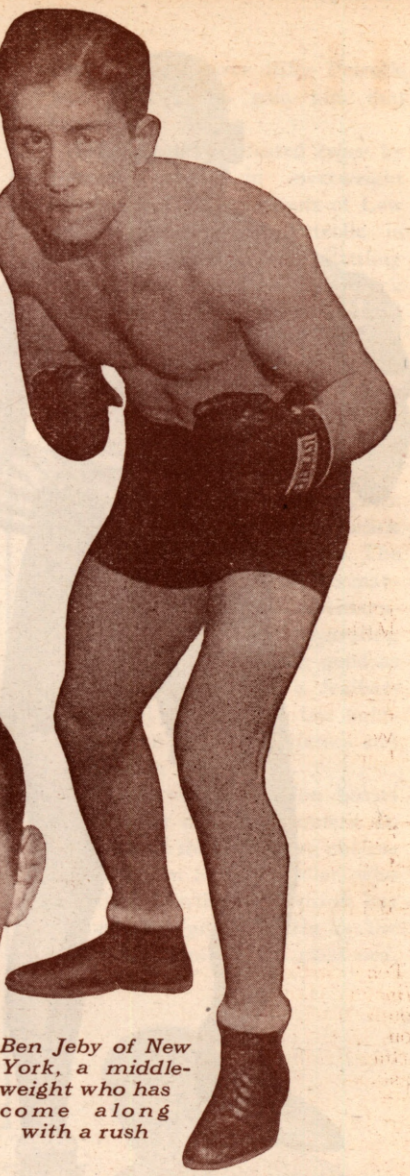
Baby Arizmendi, classy Mexican who is third in featherweight section



Frank Battaglia, rated as one of the outstanding fighters of the year. This Winnipeg lad is rated second among the middleweights



Speedy Dado, ranked second among the bantamweights



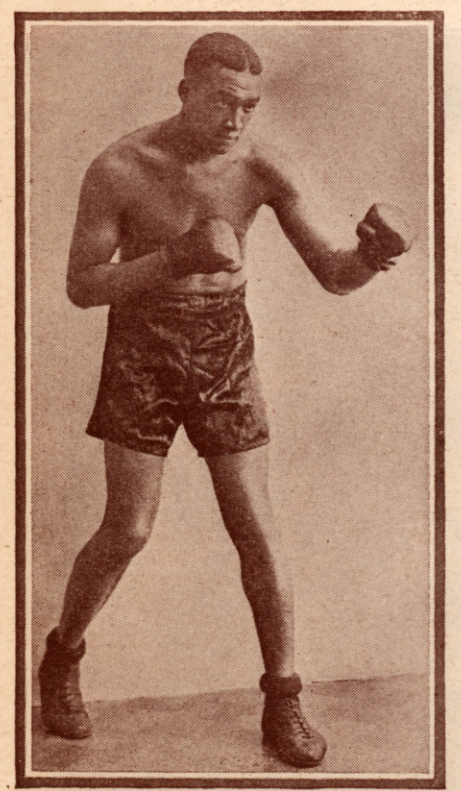
Ben Jeby of New York, a middleweight who has come along with a rush

Midget Wolgast speedy Pennsylvanian, hailed as the flyweight king

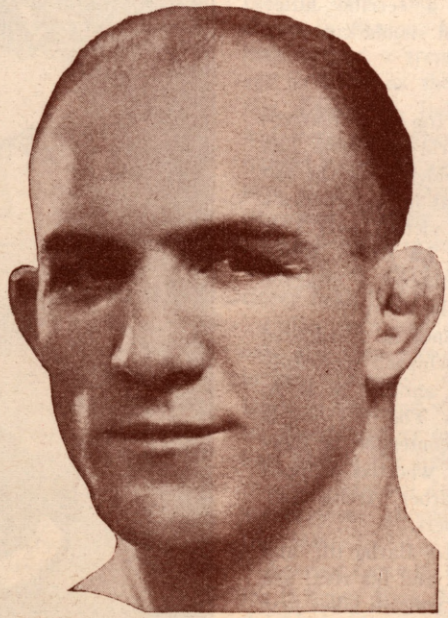
to remain the N. B. A. and European champion. Wolgast's record included a reversal at the hands of Young Tommy, but he reversed that in a subsequent bout. He also drew with and whipped Little Pancho, and beat Marty Gold, Tommy Hughes, Tony Marino and Billy Landers, among others.

Brown gained world fame when he knocked out the sensational little French champion and recognized N. B. A. titleholder, Young Perez, in the thirteenth round. He also disposed of another good fighter in Jean Cuart in eleven rounds and won from Benny Thackray, among others.

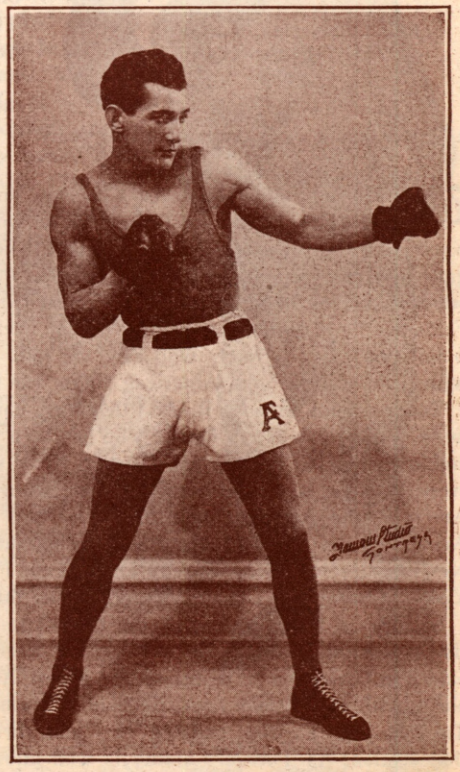
Another Englishman, Mickey McGuire, heads Group No. 2, and a Filipino, Little Pancho, takes second place.



Larry Gains, the world's leading Negro heavyweight. He is rated twelfth



Marcel Thil who receives the highest award in the middleweight division. The Frenchman is in a class by himself and has beaten some great fighters



Al Foreman of Canada who is now campaigning in Australia

How Boxers *of the* World *are* Grouped *by* THE RING

(Copyright 1933, by The Ring, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction prohibited without permission)

Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Jack Sharkey, Boston, Mass.
2—Max Schmeling, Germany.

(Group 2)

1—Max Baer, San Francisco, Calif.
2—Stanley Poreda, Jersey City, N. J.
3—Ernie Schaaf, Boston, Mass.
4—Primo Carnera, Italy.

(Group 3)

1—Johnny Risko, Cleveland, Ohio.
2—Mickey Walker, Rumson, N. J.

(Group 4)

1—Young Stribling, Georgia.
2—King Levinsky, Chicago, Ill.
3—Walter Neusel, Germany.
4—Larry Gains, Toronto, Canada.

(Group 5)

1—Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.
2—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.
3—Lee Ramage, Los Angeles, Calif.
4—Tuffy Griffiths, Sioux City, Iowa.
5—Paulino Uzcudun, Spain.

(Group 6)

Tony Galento, Orange, N. J.; Unknown Winston, Hartford, Conn.; Jack Redmond, South Bend, Ind.; Red Barry, Washington, D. C.; Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.; Arthur Huttick, New York City; Isadoro Gastanaga, Spain; Hans Birkie, Oakland, Calif.; Don McCorkindale, South Africa; Ray Impellitere, New York City; Patsy Perroni, Canton, Ohio; Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.; Obie Dia Walker, Savannah, Ga.; Pierre Charles, Belgium; Paul Cavalier, Paterson, N. J.; Harold Mays, Bayonne, N. J.; Al Ettore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charley Belanger, Winnipeg, Canada; Joe Sekyra, Dayton, Ohio.

(Group 7)

Tiger Jack Fox, Terre Haute, Ind.; Marty Fox, New York City; Walter Cobb, Kansas City, Kan.; Jack Dorval, Boston, Mass.; Paul Swiderski, Syracuse, N. Y.; Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla.; Arthur De Kuh, New York City; Bob Moody, Cleveland, Ohio; Natie Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Cawley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ralph Ficucello, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Red Boyette, New York City; Tom Heeney, Australia; Jack Gross, Salem, N. J.; Al Fay, Charleroi, Pa.; Baxter Calmes, Wichita, Kan.; Jose Santa, Portugal; Jimmy Braddock, Jersey City, N. J.; Dynamite Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dick Daniels, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; K. O. Christner, Akron, Ohio; Frankie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Frankie Wine, Butte, Mont.

(Group 8)

Charley Massare, East Monongahela, Pa.; Jack Peterson, England; Jack Pallat, Cleveland, Ohio; Juanito Olaguibel, Spain; George Panka, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J.; Ted Sandwina, England; Steve Trojack, Winnipeg, Canada; Joe Doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.; George Pavlick, Cleveland, Ohio; Frankie Novak, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Tommy Davenport, Little Rock, Ark.; Goyito Rice, Cuba; Andy Mitchell, Long Beach, Calif.; Mickey Taylor, Jersey City, N. J.; Max Glickman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Schwake, St. Louis, Mo.; Phil Lightheart, Montreal, Canada; Corn Griffin, Fort Benning, Ga.; Cyclone Smith, Fort Benning, Ga.; Carl Hyde, Morristown, N. J.; Tommy Baxter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ed Dunaway, Texas.

Light-Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Maxey Rosenbloom, New York City.

(Group 2)

1—Adolph Heuser, Germany.
2—Joe Knight, Florida.
3—Bob Godwin, Georgia.
4—Norman Conrad, Boston, Mass.
5—Harry Ebbets, New York City.

(Group 3)

1—John Henry Lewis, San Francisco, Calif.
2—Lew Scozza, Buffalo, N. Y.
3—Billy Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.
4—Ambrose Palmer, Australia.
5—Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.
6—Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids, Mich.
7—Joe Banovic, Binghamton, N. Y.
8—Bob Olin, New York City.

(Group 4)

Ham Jenkins, Denver, Colo.; George Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y.; George Manley, Denver, Colo.; Roy Wallace, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dave Maier, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wesley Ketchell, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 5)

Mickey Patrick, Chicago, Ill.; Clyde Chastain, Texas; Rosy Rosales, Cleveland, Ohio; Roscoe Manning, Newark, N. J.; Roy Williams, Chicago, Ill.; Sam Weiss, Allentown, Pa.; Abie Bain, Newark, N. J.; Al Rodriquez, Boston, Mass.; Johnny Miles, St. Louis, Mo.; Abie Feldman, Schenectady, N. Y.; Al White, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dick Fullam, New York City; Tom Walsh, New York City; Maxie Pink, New York City; Izzy Singer, Paterson, N. J.; Don Petrin, Newark, N. J.; Babe Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio; George Forrester, Elizabeth, N. J.; Freddy Fiducia, Newark, N. J., Trader Horn, New York City; Kid Baisden, Valdosta, Ga.; Eric Lawsen, New York City; Carl Knowles, Georgia.

Middleweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Marcel Thil, France.

(Group 2)

1—Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada.
2—Vince Dundee, Baltimore, Md.
3—Dave Shade, New York City.
4—Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind.
5—Ben Jeby, New York City.

(Group 3)

Gorilla Jones, Akron, Ohio; Chick Devlin, San Francisco, Calif.; Marty Sampson, New York City; Enzo Fiermonte, Italy; Young Terry, Trenton, N. J.; Jack Rosenberg, New York City; Jack Carroll, Australia; Angel Cliville, Porto Rico; Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio.

(Group 4)

Ignacio Ara, Spain; Johnny Oakey, Trenton, N. J.; Paul Delaney, Seattle, Wash.; Jack Kilbourne, Australia; Benny Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.; Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J.; Joe La Grey, New York City; Leo Larrivee, Waterbury, Conn.; Ad Zackow, Berlin, N. H.; Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.; Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 5)

Vincent Sereci, New York City; Tony Dominquez, Cuba; Jack Moran, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Goosby, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Oddone Piazza, Italy; Henry Firpo, Louisville, Ky.; Danny Devlin, Allentown, Pa.; Buck McTiernan, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jack Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gene Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tommy Rios, Wilmington, Del.; Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.; Solly Krieger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ray Tramblie, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Fullam, New York City; Al Diamond, Paterson, N. J.; Bob Jasse, Boston, Mass.; Kid Leonard, Moline, Ill.; Tony Delassandro, New York City; Jimmy Coyne, Yonkers, N. Y.; Izzy Mays, New York City; Jimmy Beeson, New Orleans, La.; Billy Shell, Columbus, Ga.; Joe Kaminsky, New York City; Mel Coleman, Wisconsin; Joe Walters, Springfield, Ohio; Freddy Heinz, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Welterweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Jackie Fields, Los Angeles, Calif.
2—Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.
3—Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.
4—Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D.

(Group 2)

1—Johnny Indrisano, Boston, Mass.
2—Andy Callahan, Boston, Mass.
3—Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
4—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn.
5—Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles, Calif.
6—Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Group 3)

1—King Tut, Minneapolis, Minn.
2—Paulie Walker, Trenton, N. J.
3—Bep Van Klaveren, Holland.
4—Cleto Locatelli, Italy.
5—Eddie Ran, Poland.

(Group 4)

Jimmy Phillips, Bernardville, N. J.; Billy Townsend, Vancouver, B. C.; Joey Goodman, Richmond, Va.; Frankie Petrolle, Schenectady, N. Y.; Franta Nekolny, Austria; Manuel Quintero, Tampa, Fla.; Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Okla.; Jack King, Little Rock, Ark.; Jackie Brady, Syracuse, N. Y.; Tiger Roy Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.; Red Affinito, New York City; Vincent Hambright, Cincinnati, Ohio; Freddy Steele, Portland, Ore.; Andy DiVodi, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jimmy Evans, San Francisco, Calif.; Relampago Saguero, Tampa, Fla.; Mike Payan, Los Angeles, Calif.; David Velasco, Mexico; Morrie Sherman, Detroit, Mich.; Stanislaus Loayza, Chile; Tommy Grogan, Omaha, Nebr.; Tommy Herman, Chicago, Ill.; Pee Wee Jarrell, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Charley Cobb, Texas; Jimmy Belmont, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eddie Murdock, Denver, Colo.; Gaston Le Cadre, Spain; Joey Harrison, Pas-

How Boxers of the World are Grouped by THE RING

saic, N. J.; Johnny O'Keefe, Garfield, N. J.; Eduardo Durry, Cuba; Emil Rossi, New York City; Phil Rafferty, New York City; Jimmy McNamara, New York City; Eddie McKenna, New York City.

(Group 5)

Augustin Perez, Cuba; Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, La.; Bobby Blay, Australia; Murray Brandt, New York City; Nap Proulx, Boston, Mass.; Dick Sisk, Chicago, Ill.; Andy Saviola, New York City; Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill.; Joe Rossi, New York City; Marty Gornick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Archie Lewis, New Orleans, La.; Jack December, Cleveland, Ohio; Bobby Stone, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ray Napolitano, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Al McCoy, Waterville, Maine; Johnny Nemis, Nova Scotia; Reuben Edmons, Detroit Mich.; Ray Mann, Sioux City, Iowa; Pat Flaherty, Savannah, Ga.; Nick Pastore, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Curtis Brown, Milwaukee, Wis.

Lightweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Tony Canzoneri, New York City.

(Group 2)

1—Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Kid Chocolate, Cuba.
3—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.
4—Jackie Kid Berg, England.
5—Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 3)

1—Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Lew Massey, Philadelphia, Pa.
3—Tony Herrera, Chicago, Ill.
4—Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
5—Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind.
6—Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.
7—Battling Battalino, Hartford, Conn.
8—Louis Kid Kaplan, Hartford, Conn.
9—Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.
10—Battling Shaw, New Orleans, La.

(Group 4)

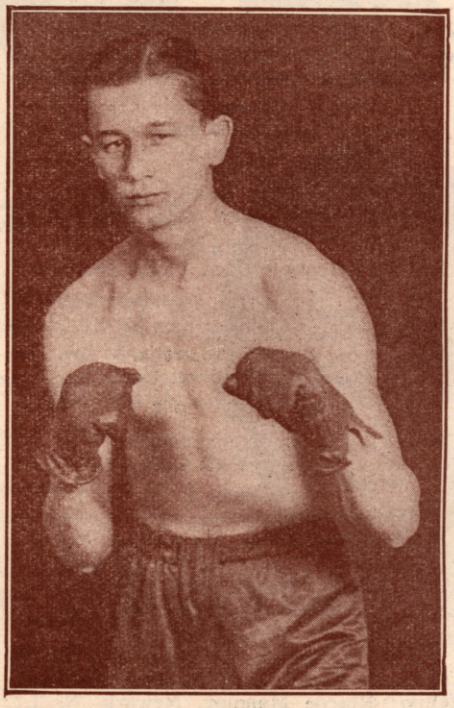
Bobby Pacho, Mexico; Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md.; Pete Nebo, Florida; Ray Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Billy Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio; Joey Costa, Jersey City, N. J.; Sammy Dorfman, New York City; Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y.; Al Foreman, England; Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, Ill.; Chino Alvarez, Savannah, Ga.; Young Firpo, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prince Saunders, Chicago, Ill.; Battling Gizzy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Lew Kersch, New York City; Harry Carlton, Jersey City, N. J.; Paul Junior, Lewiston, Maine.

(Group 5)

Bobby Delaney, Australia; Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky.; Billy McMahon, New York City; Eddie Anderson, Chicago, Ill.; Johnny Gaito, Yonkers, N. Y.; Dorn Valante, Liverpool, Eng.; Erwin Berlier, New Orleans, La.; Orie Mosher, Muskegon, Mich.; Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, Mo.; Davey Abad, Panama; Mickey Cohen, Denver, Colo.; Willie Williams, Denver, Colo.; Tod Morgan, Seattle, Wash.; Charley Baxter, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Lou Lombardi, Bayonne, N. J.; Joey Ferrando, Ashtabula, Ohio; Jackie Pilkington, New York City; Young Zazzerino, Bayonne, N. J.; Frank Bojorski, Erie, Pa.; Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa.; Johnny Farr, Cleveland, Ohio; Goldie Hess, Los Angeles, Calif.; Chico Cisneros, Little Rock, Ark.

(Group 6)

Midget Mexico, El Paso, Texas; Patsy Pasculli, New York City; Petey Gulotta, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tony Morgano, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sid Lampe, Baltimore, Md.; Billy Hogan, Pierpont, N. Y.; Tommy Bland, Toronto, Canada; Jack Willis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn.; Bobby Raymond, Topeka, Kan.; Bobby Delaney, Australia; Patsy McGrath, Savannah, Ga.; Tommy Romano, Ossining, N. Y.; Harry Sankey, Freeport, L. I., N. Y.; Al Ciullo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.; Max Koshover, Cincinnati, Ohio; Al Santora, Bayonne, N. J.; Johnny Bonito, New York City; Benny Whittler, Baltimore, Md.; Eddie Brink, Scranton, Pa.; Louis Jallos, Cleveland, Ohio; Al Casimini, New York City; Pete Pantaleo, Milwaukee, Wis.; Eddie Koppy, Detroit, Mich.; Charley Bedami, New York City; Patsy Rubinetti, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jack Rose, New York City; Davey Devlin, New York City.



Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia who receives the honor of being rated second-best lightweight

Featherweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Kid Chocolate, Cuba.
2—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Group 2)

1—Baby Arizmendi, Mexico.
2—Nel Tarleton, England.
3—Seaman Watson, England.
4—Lew Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
5—Tommy Paul, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Group 3)

Eddie Shea, Chicago, Ill.; Claude Varner, Los Angeles, Calif.; Albert Ladou, Algeria; Varias Milling, Los Angeles, Calif.; Kid Francis, France; Paul Dazzo, Chicago, Ill.; Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Group 4)

Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Llew Edwards, Australia; Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.; Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y.; Johnny Datto, Cleveland, Ohio; Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines, Iowa; Miki Gelb, Austria; Phil Zwick, Cleveland, Ohio; Young Geno, Chicago, Ill.; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.; Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, Minn.; Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio; Yambo Abrede, Porto Rico; Pete De Grasse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Petey Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Vidal Gregario, Spain.

(Group 5)

Matty White, Philadelphia, Pa.; Franklin Cheek, Milwaukee, Wis.; Manny Candia, Mexico; Sammy Levine, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City, Mich.; Stanley Winneryk, Boston, Mass.; Andy Bundy, Portland, Ore.; Abie Israel, Portland, Ore.; George Riley, Detroit, Mich.; Pinto De Sa, Portugal; Johnny Mitchell, Detroit, Mich.; Jerry Mazza, New York City; Mike Belloise, New York City; Sammy Farber, New York City; Allen Foston, Vancouver, B. C.; Spider Calmes, Wichita, Kan.; Ray Meyers, New York City; Phil Stark, New York City; Patsy La Rocco, New York City; Danny Rosen, New York City; Milton Sloves, New York City; Al Roth, New York City; Babe Barnes, Sioux City, Iowa; Julius Cohen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Patsy Flanagan, New Orleans, La.

Bantamweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Al Brown, Panama.

(Group 2)

1—Speedy Dado, Los Angeles, Calif.
2—Pete Sanstol, Norway.
3—Newsboy Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.
4—Young Casanova, Mexico.
5—Young Tommy, Philippine Islands.

(Group 3)

Jimmy Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eugene Huat, France; Bobby Leitham, Montreal, Canada; Emile Pladner, France; Mose Butch, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Archie Bell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Willie Davies, Charleroi, Pa.; Ross Fields, Weirton, W. Va.; Johnny King, England; Cris Pineda, Philippine Islands; Domencio Bernasconi, Italy; Dick Corbett, England; Lew Farber, New York City; Eddie Reed, Hartford, Conn.; Art Giroux, Montreal, Canada; Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg, Canada.

(Group 4)

Antol Kocsis, Austria; Harry Fierro, Chicago, Ill.; Johnny Edwards, Columbus, Ohio; Harold Rogers, Sioux City, Iowa; Gene Bianca, Boston, Mass.; Willie Cubic, Newark, N. J.; Johnny Brennan, Trenton, N. J.; Baby Colima, El Paso, Texas; Ernie Maurer, Detroit, Mich.; Frankie Jarr, Fort Wayne, Ind.; George Annarino, Newark, Ohio; Tony Marino, McKeesport, Pa.; Nick Scalba, Chicago, Ill.; Louis Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jimmy Mack, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Leone, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lefty Gwynne, Montreal, Canada; Skippy Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joe Calder, Seattle, Wash.; Les Ferris, Australia; Ern Evans, Australia; Tony Shea, Chicago, Ill.; Bobby Clary, Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry Moreno, Texas.

Flyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Jackie Brown, Manchester, England.

(Group 2)

1—Mickey McGuire, England.
2—Little Pancho, Philippine Islands.
3—Babe Triscaro, Cleveland, Ohio.
4—Phil Tobias, Brooklyn, N. Y.
5—Young Perez, France.

(Group 3)

Praxille Gyde, France; Valentin Anglemann, France; Jose Arilla, Spain; Maurice Huguenin, France; Chato Laredo, Mexico; Frankie Donnelly, Detroit, Mich.; Vic White, Australia.

(Group 4)

Sammy Goldman, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Pete De Gati, New York City; Jackie Light, Detroit, Mich.; Young Hebe, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bobby Ammon, Cincinnati, Ohio; Johnny Nate, South Bend, Ind.; Kid Ruby, Texas; Frankie Sanello, Illinois.

Feinting *a* Lost Art

By THE RING EDITOR

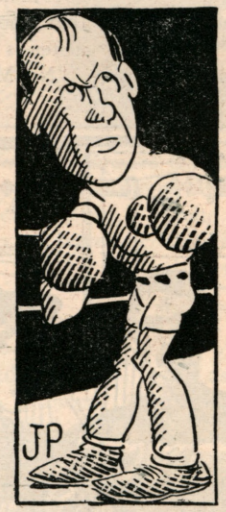
FEINTING as defensive work, is a great asset in boxing. All the masters of fisticuffs, past and present, had feinting down to a science. The best boxers of all time—Mendoza, Jem Mace, Peter Jackson, Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney among others, proved the value of feinting in boxing. With them, feinting was mastered to such extent that they would virtually "tie an opponent into knots." Yet today we find eight out of every ten fighters ignoring this important point in boxing either because they do not know how to feint or because they do not place sufficient importance in its value.

Feinting is nothing more than deception. To use the ordinary street term, it is bluffing. It is an attempt to camouflage your true intentions by making your opponent believe you are going to do one thing, when as a matter of fact, you are aiming to do another. It is used both on offense and defense. When you use it on offense, you aim to obtain an opening for a counter punch or for a certain blow you would like to land.

For example, how often have you seen a clever boxer aim for a straight left to the head, then suddenly draw the hand back slightly, and looking down at the mid-section, make a feint as if to shoot to the body. Then as his opponent lowers his guard to halt that blow, out goes the left, straight as an arrow to the mark. That's where feinting comes in handy.

* * *

OF the boxers of this era, there are only a few worth mentioning when the subject turns to feinting. I recently asked several ring stars, past and present, who in their opinion was the best on feinting and it was surprising how each differed. Of course, I realized that it would not appear proper to name oneself, so, for example, among those whose services I enlisted, was Jim Corbett, by far the greatest master of feinting in modern Fistiana, yet he answered, Tommy Ryan and Bob Fitzsimmons were the greatest.



Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, on the other hand, named Corbett as the leader, but Tommy Ryan named Philadelphia Jack as a boxer whose feinting skill was supreme. Of the present-day fighters, Jim Corbett thought that Tommy Loughran led the field.

Were I asked for my present-day choice, I also would select Loughran, although there are probably as many fine feinting masters appearing before the public today as there have been at any time in the past twenty years. The reason for that is that the boys of the present generation have studied the science of boxing. They no longer go out to engage in a slugging match. They know that they don't have to fight for more than 10 to 12 rounds, hence find it unnecessary to go in for the bruising sort of fighting that predominated the field in the past.

What finer master of feinting would one care to see than the elusive Mike Gibbons of a few years back? Or Benny Leonard when in his prime; Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Freddy Welsh, Johnny Kilbane, Packey McFarland, Mike McTigue, Owen Moran, Georges Carpentier, Bombardier Billy Wells, Johnny Coulon, Jem Driscoll or Jimmy Wilde of the more recent fighters who no longer are active.

Then there is Dave Shade of the present lot, one of the finest feinters of modern times. Still others who are skillful feinters are Jimmy Slattery, Young Stribling, Jimmy McLarnin, a little master in this rôle; Billy Petrolle, Tony Canzoneri, Kid Chocolate, another phenom feinter; Al Singer, Yale Okun, Mickey Walker, who is very good; Sammy Fuller, and Vidal Gregario. Of recent retired champions, Tod Morgan, Sammy Mandell and Bud Taylor were exceptionally fine feinters.

JIM CORBETT, of modern boxers, was the first whose feet were made to assist in feinting. He found that moving in and out before a man, confused him as to what was about to happen. A quick rush might result in a man's attempt to block something which would leave an opening as big as a house. A sudden side step often caused the man to lead in a way which gave perfect opportunity for a counter. Thus it was that Corbett introduced his feet to his hands as worthy assistants in feinting.

Since Corbett's time others have followed his lead and have learned much about what he had started, but few of them are even as good imitators and with few exceptions—Tunney, Loughran, Mike Gibbons, Carpentier, Leonard, Britton of recent times—none have reached Corbett's standard of efficiency.

There are three objects in feinting from Corbett's point of view. I asked him to explain his viewpoint and he remarked:

"The first is what most people believe to be the sole object of the feint—confusing an opponent until he is uncertain as to what is to happen. This makes him shift his guard continually and uncertainly, leaving an opening, from time to time, for the blow. That is the first object sought in feinting.

"But another and even more important one is that of inducing the man to lead. It is natural for a boxer to counter and when the feint induces him to lead, believing a blow is intended, it has accomplished all that can be asked of it.

"When a man counters at nothing, he is in a bad position. He is moving, first of all, and has his guard placed to receive the blow the feint suggested. It is absolutely impossible to change the guard as suddenly as the counter can get home.

"The man who has made the mistake of attempting to counter a feint, is not only rattled, but unsteady on his feet. The feint has put him completely at the mercy of his opponent, and a straight, accurate jolt often ends a fight.

* * *

"I HAD my own object in feinting. Mine was probably different from what most boxers think about when employing this art. Mine was to confuse and to bewilder a man from the moment we got into action until the bell sounded ending a round. I had him always keyed up by this continuous system for he never knew what to expect or where a blow was coming from. A boxer is always taught that he can never afford to allow his muscles to relax, and this strain on his nervous system after a few rounds, is mighty painful.

"I would feint in my loose-arm way, while my opponent invariably would be so much on the alert awaiting the attack, that the strain did him no good. Joe Choynski was a great master of feinting. He had a trick of rubbing his nose. Often his opponent would be induced to try something while Joe was thus employed and, invariably, Joe's hand would strike out like a shot straight for the jaw.

"Benny Leonard had the same trick, but he, instead of rubbing his nose, would part his hair; Tommy Ryan would double his glove up against his thigh as if trying to get his hand to fit into the glove better and when his opponent momentarily dropped his guard, out would go Tommy's punch, straight and true. I often dropped my hands to my side as if I were tired and that trick worked more frequently than it failed."

It's a great art, feinting! The astonishing part is that so many of the present-day boys in boxing don't master it. There are great possibilities, and he who becomes adept in its use, is certain to be on the road to fistic success. A fighter should make it his business from the very start to feint and should never neglect it. That is an art in itself.

WHEN GRANDPA

IN our wanderings through the colorful and picturesque files of the old *Police Gazette,* we come this month to three drawings which are expressive of the John L. Sullivan heyday,—the era of fistic excitement, go-as-you-please six-day races, dog fights, cocking mains and other sporting features which have disappeared. Not that chicken fights no longer are held, but they are not exploited in the newspapers as they were when grandpa was a kid.

In the drawing on this page you have a scene in the city of Savannah, where lived "Long Heel" Jones, a quaint character of considerable local repute. Jones believed himself a great fistic possibility. He was rated ace high as a hunter, but there were misgivings as to his ability to go through with his boast to dethrone Sullivan, who just had whipped Paddy Ryan.

In the drawing you see Long Heel engaged in his favorite sport. He would walk into a pool hall and invite the customers to thump him in the chest. It is recorded that nobody ever knocked the Cracker Nimrod down.

You will note quite a few reminders of the good old days. On the extreme left is the bartender carrying a lot of bottles which certainly did not contain spring water. The fixture over the billiard table reminds us that it was in the gas-lit era.

Your Georgia sport with plug hat which just has landed aright seems to have made no impression on Long Heel. But wait until that bird in whiskers over on the right gets his trusty right into action! He seems ready for a knockout wallop.

* * *

THE second drawing in this feature gives you a picture of one of those old six-day walking races in the ancient Garden in New York. The six-day bicycle race had not yet been established as an annual attraction. There was popular opposition to this form of "cruelty" to the riders. Little did they dream that some day these "slaves" of the cycle would go around the country riding in one six-day race after another, and being none the worse for it physically.

The old six-day go-as-you-please affairs aroused a lot of international rivalries and rancors, especially if an Englishman was one of the contestants.

"Forty Winks" shows one of the walkers taking a nap, while his handlers brew his tea right in his room, and get their paraphernalia ready for the resumption of the marathon. The walkers had no partners and the races were as much tests of insomniac tendencies as they were of athletic ability.

"Midnight Wagers" shows a few gents in fuzz and fringe with the inevitable plug hat, laying bets on the race. The man who is writing left-handed seems to be one of those left-handed bookmakers. Note that one of the gents is drinking wine, and that another is gargling grog. Maybe he has a cold, for his ulster is buttoned right up to his ears.

"No More Wine" is quaint. They're a fine looking lot. What?

"Long Heel" Jones allows the customers at a Savannah pool hall to test out his stamina and ability to take punishment, for Jones insists he can lick John L. Sullivan

WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

Scenes at the six-day go-as-you-please race in Madison Square Garden in New York

"The Bootblack's Vacation" tells its own story. No customers. All wrought up about the six-day race and too busy to have their shoes shined.

* * *

THE next drawing shows a dog fight,—two terriers in the pit, tearing away at each other, and, according to the caption, thirty-four onlookers surprised and surrounded by the police. Now, there's a diversion we never will miss, grandpa. We do not see how you ever got a kick out of watching dogs maim each other.

Incidentally, the scene depicted actually happened. It was at East Newark, N. J., and though it was in the cold of December, many of the "sports" jumped into the river which flowed right by the arena.

This wasn't even in the gas-lit era. The place was lighted by a lamp. In the rear you see a bird with a high hat,—obviously the blue-nosed reformer who started all the trouble. You can hear him holler, "Halt, in the name of the law." The police captain carries a nice little gat.

"A Fair Scratch and Turn at East Newark," the ancient *Police Gazette* called it. Just what was fair about it, we of 1933 cannot see. But it was all in the line of sport in the grand old days when grandpa was a kid. Ask him?

* * *

HE'LL tell you how the sports fared in the "good old days." When one looks over the gallery of raids as depicted in the old *Police Gazette* and the *Police News*, he gets an idea of why historians refer to the romance of the ring in the bare-knuckle days. The sportsmen of that period went miles to see a good scrap, whether between men or between beasts. Action is what they craved, and they backed their opinion with real sugar.

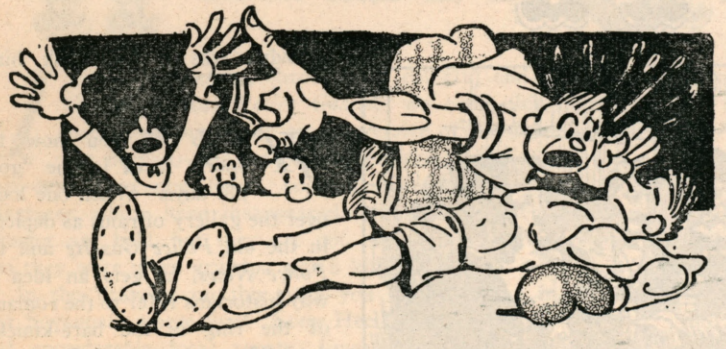
It often was worth one's life to try to escape from the minions of the law when a raid was staged, but that was part of the thrill. Leaping from windows, diving into the icy waters of a river, sitting on the bare floor of a barn to see a match, sneaking into a deserted shack—with the police always on the trail—those were the things that furnished the excitement and made it worth while for the red-blooded sports when grandpa was a boy.

Quite a change nowadays! Legalization of boxing has altered conditions so that grandpa has to pinch himself to make certain he is not seeing things.

Some of the greatest cock fights in America were staged over in Long Island near Celtic Park and over in Flushing, with the father of the present owner of the Queensboro Arena, Cy Flaherty, as the promoter. He was a fancier, whose services were in great demand.

An East Newark, N. J., dog fight is interrupted by the police and many of the onlookers jump into the Newark River

IT HAPPENED *in*



Eyewitness Tells of Strange Boxing and Wrestling Bouts in Mystery Land

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ALL the world is familiar with the strange adventure of the barkentine American Glory which, in the year 1923, left New York for Rio de Janeiro, and after ninety-eight days landed on the uncharted and unfamiliar shores of an island which Captain Myles Milet named Topsy Turvy Land.

Of course, there is great doubt, even among the members of the International Hydrographic and Geographic Institution which accepted Captain Milet's report, that the American Glory ever had touched at this fantastic island. John Grosverner, the New York millionaire, fitted out an expedition which spent a whole year in an effort to relocate Topsy Turvy Land. He finally returned with an indictment of Captain Milet which led to a long and bitter law suit that has not yet reached its conclusion.

Hundreds of scientists, of perhaps romantic turn of mind, accepted Captain Milet's story with the announcement that he had found the lost continent of Atlantis, which ancient fable and story located somewhere off the Coast of Africa. Be it Atlantis, or some other island, I want to add my testimony to that of Captain Milet, for I was his first mate and I spent an entire week among the strange people of this unknown country.

About eight days out of New York we ran into a terrific gale and the following day we steamed into a calm. Our compass began to act queerly. The next day at noon we saw a mirage,—high cliffs surmounted by trees that looked like California redwoods. Twenty-four hours later Captain Milet and I, John Upworth, decided that we were lost. Our sextant was of no service. We could not get our bearings and our chart helped us not at all.

We turned the American Glory about, and for seventeen days more wandered on the high seas, never sighting another ship or even so much as a reef or key. On the morning of the twenty-eighth day, at five o'clock, the watch sighted land on the starboard. As we sailed close we saw that it was a land of palm trees, but apparently no houses. We discerned people going about their business, and wondered where they lived. Later I discovered that they built their houses underground, as there was a law which forbade any citizen to mar the landscape or shut off sun, light and air.

* * *

HOWEVER, I do not want to repeat here the story I wrote for the National Explorers' Magazine in 1924. I want to touch on matters relating only to sport,—to boxing and wrestling in particular. For, much to my surprise, I found that the citizens of Topsy Turvy Land were addicted to these recreations even more strongly than the natives of New York.

The people of Topsy Turvy Land,—Broggnoggdogg, they call it,—are a mixed race. Apparently a ship carrying European immigrants, perhaps bound as we were for Rio, was wrecked off this island and founded a nation which was utterly cosmopolitan. Their language sounded something like Volapuk.

Naturally, our arrival created a tremendous sensation as the American Glory was the first ship ever to steam into the harbor of Broggnoggdogg. A committee of citizens marched our crew to a big underground hall which apparently was the capitol. The mayor or president slapped each of us on the cheek to bid us welcome, and appointed a citizen whom we called Gloomy Gus as our guide.

The second night of our visit Gus took us to the Madison Square Garden of Topsy Turvy Land. About eight thousand people sat in an arena in which the ring was raised some twenty feet, and the seats were built on a slope downward. In that way those who sat close had the best view, and those in the rear, who paid little, saw just about as much as they were entitled to.

* * *

AS we entered the arena each of us received a silver coin which was about as big as our dollar. A plazama, they called it. We all thought this quite strange, as in New York we had been forced to pay to see fighters in action.

I discovered later that the law of Broggnoggdogg takes it for granted that all boxing contests are so bad that the fighters ought to pay the spectators. If the judges decide that the contest was worth paying for, the onlookers are forced to return thrice the value of the coin they received on entering.

You will note from this arrangement that the people of Topsy Turvy Land were not quite as goofy as we suspected they were when we got those plazamas.

Gloomy Gus led us right to the top of the truncated cone, and gave us ringside seats. There was no referee in the ring. And the space in which the battlers fought was a real ring—circular, and surrounded by steel cables. If a fighter leaned against the ropes he suffered an electric shock and was glad to go right back to work. The ring was completely surrounded by judges—some eighty of them—each of whom had a vote.

If the fighters clinched, not a word of warning or entreaty was spoken. A tall man with an instrument which looked like a giant atomizer merely turned the apparatus in the direction of the fighters and they got an electric shock which broke them immediately. I leave it to you if those birds were goofy—or were they?

The main bout was put on first. That is the law. The citizens figure that if the big bout is rotten there is no sense in staying for the rest of the card. If one-third the house walks out, the supporting card is cancelled and the promoter is fined one thousand plazamas for wasting the time of the customers.

* * *

THE promoter had put on a special card for our entertainment between the heavyweight champion, Spanklik, and Hobnog, the contender. The battlers came into the ring first and slapped each other in the face. Then they left. After this a little fat man made a long speech. It developed that he was plugging for a certain brand of bread. Instead of wasting time introducing a lot of ham-and-egg fighters, the promoter sells the fifteen minutes before the fight to some commercial account, quite after the manner in which we handle our radio.

Then the fighters were brought back. Spanklik weighed 150 pounds and Hobnog about 145. The men wore no gloves. They covered their heads with helmets as the boxing law held that since fighters used their heads about as much as their fists, their heads better deserved protection.

There was no bell to start the bout. The two battlers sat in

BROGGNOGGDOGG!

the middle of the ring, on the floor, glaring at each other. Then Hobnog bit the champion in the ear, and the contest was on.

I took the trouble to time the rounds and discovered that while the first session lasted 1 minute, 31 seconds; the second went 5 minutes even; the third, 10 minutes, 14 seconds, and the fourth, 56 seconds.

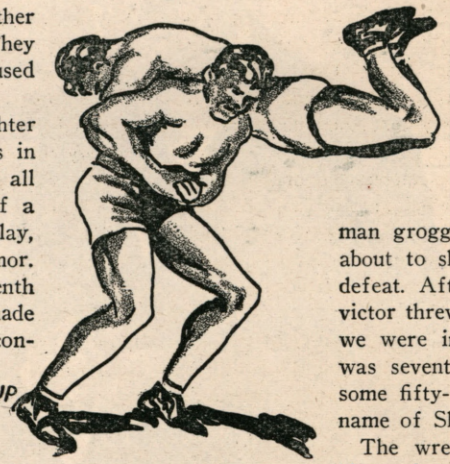
The boxing law thus takes precautions against stalling. The fighters never know when they are going to rest, so they go at top speed all the time.

The first three rounds were very fast, but in the fourth Hobnog slowed down a little. There was quite an outcry and the chief judge walked up to Hobnog and hit him a terrific right, which raised a mouse under the fighter's left eye. Hobnog picked up speed in the fifth.

* * *

BETWEEN rounds, I noticed a strange custom. The fighter squirted water on his seconds to keep them from getting excited. All the time he kept telling them what to shout to him in the next round. This greatly simplified matters and prevented the wild confusion which is the habit in rings in New York.

The Broggnoggdogg style of boxing was altogether different than that of anything you see in the United States. The battlers were not permitted to punch each other over the belt, or under the Adam's apple. They butted and they kicked, quite after the style used in *la savate* in France years ago.



Also there was considerable trickery. A fighter was allowed to tell jokes while the round was in progress. He had to speak loud enough so that all in the house could hear. The law held that if a customer was not entertained by the fistic display, he at least got some fun out of the wit and humor.

The fighters took turns telling them. In the seventh round Hobnog got off a rollicking yarn which made the champion laugh so uproariously that the contender had his man on the verge of collapse. However, Spanklik rallied in time and put over what seemed to be one of those farmer's daughter and travelling salesman stories which left Hobnog in stitches. In fact, the whole house roared with laughter. Hobnog could not take advantage of his turn to tell one, so Spanklik shot home a corker about an Irishman and a Jew, and Hobnog rolled over and was counted out. He lay "senseless" while the referee shouted into his ears.

Under the law, Hobnog had to pay Spanklik five hundred plazamas for having been knocked out, and had to retire from the profession and take up a professorship in the Broggnoggdogg University. Here former fighters spent the rest of their lives discoursing on drama, literature and opera and making political speeches. These professors who had been boxers were known as spalti, or crackpots.

* * *

THE crew of the American Glory spent the next two days exploring the strange island, which had flying camels and birds that hopped like kangaroos.

Then we got notice from Gloomy Gus that another athletic spectacle was about to be put on for our benefit. Again we were taken to the Garden of Broggnoggdogg, and once more the arena was jammed. But this time we did not get a plazama on entering.

From what we could make out, the law did not recognize wrestling as a sport. It came under the regulations for circuses and hippodrome shows. No Broggnoggdoggian was permitted to become a wrestler unless he had had a three years' course in the national college of dramatic arts and a post-graduate course in the national institute of pantomime.

There were no judges for the wrestling match, as the contestants had to go at it until somebody won. There were no set rules. Around the ring sat musicians, who exhaled rhythm to suit the occasion. If the grapplers looked lazy, the musicians gave them a jolly one-step. If the wrestlers were going at a fast clip, the musicians emitted a waltz. It was all very artistic.

The opponents in the match were Zantipple, who seemingly was the best of the land, and Tanzipple, rated a contender. They were twin brothers. The law was that in wrestling there could be no pretense of antipathy and only real brothers were allowed to contest against each other. The bout was advertised as a demonstration of grappling and fraternal felicity.

* * *

AT that particular time there was a ferocious feud between two rival schools of wrestling—the Pludnucks, who ate peas with a knife, and the Plidnicks, who would not eat peas at all.

The champions of these two factions attacked each other in the newspapers through poems and caricatures. Zantipple was the leader of the Pludnucks, and Relgnarts was the chieftain of the Plidnicks. As the public enjoyed their poetry and drawings more than it would have liked their contest, they were not urged to meet each other. This was exactly what they wanted, so they kept flooding the public prints with clever pieces of satire.

The style of wrestling in Broggnoggdogg was very entertaining. It was not permissible for two men to be on the mat at the same time. Nor was victory decided by pinning a man.

If one of the grapplers got his man groggy, he picked him up and whirled him about to show that he had him on the verge of defeat. After he had whirled him insensible, the victor threw the loser out of the ring. At the time we were in Broggnoggdogg the record distance was seventeen rows. This mark had been made some fifty-four years previous by a hero by the name of Shmittenhack.

The wrestlers were allowed to punch, gouge, bite and do all the other little polite things which are recognized as legal in New York. However, they were not allowed to call each other names in the ring. In fact, the law said that wrestlers had to play dumb, and the law apparently had them right.

* * *

AT some future date I hope to tell you how the natives of Broggnoggdogg played football with the goalposts instead of a ball; how they played tennis without ball or net, merely by shouting at each other; how the amateurs were professionals and the professionals were amateurs; and how their service schools played their annual football match in the newspapers without ever getting on a field, and nobody ever discovering the lapse.

However, I promised to confine myself in this article to boxing and wrestling, and I trust I have given you a fairly intelligent outline of the manner in which they were conducted.

Sometimes these sports lapsed for months and months owing to lack of promoters. The law said that if two-thirds of the spectators at any show demanded it, the promoter had to go jump off a dock. So many promoters had been drowned that the profession had become extra hazardous. Wouldn't that be terrible if such a law existed in America now?

There was no boxing commission. All boxing and wrestling bouts came under the jurisdiction of the Department of Public Sanitation.

After a week in Broggnoggdogg, or Topsy Turvy Land, the American Glory sailed away in a brisk southwest wind, and in eighty-four days, with fair weather, we docked at Chicago!

The Goldfield A.C.

By THE RING EDITOR

FOUR years ago, boxing lost its greatest and most colorful character. When Tex Rickard died from an appendix operation in Miami Beach, the sport of pugilism lost its guiding hand. A ship without a rudder, boxing has declined in public interest to such extent that the sport for a time seemed on the verge of collapse. True, the world depression has played its part in bringing about this condition, yet it is safe to say that had Tex Rickard been alive, depression or no depression, boxing would not have suffered as it has.

Throughout the country in the leading sports emporiums, men who know their boxing like a school child knows his alphabet, have tried desperately to bring the sport back into its own again, but each seems to lack just that something that stands out in a promoter of Rickard's ability. In other words, they have fallen short of the mark because they lack the foresight, the keenness, and gambling instinct that made "Old Tedge" the master.

If Rickard were alive today there wouldn't be any talk about lack of cards. Had Carnera been discovered when Tex was ruling the fistic realm, he never would have been permitted to fight in the sticks for a year. He would have cleaned up a fortune in a world's heavyweight championship fight within a year after his first venture into the roped square. Tex's ballyhoo would have carried the Venetian into a championship mill. A man like Max Baer, the first Jewish fighter since the days of Joe Choynski to stand forth as a heavyweight championship prospect, would have been nursed along by Rickard in a wild ballyhoo campaign that would have brought forth the united support of the Jews, and he, like Carnera, would by this time have had a fling at the title. That was Rickard's big way of doing things in boxing and that is why his success was assured from the start.

The "Master Mind" of Boxing as he looked in the last few months of his life

He gambled. He knew his fight fans. He made a study of race psychology. He knew how to pair the fighters to get the best out of them and the most money out of the fan. Instead of bickering, he acted. Instead of antagonizing fight managers and fighters, he played with them. How different from the destructive tactics used by most promoters and matchmakers today!

* * *

EACH year since "The Master's" death, The RING has kept alive Tex Rickard's memory with an article depicting some human interest phase of his great career. The story of his rise to riches has often been told. The average fight fan is fully cognizant of the details of his success in New York. But there are many thrilling, exciting stories of his early promotion work that are known only to his intimate friends, and it is these stories that THE RING shall unfold.

Rickard was far from being a great story-teller, but he was a good one, nevertheless. I could sit for hours listening to the tales of his escapes. And they were not the kind of escapes that the coward makes. They were the kind that only the cool, calculating gambler can make by outguessing and outmanœuvering his opponent. Only the daring, brave heart of a soldier of fortune could accomplish what Tex did in the gaming regions of the Yukon and the Nevada gold fields.

Rickard didn't belong to the ordinary type of story-tellers. He really didn't need a ballyhoo artist, a press agent to sell him and his business, for he, himself, was a master technician in that line. He had a wonderful publicity director in Ike Dorgan, brother of the Immortal Tad, yet even Ike, good as he was, often remarked that Tex was the leader of modern ballyhoo, a man so capable of reading the public pulse, that he was able to feed them with the type of stories that kept his ventures as first page news for weeks prior to the staging of the big event. It was that knack of handing out news that enabled him to raise boxing from an ordinary sport to the millionaires' hobby, from the $50,000 gate to the million-dollar receipts.

* * *

IN delving into my collection of boxing souvenirs to see if I could locate something worth while on Rickard, I came across a programme which had on its front cover:

"The official programme, Gans-Nelson Battle, Goldfield, Nevada, September 3rd, '06."

And going through this souvenir, I found the story I had sought. It was the story of "The Goldfield Athletic Club and Its Energetic President, Tex Rickard."

Rickard was a picturesque fellow. He could take the loss of a fortune without batting an eye. After he had dropped everything he owned in the passing of his Great Northern Hotel in Nevada, his bank roll, his fixtures, his gambling paraphernalia and his gold—cleaned out like a whistle, the story of another gold rush up in the Nome district of Alaska reached his ears. With a friend, he set out for the new gold field and upon his arrival, he set up another gambling house.

Tex's luck had turned. Everything he touched seemed to have turned into gold. The young "down-and-outer" who had arrived broke, came out of the gold diggings a few years later with another fortune in his jeans.

He then returned to California and, while in 'Frisco, he heard of another gold rush at Tonopah, Nevada, and always restless, he headed for the new fields. And it was there that he really got his start as a fistic promoter.

One day Rickard picked up a San Francisco paper and in large headlines he saw a story to the effect that the Coast promoters were trying to bring Battling Nelson and Joe Gans together in a championship fight. Labor Day in a gold camp was an inviting day for a big sports event and it didn't take Tex long to decide on a big-money-making plan. He saw the prospects of advertising the mining town, bringing in thousands of fight fans who would gamble their money—and he quickly got busy.

He didn't know much about fighting then, but he was a good gambler and that aided him. He wanted Nelson to fight at Goldfield on Labor Day, and the man whom he decided to pit against the Durable Dane was not Gans, but a fellow named Jack

How Tex Rickard Organized Club that Staged the Gans-Nelson Fight and Gave "Old Tedge" His Start in Boxing

Goldfield as it looked just before Rickard and his friends organized the Goldfield A.C.

Below is the same city as it looked after Rickard arranged the Nelson-Gans mill

Clifford who had cleaned up around the camp and was regarded as an invincible lightweight by his backers. Tex thought so too, and he felt that it would be a tremendous boom for Goldfield if this "palooka" would stop the Battler. The miners were really in earnest about Clifford. They thought there was no fighter like him.

* * *

RICKARD learned that Nelson was in Salt Lake City, and he wired him asking if he would accept a match with Clifford for Goldfield for $5000 and a $5000 side bet. After sending that dispatch, he learned that the Coast promoters were hot on the Battler's trail for a fight with Gans and, not to be scooped by them, he sent the Dane a second message asking for terms also on a fight with Gans for Labor Day at Goldfield.

Nelson only shortly before had beaten Britt on the Coast and had picked up about $18,500 as his end of the purse, and he never dreamed that any fighter could get more than that for a fight, but apparently he didn't know to what extent Tex Rickard, the Western gambler, would go to get what he was after. Bat decided to throw Tex off the trail by making a "huge demand" so he sent this message back to Tex:

"Clifford O.K. $5000 my end and $5000 side bet. Will meet Gans for $20,000, post money with San Francisco Call."

Little did Bat think Tex would accept his "fabulous" demands, but again he was mistaken for within two hours he received this reply:

"Terms accepted. Will give you $20,000 to fight Gans to a finish here on Labor Day. Have posted money with Cook and Co., bank, Goldfield. Will have same transferred to Salt Lake City or San Francisco Call. Answer. Tex Rickard."

Bat didn't wait long to answer. He wasn't going to let that "fortune" slip through his hands. He rushed back a wire:

"Hold money. Am taking next train to Goldfield."

Thus Tex had won his first skirmish in the boxing game. But he was too shrewd to be taken unawares and having learned that Billy Nolan, Nelson's manager, was opposed to a meeting with Gans, Tex took no chances on losing the attraction. He wrote Sam Harris, manager of Terry McGovern, that he would offer Terry $30,000 to fight either Gans or Britt, this bout to be staged in the event that Nolan ran out on Rickard.

That offer was the largest ever made for a lightweight fight and seemed incredible. Hence when the message reached New York, and Joe Humphreys, in the absence of Harris, received it, he enjoyed a hearty laugh. At last he thought he was getting it at Tex's expense when, as things turned out, it was at Joe's own. Humphreys took the telegram to the Metrople, the headquarters of the fans in those days, and read it over and over again, much to the amusement of his friends, and then, to answer the "joke" that Rickard had perpetrated, (*Continued on page* 34)

Promoters of the Gans-Nelson battle at Goldfield, Labor Day, 1906. Tex Rickard is seated in the center of the first row

Germans *in* Boxing

By WILBUR WOOD

(Copyright by The Ring, Inc., 1932—All rights for reproduction reserved.)

IF anyone, ten years ago, had ventured to predict that in 1930 a German-born, German boxer would hold the heavyweight championship of the world, he would have been considered an eligible candidate for the nut house. The idea was utterly preposterous—then. The Germans couldn't fight, not with gloves on their hands, at any rate, was the verdict. An Italian possibly, or maybe a Frenchman. But a German as heavyweight champion? Get wise to yourself before they put you in a padded cell!

Yet, on the night of June 12, 1930, a German fighter took over the heavyweight fistic championship. He was Max Schmeling of Hamburg. To be sure, he won the title sitting down, on a flagrant foul by Jack Sharkey, the American who fought in the elimination bout to select a successor to Gene Tunney, who had retired as champion. A year later Schmeling removed any doubts as to his right to sit on the Queensberry throne by stopping Young Stribling, voted the most deserving of American challengers, in the fifteenth round of a savage battle at Cleveland.

Last summer Sharkey, in a second bout with Schmeling, regained the crown by a decision which caused a tremendous storm of protest. Today Schmeling, in my opinion, is the uncrowned champion. If the same two meet again next summer, the Black Uhlan will be a heavy choice to take back the championship.

* * *

THE success of Schmeling, a German, in the heavyweight lists, has focussed attention on the steady advance of German boxers in recent years. Ten years ago nobody gave the German boxers a tumble. But five years ago some of the more discerning observers began to see in the advance guard of the German leather throwers a distinct menace.

In 1926 the editor of this magazine, Nat Fleischer, on a three-months tour of Europe, saw things that made him believe that the Germans constituted a serious threat.

Let's quote briefly from what Fleischer wrote in May, 1926:

"In Germany, in the elementary high schools and colleges, in the gymnasiums and in the police and military schools, boxing is the one sport which everyone must follow . . . . It is compulsory for the police of every city in Germany to take boxing lessons."

After describing how the boys in the schools were drilled in boxing, Fleischer wrote: "It is the writer's prediction that five years hence Germany's amateur athletes and professional boxers will set the pace in Europe.

"Listed with the Amateur Athletic Union of Germany are the names of close to 40,000 amateur boxers, a number that more than doubles the total listed in all organizations combined in our country. Now, if out of that total Germany should develop only a dozen stars in the various classes those twelve boys should be able to menace the supremacy of America in the near future."

Was Fleischer a good prophet? The answer is that a trifle more than four years later a German boy who started boxing as an amateur, Max Schmeling, held the world heavyweight title.

* * *

AT about the same time Fleischer was making his prediction while touring Europe and getting a closeup of what was going on in Germany in the way of boxing, George Engel, a prominent American manager and fistic student, was talking the same way over here, with only a long-distance view of the situation in Germany.

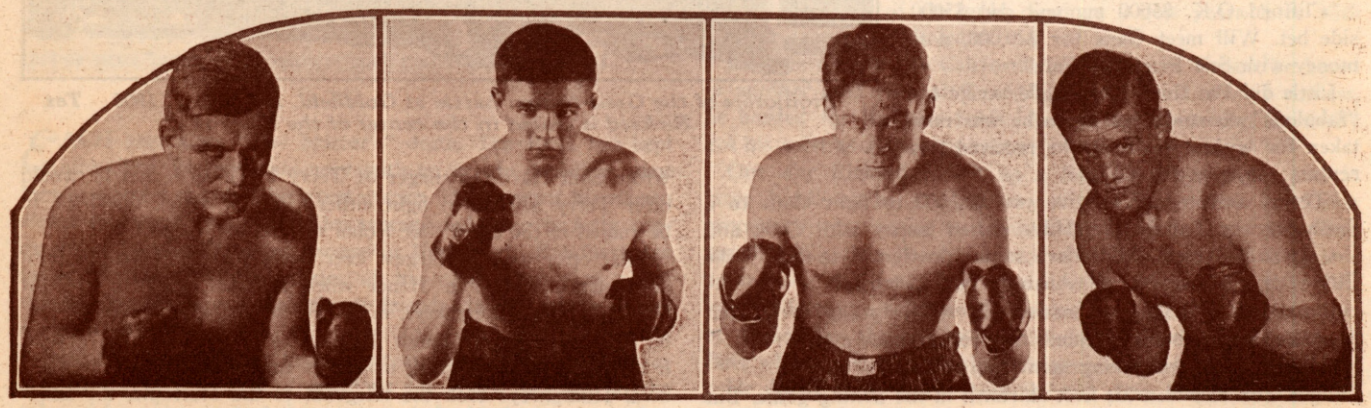
Though everyone laughed at Engel he stuck to his opinion. George, of German descent himself, had handled some great American fighters of German antecedents, including Harry Greb. He finally talked the late Tex Rickard into financing a trip to this country by Rudi Wagner, a German heavyweight well regarded in his own country. The boys still kid Engel about Wagner, who proved a terrific bust in his American début against Big Boy Peterson in Madison Square Garden. Wagner's showing was so bad that the Boxing Commission made a rule that in future foreign boxers must prove their ability in smaller clubs before they would be allowed to show in the Garden.

But Engel had the last laugh, at that, and the night Schmeling won the championship, he did not neglect to remind the kidders that his prediction had come true.

But, though Schmeling was the first German to take over the heavyweight title, he was not the first to have a shot at it. Arthur Lumley, dean of boxing writers, recalls that a German named Benediel Hagan, born in Wurtemburg in 1844, boxed Tom Allen, the American champion, in 1869. Hagan, known in this country, where he had made and lost two fortunes after the Civil War, as Ben Hogan, bet $10,000 on himself when he met Allen near Council Bluffs, Ia.

The strange part of it is that the bout, like the Sharkey-Schmeling fray, proved a disappointment to the spectators when Hogan, like Schmeling, claimed a foul in the third round and failed to continue. When the referee refused to give Hogan the fight on the alleged foul, there was a free-for-all rumpus, in which the followers of each fighter used sticks, stones and knives, as well as fists. The referee called the fight a draw.

In a statement later the referee said that, while the punch was



Germany's four present-day aces who are aiming to emulate the deeds of the nation's King of boxing, Max Schmeling. Left to right—Walter Neusel, Europe's leading heavyweight contender; Hans Muller, middleweight; Ernest Guhring, heavyweight and Hein Mueller, heavyweight

World War popularized sport in Fatherland—Prenzel, Diener, Jackson, Herse, Breitenstraetter among early stars—Arthur Buelow, developer of Schmeling, brought sport to the front

low, Hogan had only himself to blame, as he leaped into the air and so made low a punch that would otherwise have been fair. The same charge of leaping up to take a normally fair blow below the belt was made against Schmeling 61 years later. But one difference was that this time the followers of the fighters abused each other only with words, instead of going to work with sticks, stones and knives.

As a result of the squabble at the Allen-Hogan bout, the stakeholder, Billy Egan, returned the money put up by each fighter and all bets were declared off. Hogan was so disgusted with the whole business that he quit the fight game and became an evangelist, turning over all his money to the church.

* * *

BUT Hogan was just an exception. It is doubtful if one out of a thousand Germans ever even saw a boxing glove until the Great War. It was through the war that the sport was introduced into the fatherland, primarily because German prisoners of war became interested in boxing when they saw bouts between their captors.

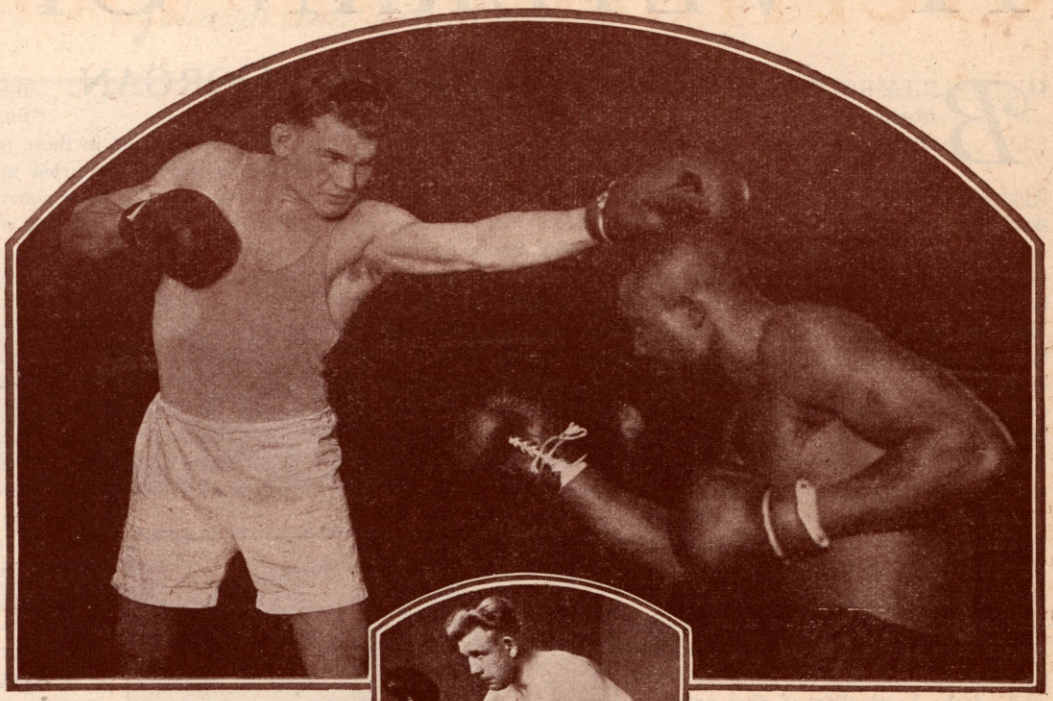
After the war, it was Ted Broadribb, famous English manager of boxers, who gave the game impetus in Germany. Broadribb was one of the first, if not the first, of foreigners to move into Germany with boxers.

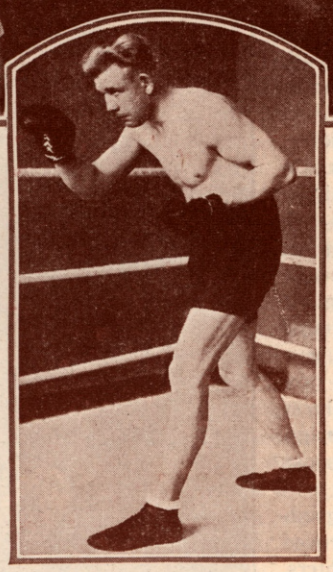
At that time a man named Rothenberg, living in Hamburg, which by another coincidence is the native city of Schmeling, was the only boxing promoter in the country. He staged shows on what was then considered a large scale at the Sports Palast. And who was the leading figure among the new crop of German managers, trainers and referees? None but Arthur Buelow, the man who brought Schmeling to this country.

In Germany, after the war, money was so scarce that those who took up boxing were glad to receive the equivalent of an American dollar for a main event. Most of the shows were staged in beer gardens, where the price of admission was perhaps ten cents. There, while they sipped their beer and munched sausages, an entire German family would see the bouts as part of their entertainment.

It was at such a beer garden boxing show, Nat Fleischer tells me, that he first met Buelow, to whom so much credit must be given for the upswing of boxing in Germany. Buelow, a war hero whose jaw had been shot away, was the most important figure in German boxing circles at that time. He was an instructor, a referee, trainer and manager and in addition to all that, he was proprietor of a magazine devoted to boxing.

He stirred up great interest in the sport and took teams of German amateurs to Norway, Sweden, Holland and Belgium, where they more than held their own. Incidentally, on that trip to Germany, Fleischer saw Schmeling box, and was so impressed with Max's work, that he cabled Rickard and told him of his "find." He suggested that Rickard bring Schmeling to America. He urged Tex to import both Schmeling and his manager and it was at Fleischer's suggestion that Buelow cancelled a trip to South America, to come to this country under the Rickard banner.





Franz Diener, former heavyweight champion of Germany and John Jackson, German-born Negro heavyweight

Hans Breitenstraetter, who held the heavyweight crown before Schmeling made his drive for fame

THE most popular German boxers in their own country until Schmeling took home the heavyweight title, were Kurt Prenzel, a welterweight, and Hans Breitenstraetter, heavyweight champion prior to Schmeling's acquisition of the crown. Prenzel was a big shot in Europe. He made money fast and spent it just as fast. It was nothing for Kurt to engage an entire floor of a leading Berlin hostelry to throw a party for his friends.

Today Prenzel is working in a New York restaurant. He was among those who lived in Schmeling's cottage at Speculator while Max was training for his fight with Mickey Walker. They are the warmest of friends.

After his fighting days were over and his money all gone, Prenzel, unlike so many others, did not try to sponge a living off those on whom he had squandered his coin when he was sitting on top of the world. He refused to accept charity from anyone and lived by his own labors, in humble capacities. Schmeling tried to press upon him financial aid but Prenzel would have none of it. He is a very well educated man, speaking several languages, and has a most engaging personality.

The latest German heavyweight to leap into the limelight is Walter Neusel, who startled European boxing circles by handing a beating to Larry Gains in Paris. By the time these lines are read by you, Neusel probably will be campaigning in this country and if he is the fighter he is said to be, he should reap a rich harvest.

Schmeling is the first of the native German boxers to win a world championship and the wealth that goes with it. He should salute those pioneers of German

(*Continued on page* 35)

A Veteran Speaks

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

"BILLY ROCHE, famous manager and referee of pre-commission days will join the staff of Sunny Jim Coffroth at the Agua Caliente race track this winter." That was the news item that appeared in the sports sheets a few weeks ago.

To the average fan of today, the name of Billy Roche doesn't convey anything of significance, but to the sports enthusiast who has been following boxing for a number of years, the name is identified with the progress of pugilism in America. Billy has been around leather pushers for almost forty-five years and before him, his dad was part and parcel of every big sporting event, especially boxing, during the period of fisticuffs in this land when John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Paddy Ryan, Jack McAuliffe, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Dwyer were at the helm.

Years ago Billy was a notable figure in California boxing and when he came East, he continued to rank high in his chosen profession. The above news item recalled bygone days, days when California was the mecca of the world's greatest fighters and Billy Roche was part of the hectic life of that profession. He's past sixty now, shows in physical appearances the wear and the tear of the strenuous life he has led, but he has never given up his deep interest in the sport in which he virtually was brought up. Boxing and racing are his hobbies and when he recently found that the depression had hit boxing a terrific blow from which it will take years to overcome, he decided to throw his lot with his second choice, the nags, and now is in charge of one, the books at the Coffroth plant.

Billy Roche as he looked when he officiated as a referee on the Coast

Until a few months ago, Billy, good-hearted soul that he always has proved himself, organized the starving fighters, boys who found themselves idle because of the depression, and with the aid of wealthy friends at Southampton, he took the boys out to that social center once a week and put on a show. He did likewise at Poughkeepsie, and through his aid, the "down-and-outers" whom he selected at the various New York gymnasiums and packed into a bus for the long journey, were able throughout the summer to earn a few dollars for their grub and bed.

* * *

AND that was not all Billy Roche did. There are many tales told of his generosity, for Billy would share his last sou with a member of the boxing profession. When the World War broke out and Uncle Sam's boys were sent across, Billy was among the first to offer his services for Overseas service to the Knights of Columbus. "Over There" he, Sparrow Robertson and Jimmy Bronson were the best liked of those who aided the soldiers behind the lines. It was Billy and Bronson who organized the boxing team of the American Expeditionary Force and it was Billy who, according to Gene Tunney, gave him his first encouragement and predicted that he would be Dempsey's successor.

For almost two years I've been after Billy for a story on his career, but the best I could get out of him was, "what does the public care about my career. I like to read about the other fellows, but you can leave me out of it." But when I learned that he was about to quit his boxing associations for the nags, I pressed the issue and finally he agreed to give me the yarn which is submitted in these pages of THE RING.

Among the queries I hurled at Billy were what he thought of the boxing game as now constituted as compared to that of the period when he was a young man and was identified with it; what he thought of the boys of today in comparison to those of the past and who, in his opinion, were the greatest stars of all time, so far as American ring history is concerned. And here is what I learned:

1. That the game today is better than it ever was so far as the regulation of the sport is considered, but that the fighters of today are not as good as were the heroes of bygone days.

2. That the boys of this era are much cleverer than most of those who saw service during his heyday, but that in endurance, there is no comparison between our fighters and those of the past.

3. That the commission rule has saved boxing from the machinations of the crooks, but that too much regulation in the states where the sport is most followed, has resulted in a curbing of the sport's progress.

4. That the cornering of the fistic market by promoters, has acted as a detriment to the sports' advancement and that it also has resulted in putting many good fighters out of work and forcing others to quit at a time when they have appeared among the country's leading prospects.

5. That the majority of the referees are far inferior to those of the past because they either have not made a close study of the rules under which they are working, or because they fail to use proper judgment in an effort to please the promoter.

6. That barring Sharkey, Schmeling and Baer, the heavyweights of today are the worst lot he has seen in his forty-five years of association with the sport.

7. That the managers and trainers are an inferior lot because the majority of them are men who know little about the sport and have taken an interest in boxing only because of the financial returns or because of the publicity they can obtain.

8. That the commissions controlling the sport throughout the country should require trainers and seconds to pass a test to prove their efficiency before they are permitted to handle a fighter.

* * *

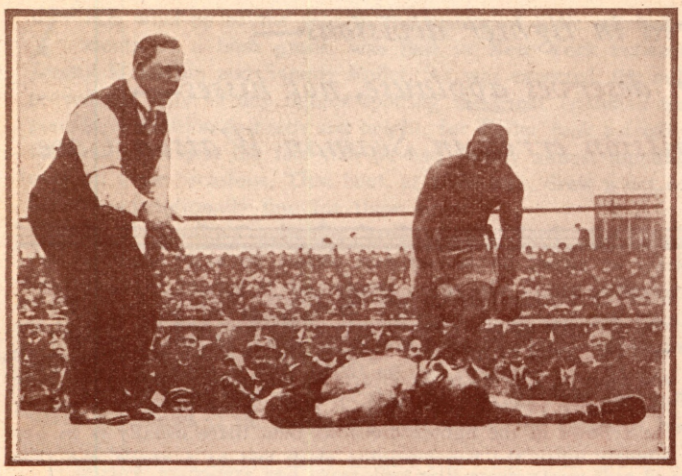
THERE are some pointers well worth discussing. There are some with which you might disagree, but the majority certainly hit the mark. What Billy Roche says about the managers and trainers, is 100 per cent correct. It has always been my contention that the boxing commissions in each state should give a second and manager a written test and a mental test before licensing him. That procedure would save many a poor lad from being crippled or going blind for the rest of his life.

Stanley Ketchel, says Roche, is his choice for the greatest fighter, pound for pound, of any he has ever seen, and Jack Johnson as the greatest of all heavyweights.

"I go way back to 1882," says Roche, "and those were the days when fighters were fighters and a scrap called for real fighting from the sound of the first gong to the finish of the fight. Those days, I'm afraid, will never come again."

His choice for leader in each division, follows:

Billy Roche, Famous Referee and Manager, Reflects on His Forty-five Years of Ring Service—Names Ketchel, Johnson and Fitz, Greatest



Jack Johnson, chosen by Roche as the greatest heavyweight of modern times, knocking out Stanley Ketchel

Heavyweight—Jack Johnson.
Light-heavyweight—Kid McCoy.
Middleweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.
Welterweight—Stanley Ketchel.
Lightweight—Joe Gans.
Featherweight—George Dixon.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry.
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

In giving his reasons for the selection of Johnson over the field, Roche says:

"He was a most finished fighter. He knew more about the fine points of the hit and get-away game than any of the other heavyweights. Science was his middle name. He could hit as hard as Jeffries, Fitz or Dempsey; and as for cleverness, he was a marvel.

"He could have licked Jim Jeffries when the Californian was at his peak. Of that I feel certain. They talk about Dempsey and what he could have done to any of the old-timers, if he fought them in the form he displayed against Willard. That's pure nonsense. There never was a day when Johnson couldn't have whipped Dempsey and possibly stopped him. A fighter like Dempsey would have been a mark for the giant Negro.

"As for Ketchel, he was a sweet fighter," continued Roche. "What I wouldn't give to be the possessor of a Ketchel today! If Stanley were alive and in his prime, and were turned loose today, there isn't a middleweight, light-heavyweight or heavyweight who could have stood before him for ten rounds. That's what I think of that great boy.

"They talk about a comparison of Gans and Leonard and often give Leonard the benefit. That to me, is a joke. Leonard was clever, that's true, but Gans stood out all by himself in American ring history as the classiest lightweight of all time. There never was a man his weight who could box so beautifully, who could sting as he could, who was such a sharpshooter, cool and calculating, as the Baltimore Negro. He, in my opinion, would have knocked out Leonard within ten rounds, both in their prime. And what he couldn't do to the present crop!

"I'm not attacking the boys of this era. I'm simply trying to show how times have changed. The training is changed. The type of fighting is altered. The limit placed on bouts is different from the long-distance affairs of my period. Everything has changed because the times demand it and the commission rules have brought into the field a new system. No longer do the boys find it necessary to train for finish fights. That is a great help."

Bob Fitzsimmons, rated a ring marvel by Roche. The above sketch was made by the Immortal Tad, brother of the writer of this article and given by him to The Ring Editor

THUS you have the opinion of one of the thoroughbreds of an age that has passed, one who knew his boxing then and knows it from A to Z today. In discussing referees, Billy added:

"I've watched the officials work and studied their methods carefully, and I find that with few exceptions, they all have one glaring fault. They step between the men and break them at every sign of a clinch. In the many years that I officiated, I don't think I did that more than six times and then because I finally had to. And there's a good reason for not doing so.

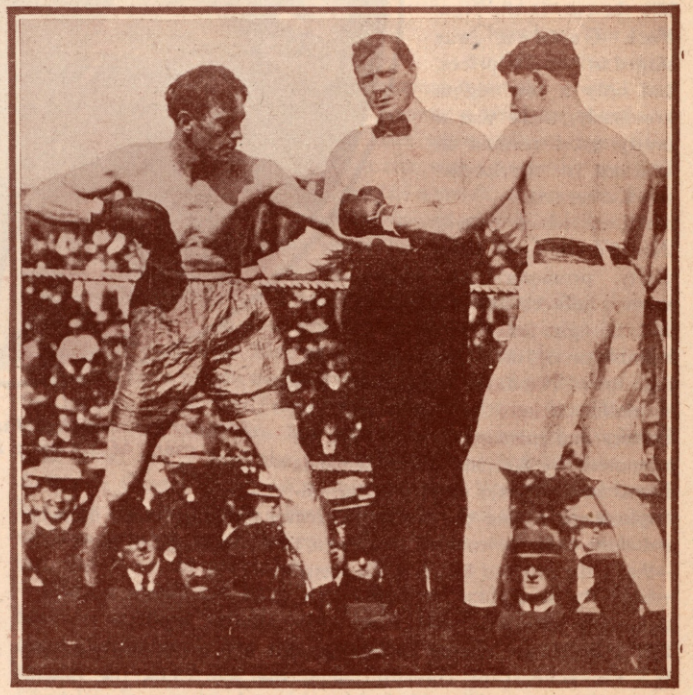
"Don't you see that it invites a repetition of clinching. The minute you break a pair of fighters, they get set for the next clinch so that if you are constantly stepping between them, there is little action throughout that bout. I always tapped them on the shoulder and they stepped back. I didn't have to step between Ketchel and his man when I refereed, because both Stanley and his opponent knew I meant business and they obeyed instructions. There is no trouble about making them do it when they know that they are expected to fight that way. You let them clinch, on the other hand, and they will impose on you and take up the majority of the fighting time in that way."

With that off his chest, Billy became reminiscent. He spoke of McGovern, Ketchel, Gans, Nelson, Young Corbett, Joe Thomas, Billy Papke, Fitz, and other heroes of the prize ring and recalled those days with a sigh.

"You've been in this racket for twenty-five years, Ike. I remember you when you first broke into the fight game. You've seen many great battles, but I've seen heaps more. To tell of them all, would take twenty volumes of THE RING.

"You know, the thing that made little Terry McGovern the great fighter he was, was the fact that he never clinched. I don't think he knew what the word meant.

"It was I who introduced the 'no-go-between' style on the *(Continued on page 34)*



Stanley Ketchel, whom Roche names as the greatest fighting machine of modern times, facing Joe Thomas. Roche, who refereed the fight, is standing in the center

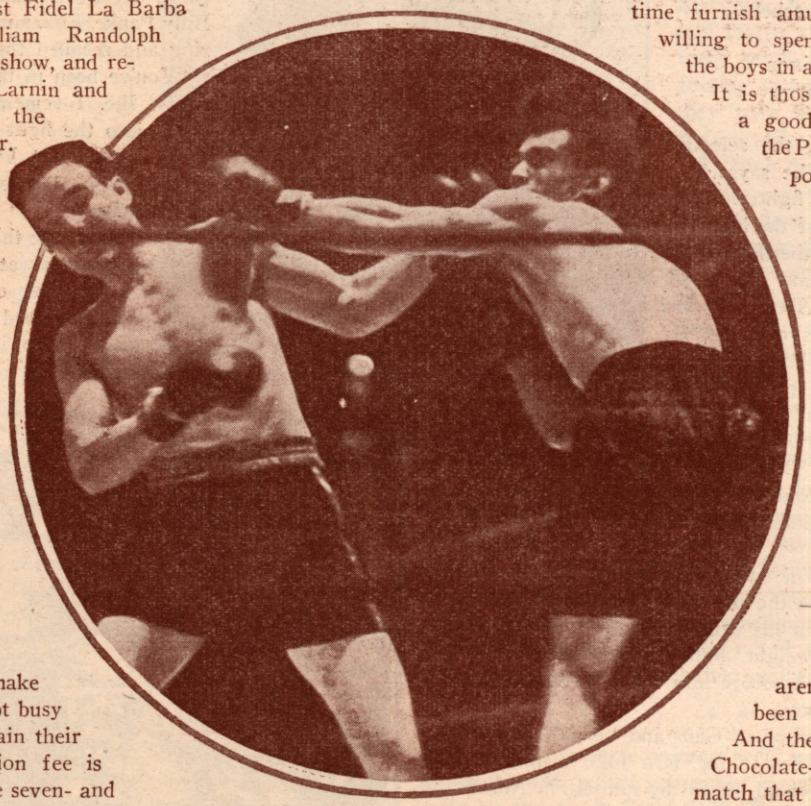
Nat FLEISCHER says:

Boxing Interest stirred in lighter divisions— Jimmy McLarnin deserves applause, not hisses— Boxing Commission erred in Seaman Watson Case

NEW faces, revived interest in the lighter divisions and the sudden leap into prominence of boys who have the earmarks of champions, brought the patrons of boxing out in unusually large numbers in the past few weeks. The renewed patronage conclusively proved that if given shows in which the talent is well matched and the price of admission is within the means of the average fan, there is no difficulty in filling an arena.

This country, more so than any other, is a sports nation. The American people are exceedingly fond of a good battle and they will spend their last sou to see one if they know the bout will be fought on its merits and the match, on paper, figures to be an even affair. That's why they flocked to the Garden arena to see Kid Chocolate defend his New York featherweight title against Fidel La Barba recently in Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Christmas Fund show, and repeated when Jimmy McLarnin and Sammy Fuller fought in the same arena a week later. And up in Boston, Unknown Winston and Ernie Schaaf engaged in a return contest for the New England heavyweight title with a gathering of more than 10,000 watching the proceedings. That affair, like the two in the New York Garden, was staged at popular prices, and only a few nights previously, there was a pretty good turnout in Chicago for the Levinsky-Carnera mill.

All of which proves that depression or prosperity, promoters can make money, fighters can be kept busy and the fight fans will retain their enthusiasm if the admission fee is kept down. The days of the seven- and ten-dollar tickets are past and the fighters and managers should aid the promoters by keeping their demands down. In that way, only, will the unemployment among the boxers decrease, the state taxes increase and fight clubs be enabled to reopen their doors. Each must help —that's the way to kill Kid Depression.



McLarnin avoiding Fuller's left by movement of his head in second round

* * *

THERE is a saying in boxing that unless the heavyweight ranks boast of colorful talent, the sport hits the downgrade. That has never failed. Yet the situation at this writing seems somewhat changed. With Sharkey under agreement not to fight until next summer or fall under the jurisdiction of Madison Square Garden and the Hearst Milk Fund, Schmeling idle until the outdoor season gets under way and the rest of the field composed of mediocre fighters, the fans are beginning more and more to appreciate the efforts of the smaller boys. They have learned that in most bouts there is more action per minute among the fellows in the lighter divisions than there usually is in five minutes when the heavyweights clash and as a result, the fans are ignoring the big fellows and turning out for the others.

That has helped the sport considerably during these troublesome times. It has enabled some of the clubs that previously had shut their doors to reopen, and has kept the game alive at a time when their support was badly needed. For that, the promoters owe a vote of thanks to the lads who keep giving their best in an effort to earn a livelihood and at the same time furnish amusement to those who are willing to spend their money to see the the boys in action.

It is those lads who have furnished a good example for the Santas, the Petersons, Ruggierellos, Campolos and their like. It is these big fellows who are largely responsible for the bad taste left in the mouths of the boxing fans and have turned them from their favorite pastime to other fields of entertainment.

* * *

TAKE for example the bouts in which Canzoneri and Petrolle were the contestants. There was a contest that thrilled a large gathering, a bout that brought back to the Garden arena the enthusiasm that has been missing for ever so long. And then came that thrilling Kid Chocolate-La Barba tilt. There was a match that made all hands forget the depression. It was a humdinger, a mill that was replete with splendid fighting. That bout grossed about $35,000 and those who contributed towards that sum left the arena well satisfied that they had gotten their money's worth.

This, despite the dissension in the ranks of the patrons and scribes who were about equally divided on the verdict which found Chocolate the victor. My score card showed the Keed in front by a margin of seven rounds to five and two even. He was the aggressor and landed the more telling punches.

The Levinsky-Carnera tilt which again went to the Italian, did not draw what had been expected, yet the house was a good one. That bout proved that the Venetian no longer is the freak attraction and convinced promoters and his managers that

the only way Primo can pack 'em in again is by taking as opponents only the best talent among the heavies.

* * *

THE wind-up of the year in the matter of fistic entertainments of a high grade, was that in New York between Jimmy McLarnin and Sammy Fuller. As was expected, the mill proved the folly of any fighter spotting the great Irishman ten pounds in addition to reach and height, for Fuller took a frightful beating despite the fact that he had Jimmy almost toppling over on three occasions. That bout, at $5.00 tops, drew a net of $22,000—exceptionally fine for these times.

Thus the month's activities have brought forth the lesson that in these days of stress, it behooves all hands to work together in the interest of the common cause—the future of boxing.

Boxers must be satisfied to fight on a percentage basis.

Managers must be content to accept terms that will enable the promoter to make a little profit on his overhead.

Promoters must keep in mind that the average fight fan will attend his shows if the prices are kept within the range of his pocketbook.

If boxers, managers and promoters will work along that line, they can be assured of the support of the fan. Thus employment is given to the deserving boys whose vocation is fighting; aid is given the state in the form of much-needed revenue; the people are furnished with good entertainment and the fight clubs are kept from closing their doors.

Isn't that much better than to antagonize those who pay the freight by charging prices that keep the fans away?

* * *

FULLER, in his bout with McLarnin, proved that he is one of the hardest hitters at his weight in the world and a good clouter these days brings out the patrons in large numbers. He was a little unfortunate in tackling so great an exponent of socks as McLarnin, yet even against this tremendous handicap, Sammy gave an excellent account of himself. It was a battle that gave further evidence that a good big man can always take a good little man. Both are great fighters but weight and height will always tell when boys of that type clash.

McLarnin was the good big man and he gave a masterly exhibition of hitting and feinting. Sammy Fuller is a fine little fighter in his own class, but not in the welter division and I blame his manager, Dan Carroll, for aiding in the ruination of a good boy by pitting him against Jimmy.

I was keenly interested in many ring-side comments on the battle, especially so because of the change of opinion of former ardent McLarnin supporters who hissed and booed Jimmy for no other reason than that he was protecting his own interests by using Fuller as a target at every opportunity. Why those hoots and catcalls?

Certainly Jimmy doesn't deserve them. He, above all, has done much for keeping up the interest in the sport at a time when it most needed the services of boys of the type of Canzoneri, McLarnin, Battaglia and Schmeling.

* * *

IS McLarnin to blame if Sammy Fuller and his manager feel that the Bostonian could take the measure of the Vancouver Irishman and insisted on a match? Is McLarnin to blame if Fuller's manager risks the future of a great prospect by pitting him against the hardest hitter of his weight in recent years? Is McLarnin to blame for trying to give that which the spectators must expect of a clean, honest fighter when he enters the ring against any opponent, regardless of handicaps?

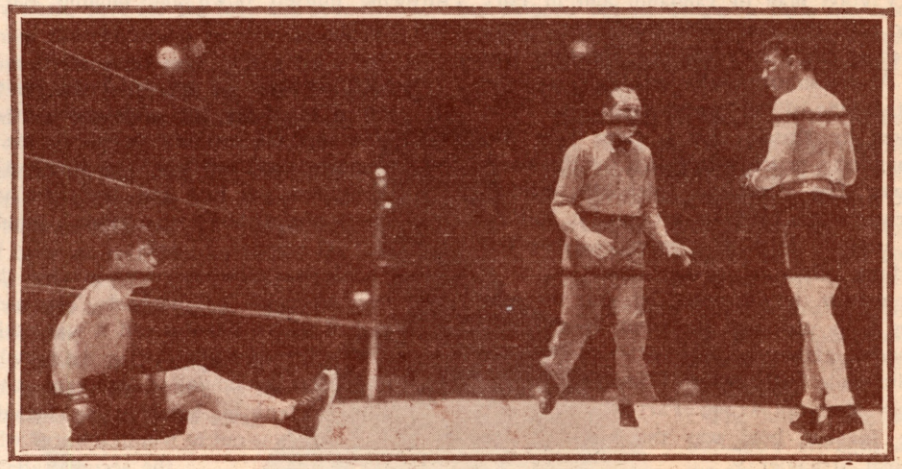
I don't think it fair to hiss McLarnin because he was honest with the fans. If Fuller didn't think he could have whipped Jimmy, he never would have urged that the match be made. Let's be fair.

Boxing needs Jimmy McLarnin just as it does Billy Petrolle, Schmeling, Kid Chocolate, Fidel La Barba and others of their skill. Would it serve boxing any better if McLarnin were to cease fighting or to be knocked out?

Would it serve the sport any better if McLarnin—forced into a match with Fuller because Sammy's manager thought such a contest would be a great drawing card, and the fans wanted it after Sammy's fine showing on previous occasions in New York—were to fake and pull his punches to save Fuller?

No, it would be the ruination of McLarnin and a death knell for boxing. McLarnin doesn't know the meaning of the word fake when it comes to boxing. He always gives his best and that is what the fans may expect whenever he enters a ring. It is no discredit to him to work as he did against Fuller or any other opponent in an effort to score a knockout. Every good fighter strives for that and Jimmy is no exception.

Come, fans, let's be fair. Give McLarnin the credit due him. Keep him in the sport that needs such fighters as he. Don't disgust him with his vocation so that he will hang up his gloves at a time when there are so few real battlers left in the ring.



Fuller seated as the result of a left followed by a right to the chin in the eighth round

* * *

RECENTLY the Garden of New York announced a match between Seaman Watson and Kid Chocolate for the world's featherweight title, only to have the solons rule against it on the ground that Watson must first show his wares against a tried opponent at a smaller club to prove his worth. Then when protests were filed, the ruling was modified. While this rule was adopted by the New York Commission several years ago as a result of the poor showing of John Squires, a much-ballyhooed South African who proved a "lemon" when he made his début in New York, it should be used with discretion.

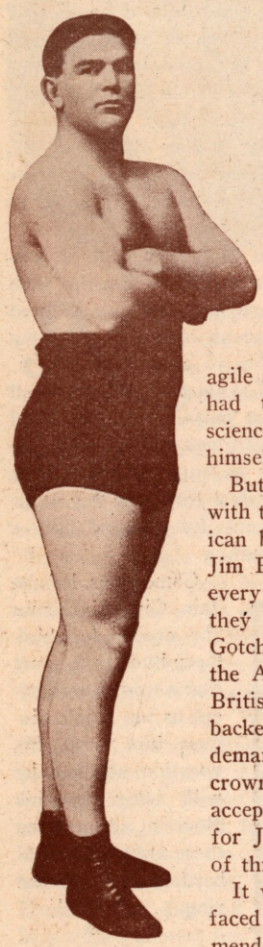
When a fighter from a foreign country already has demonstrated his worth against known talent, it is an imposition to ask him to start anew here at a small club. Such men as Marcel Thil, European middleweight king who has scored victories over the leaders in the field, men who have fought as headliners in this city; Watson, who has taken the measure of England's best talent and gained the crown by beating Nel Tarlton who fought in Garden shows on many occasions; Walter Neusel, who has knocked out Europe's best fighters and has the O.K. stamped on him by such good judges as Joe Jacobs, and Max Schmeling, should be the exception.

Watson should not have been asked to tackle a tough fighter here for a mere pittance when he is the recognized champion abroad and already has whipped a man who is regarded in this country as one of the leading feathers—Tarlton. After all, Kid Chocolate is not the American title holder. He is only the New York champion. I'm glad the New York Board reversed itself, though Watson may prove the wisdom of the rule against foreigners.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER IV

By A. D. PHILLIPS



Frank Gotch

IN the last installment of this short history of wrestling, we told of Gotch's great victory over Tom Jenkins and how the critics viewed it. They saw in Gotch a wrestler who combined the strength of the old school mat stars and the skill of the modern. They said that the new Iowa "Wonder Man" was as agile as a cat in his manœuvers and that he had the grappling sport down to such science that he had assumed a rank all by himself.

But the British critics didn't hail Gotch with the same enthusiasm as did their American brethren. They had a fine wrestler in Jim Parr, a strong fellow who had downed every good man in England, and in Parr they saw the man who could put Frank Gotch in his place. Gotch at the time was the American titleholder and Parr was the British king of the heavyweights, and Parr, backed by British money, came here and demanded a match with Gotch for the world crown. The American titleholder quickly accepted and a bout was arranged in Buffalo for June 27, 1904, to a finish, best two out of three falls, catch-as-catch-can.

It was at the Olympic Club that the men faced each other and the affair drew a tremendous gathering. The American public made Gotch a 3-to-1 favorite, and the result proved they were not wrong. Parr was a powerful fellow, whose favorite hold was the headlock that made the original Strangler Lewis so famous, and on this hold he depended to carry off the victory.

Gotch, on the other hand, was famed for his variety of holds, primarily a crushing body hold, and he banked on these to turn the trick in his favor. Gotch outweighed Parr, 188 to 175 pounds, and in general build looked like a perfect athlete. The Englishman had only a broad chest with which to show off.

* * *

PARR was off his stool with a rush at the opening clang of the gong, but Gotch met him in mid-ring with an effective block that almost upset the Englishman. If an opponent roughed things with Gotch he was met with rougher methods, and if he played the game clean he was met with just as even a break, but the Englishman chose to make a "rough house" out of it and Gotch was in there to see to it that it should be a "rough house."

Parr bullied, stamped and shoved his way about the mat but was met with shoves and slaps that were just as rough. Finally after five minutes of pulling and tugging with both men head to head, Parr made a dive underneath and came up with Gotch's right leg gripped fast in his two hands. Gotch danced around on his left leg, balancing himself, and with a sudden turn and wrench, broke loose, while the crowd yelled its approval.

It was a wonderful exhibition of strength, and Parr stepped back for a breathing spell. Gotch followed up and Parr made another headlong dive for his underpinning, but this time Gotch sidestepped and, as the Englishman plunged past, he brought both hands around the waist, hurtling Parr to the canvas with a thud.

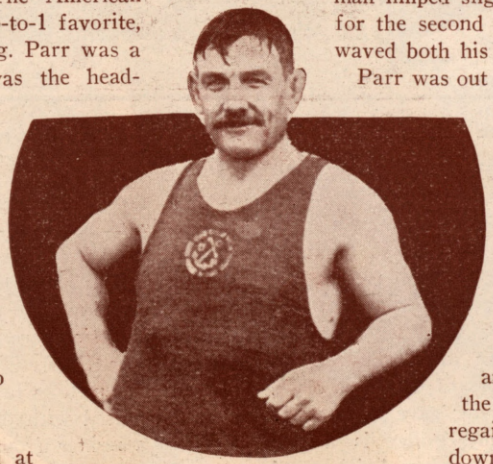
Gotch clamped on a nelson and leg hold and squeezed hard for two minutes before letting Parr wriggle loose. They both regained their feet the same instant and Parr suddenly made a feint for the legs again, only to jump high in the air and clamp on the headlock. He held on like grim death while the American lashed about the mat, and Gotch was a little bit groggy when he finally squirmed loose.

Parr secured a leg hold, which Gotch broke by kicking both legs vigorously. The Englishman came up with Gotch and fastened on his headlock again, but this time he wrapped his arms a trifle high and Gotch, bending low, heaved him clear over his head, Parr landing in a heap on the other side of the ring. Gotch was quick to see his advantage and rushed the length of the mat, throwing himself down and pinning Parr with a wrist lock and nelson.

* * *

PARR managed to get one hand loose, but Gotch grabbed one of his flying legs and hooked it over his own, at the same time applying pressure on the big toe. Parr was in danger, but he gamely stood the pain for a couple of minutes. Gotch, still holding tight to the foot with his right hand, fastened a half-nelson with his left and both of Parr's shoulders touched the mat in exactly 49 minutes, 10 seconds.

The house was a bedlam of noise when the referee slapped the American champion on the back. The men both retired for a brief rest of fifteen minutes and it was noticed that the Englishman limped slightly when he crawled through the ropes for the second fall. Gotch came on with a big grin and waved both his hands at his ringside friends.



Dan McLeod, champion middleweight wrestler

Parr was out to win in a hurry when the gong rang for the second fall, and rushed Gotch almost out of the ring. The top rope saved the champion a bad fall. Gotch yanked Parr's head forward and the Englishman fell to both knees but scampered across the mat on all fours with Gotch after him.

He flopped on top almost at the edge of the mat. Gotch tried for a toe hold, but Parr kicked his arms away and regained his feet. He threw Gotch to the canvas by sheer strength when the men regained their feet, but could not hold him down. Gotch was on both knees and hands when Parr tried a double-reverse-nelson which Gotch squirmed out of with ease, grinning up at Parr at the same time.

They were both on their feet in an instant, but Gotch tripped Parr and slammed him to the mat, at the same time clamping on an arm hold. Parr came to a bridge, but Gotch jumped over and locked both legs across the waist, putting on the pressure in a body scissors. Parr sank slowly down and lost the second fall and match after twenty-seven minutes of very fast work.

* * *

GOTCH'S rise was rapid. His triumph over Parr was hailed by Gotch's friends and he was referred to by sports critics as the marvel of the age. The champion's next match was with Dan McLeod, whom he had met five years previously and was most anxious to face again in an effort to avenge his previous defeat.

It was at Vancouver on August 6, 1904, that they clashed in a catch-as-catch-can style match, two out of three falls, and the contest drew a tremendous amount of interest. Thousands of fans jammed their way into the arena at Brockton Point, most of them coal miners from the near-by mines. McLeod at the time was a wrestler of unusual merit, as he had beaten both Farmer Burns and Jenkins and at one time was recognized as the American titleholder, hence he had plenty of backing. In fact, the miners went down—hook, line and sinker—on his chances, so much faith did they place in his ability to take Gotch into camp for the second time.

In order to prepare himself for Gotch, McLeod entered a preliminary tournament and in that he disposed of the best talent. He was in prime condition and received rounds of applause when he entered the ring. Gotch also was in fine trim and he likewise received a generous welcome. They were well matched in strength and agility. Each was strong as an ox and they weighed within one pound of each other. Gotch had a margin of three inches on his rival, was younger and had a slight edge in general physical condition.

* * *

McLEOD was the first to lead. He pushed Gotch over to the ropes and tried for a leg hold, but the champion kicked his way free.

McLeod feinted for the head, and as the champion lifted his guard, he, quicker than a flash, dove for the legs and spun Gotch around in the air, crashing the titleholder to the canvas with a thump and falling on him at the same time, trying for a nelson. Gotch straightened out on the mat and lay face downward, while McLeod switched his attack to the feet, trying for a toe hold.

Gotch kicked his hands away, but Dan was not to be denied, and clamped on a double wrist and waist lock that took Gotch three minutes to break. He jumped to his feet and as McLeod came up with him he rushed his man to the edge of the mat, trying for a head lock. McLeod was too fast for him and fell to the canvas, yanking Gotch down with him.

Frank worked his way behind and clamped on a full nelson, but McLeod brought the crowd to its feet by a remarkable headspin and crawled away to the ropes. When the men had been brought back to the ring center, Gotch threw McLeod with a wrist lock and again tried for a nelson, but McLeod crawled out of danger again.

Dan reached down and grabbed Gotch's right foot, lifting it on high and bringing the champion to the canvas with a crash. They both struggled over the mat, first one and then the other trying for toe holds. Gotch was in distress for a few seconds, but by brute strength wriggled clear and rose to his feet.

Up and down again the pair squirmed and wrestled, with neither having the advantage, when suddenly Gotch worked his way behind McLeod and, grasping him about the waist, lifted him high in the air and sent him spinning through the air to land on both shoulders on the mat about ten feet distant. Gotch made a headlong dive after his man, but McLeod was too quick and was up on his knees when Gotch came in.

* * *

DAN tried for a head lock, but Gotch ducked low, grasping for the legs as a counter. McLeod danced out of danger but came in instantly with a leg hold. Gotch danced around on one foot, but McLeod only reached down lower until both hands were about Gotch's ankles.

Gotch was upset and practically standing on his head, with McLeod pushing down with all his weight in an effort to make the champion bend his neck. The champion's strength was marvelous, and McLeod, after working at the hold for a few minutes, had to give up.

He threw Gotch over to the mat and jumped on him, trying to pin the champion's shoulders in a full-nelson. He jumped to a half-nelson and crotch hold and Gotch was in a dangerous position. McLeod started to put pressure behind his nelson, and every time Gotch tried to turn he was brought back by the crotch.

The champion bridged and held his position for a few minutes, but the effort was too much and, with the referee lying on his face beside him, both shoulders gently touched the mat at exactly 32:44. The crowd went wild when McLeod was patted on the back by the referee and told that he had won the first fall.

The matside odds shifted during the ten-minute rest and when the two crawled through the ropes again for the second fall, Gotch was an even money favorite, whereas he had been quoted as 2-to-1 before the match.

The champion started in like a mad man at the call of time for the second fall. He roughed McLeod over the mat, trying for a head lock.

Dan was tired from his previous exertions and began to play for time. He countered the champion's lightning jabs effectively, but skipped out of danger a little too late and Gotch had him down with a leg hold. The champion switched to a hammer and then a body scissors, but McLeod worked his way out of both dangerous holds.

Gotch put on steam and forced the milling, but McLeod was equal to the task and roughed matters with him. Dan threw Gotch with a leg hold, but could not keep him down long enough to fasten on a good hold. Gotch worked his way behind and snapped in an arm lock.

McLeod struggled with might and main to release his arms, but the effort was useless and only tended to weaken him. He finally bridged, but Gotch threw his full weight upon him, forcing both shoulders to the mat. Time, 23 minutes, 20 seconds.

The last terrific struggle sapped all of McLeod's strength and he came out for the third fall groggy and shaking on his legs. He was game, however, and met the champion at his own game, roughing the wrestling at every opportunity and resisting every effort of Gotch's until the pace grew too hot.

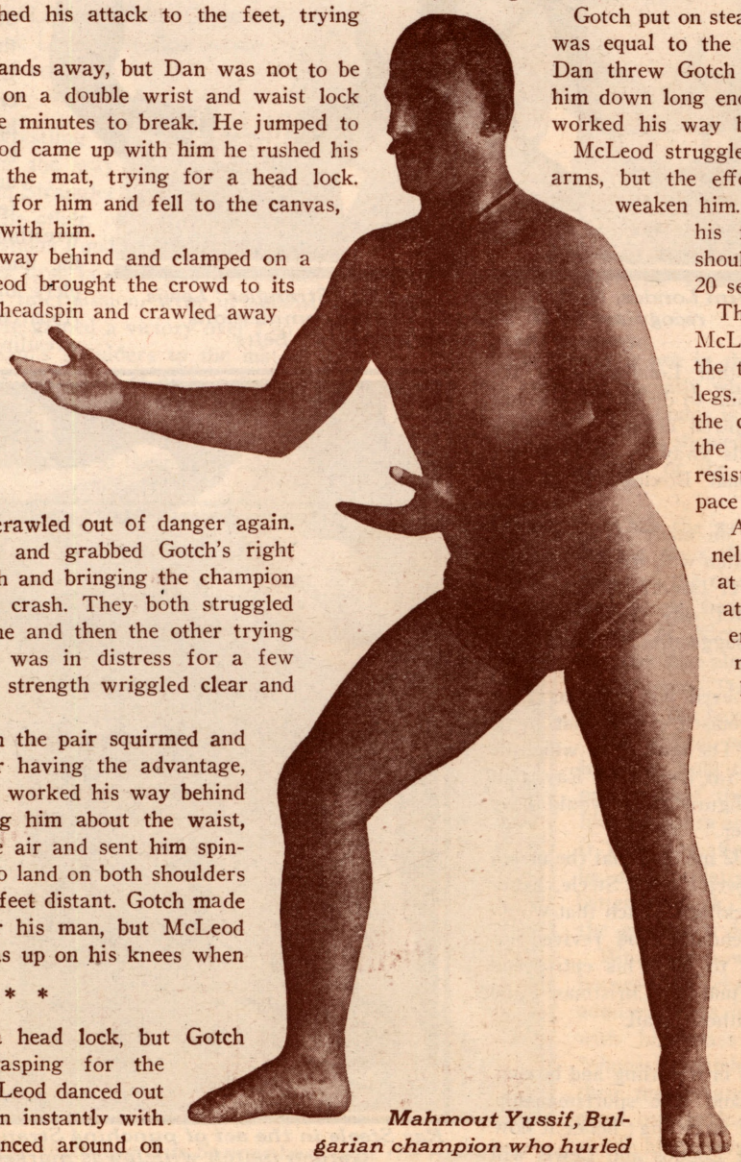
After struggling in a crotch and half-nelson for almost five minutes, McLeod at last fell back practically exhausted at 26 minutes, 38 seconds, and the referee proclaimed Gotch the winner. Once more he had successfully defended his hard-won title.

The men met again October 5, 1904, only a few months after, but McLeod had shot his bolt in the previous match and proved merely a plaything in the hands of the champion, who took the first two falls in easy fashion.

* * *

IT was soon after McLeod's defeat, Mahmout Yussif, a native of Pashi Bali, Bulgaria, came to this country under the direction of George Harrington of England and Anton Pierre, and hurled challenges at both Gotch and Jenkins, but both repeatedly sidestepped the new arrival from the Ottoman Empire.

(To be continued)



Mahmout Yussif, Bulgarian champion who hurled challenges at both Jenkins and Gotch

$2000 Solid Gold Offered by

By "TEX" AUSTIN

John Evko, the tough Northwesterner who jumped into the ring when Steele punched Lewis

RECENT developments in the wrestling "war," now at its height in the East, indicate a very lean winter for both groups unless there is a truce, and harmony is restored. Until now we have taken no sides in this controversy, but have urged that in the best interests of wrestling, Jim Londos, the recognized world champion, bury the hatchet and forget his differences with Jack Curley, the man who made him a tremendous drawing card, and accept a match with Strangler Lewis in order to settle, once and for all time, the matter of supremacy. Now, however, following the recent Lewis-Steele match, our attitude must change.

Jim Londos, N. B. A. champ and Ed "Strangler" Lewis, recognized by N. Y. and affiliated commissions, wearing their "championship" belts

The interests of the sport demand that Londos accept the Lewis defy and agree to a match with him to decide the world's championship. Lewis is now the recognized champion in New York and its allied states. Londos holds sway in states where the sport is controlled by the National Boxing Association members.

The claim has been made by Londos on many occasions that the only reason he refuses to accept a match with the "Strangler" is because Lewis is blind in one eye, yet Londos did not have any scruples about permitting his chief ally, Ray Steele, a great wrestler, to tackle Lewis. That suggestion of Londos' is poppycock.

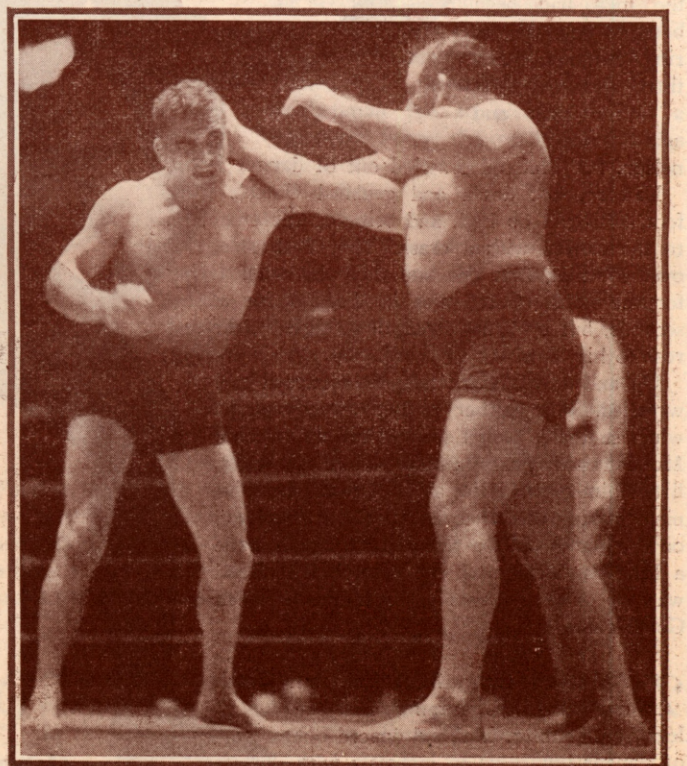
Whether Lewis is old or blind or even both, he certainly demonstrated to the satisfaction of unbiased critics that he is still one of the world's greatest matmen. The manner in which he handled Steele was a revelation. He so far outclassed Ray, that it was truly a surprise to those who figured Ray would have little difficulty in throwing the "Strangler."

There was not a moment in the entire 32 minutes that the match lasted that Lewis did not prove his superiority to Steele, hence there is no further reason for Londos ducking a match that would mean much to the game in future attendance and revived interest. Lewis has even gone so far as to offer his entire end of the purse to Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund or Christmas Fund if Londos will agree to meet him, but without avail.

* * *

THE RING is friendly to all factions in wrestling and boxing. We stand only for clean sport and true sportsmanship. THE RING has at interest the future of wrestling; hence it now comes forth with the proposition that if Londos and Lewis will agree to a match, THE RING will offer a $2000 solid gold diamond-studded belt to the winner in recognition of his claim to the world crown. THE RING will do its share—now how about the wrestlers?

So far as the Lewis-Steele match is concerned, there was no mauling, no acrobatics, no tugging—nothing other than the old-fashioned, fine wrestling of a decade or more ago, the kind that is full of science. Unfortunately, the crowds of today who have been accustomed to seeing the rough-and-tumble acrobatic feats, wrongly called wrestling, failed to appreciate the fine work of the grapplers and hissed and booed. Apparently they don't want wrestling. They want only

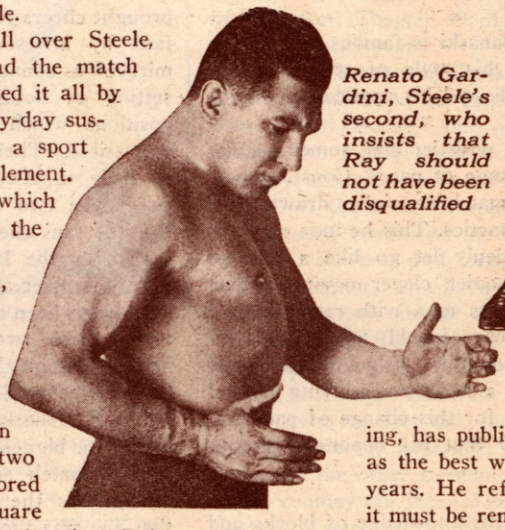


Ray Steele in the act of punching Strangler Lewis in their Garden match which was marked by rioting

Diamond BELT THE RING

Will Put Up Special Trophy for a Londos-Lewis World's Championship Wrestling Match

Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian who threw Humberto Arpino in a minute and a half, thereby terminating the Italian's American invasion



Renato Gardini, Steele's second, who insists that Ray should not have been disqualified

airplane spins, tumbling and the flying tackle.

In the science of wrestling, Lewis had it all over Steele, and from all appearances would have won had the match gone to a conclusion. Too bad that Steele spoiled it all by his punching that cost him the match and a sixty-day suspension. He is too good a wrestler—too clean a sport to be placed into the class of the rough element. Perhaps it was all due to the tension under which he was working. Let's give him the benefit of the doubt.

And now for a Lewis-Londos match. Come on, boys, give us a real treat. Let's revive the Gotch-Hackenschmidt interest and gate.

* * *

NEW YORK wrestling fans saw something new in the way of competition recently when Strangler Lewis took on two opponents, one after the other, on a card sponsored by Mrs. Hearst's Christmas Fund in Madison Square Garden. The Strangler first faced Leo Pinetski, the giant Pole, and with five minutes intermission, went in against Sam Stein in the second match. He gained a victory over Leo in twenty-five minutes and pinned Sam's shoulders to the mat in 35.

Those matches were productive of more activity than has been seen in a contest in which the Strangler has been a participant in several months. Pinetski punished Lewis severely in the first twenty minutes but succumbed to the deadly headlock thereafter.

William Muldoon, the Grand Old Man of Wrestling and Boxing, has publicly proclaimed Ed Strangler Lewis as the best wrestler this country has seen in ten years. He refers to Ed as a real champion. But it must be remembered that Muldoon was equally enthused over Jim Londos before the Greek idol defied his mandates.

* * *

That Lewis is not in the good graces of the St. Louis fans was evidenced recently when the Strangler invaded Sam Packs' territory, where Londos is still the king, and exhibited his wares before a house that showed only a gross of $326. That didn't pay for the expenses of the trip from New York.

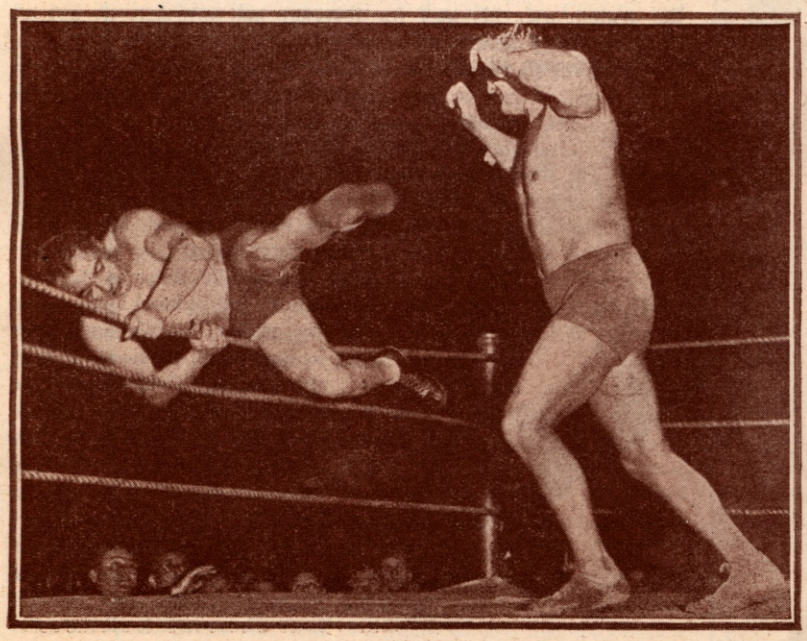
* * *

While the wrestlers headed by Strangler Lewis are having their difficulties in New York and vicinity, those of the rival group, headed by Londos, McMillen and Steele, have been showing before packed houses at the St. Nicholas Rink of New York City, due to the fact that almost half of the house is priced at only forty cents. That novel way of doing business has brought the boys out in throngs.

On several occasions Charley Johnston's club has had the "sold out" sign placed on its doors. It has proved that there are still plenty of persons who like the sport and will come out to see good matches if they can afford the price. Charley Johnston is to be congratulated on his good judgment. It is far better to pack 'em at forty-cent tops than to have the grapplers do their stunts before empty benches.

What we now need is more forty-cent wrestling houses—not cheap wrestlers, but cheap prices of admission. As in boxing,—give the fans good shows with high-class talent and an elimination of the "phoney" matches, and place the admission within their means, and you'll soon have the sport make a great comeback. Jack Curley has also reduced prices at all his shows. That's the way to handle the depression.

(*Continued on page* 36)



Ed "Don" George throwing Gus Sonnenberg over the ropes; George won from Gus and Carlos Henriquez

They Lack Heft, but *Show Skill*

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

A THOROUGHBRED ex-cowboy equipped with raw-hide toughness, outstanding endurance and a natural love for the sport—that is Joe Banaski, a leading contender for the light-heavyweight wrestling championship, held by Hugh Nichols. As wrestlers go, Banaski is a young man, having been in the game only six or eight years. However, his rise has been very rapid for, in that time, he has come to the front with a rush and is a big gate attraction.

Blond, beautifully proportioned, Banaski is famous for a number of things, among them being his style of wrestling, his knowledge of a vast variety of holds and his application of one hold in particular.

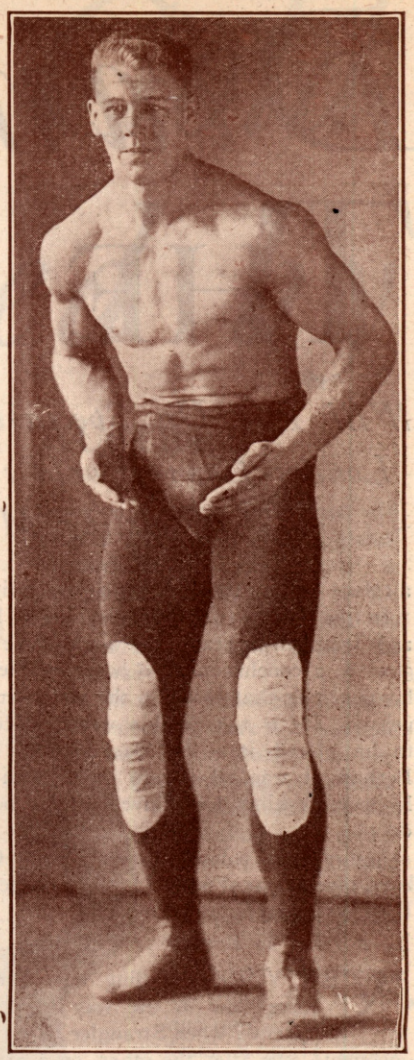
Above all, Joe Banaski is a clean wrestler and, something not often seen, an exponent of the "change of pace." Constantly on the move, he may elect to start a match carefully, drawing his opponent out with clever defensive tactics. This he may continue for a few moments and then suddenly let go like a clap of thunder, turning amazingly from a quiet, clever-moving athlete into an enraged bull, hurtling into his man with reckless fury and swamping him under an avalanche of holds and slams.

Just as quickly he may discontinue this onslaught and settle back into careful maneuvering, being a smart enough ring general to choose the psychological moment for this change of pace and accomplishing it with such rapidity that his opponent is constantly worried.

* * *

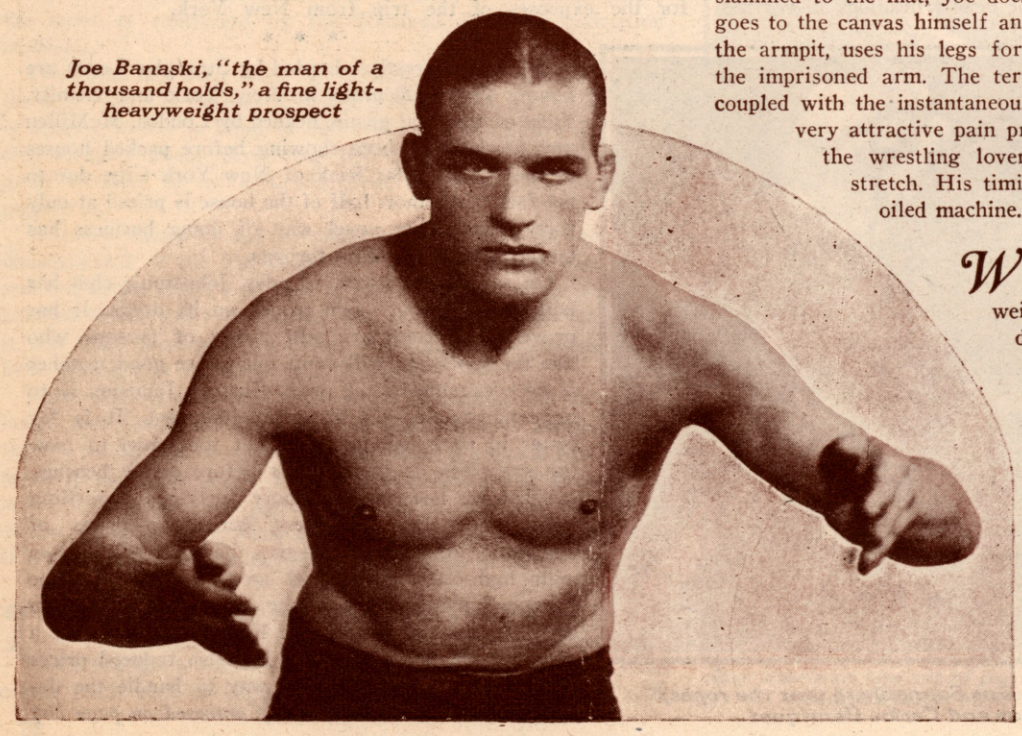
JOE has become so famous for his knowledge of blocks and holds that he is generally titled "the man of a thousand holds." This was never better shown than in his match for the championship in the Cincinnati elimination tournament in 1929. It was a match between two entirely different types of wrestlers—Banaski, cool and clever; Nichols, clever and fiery. For almost two hours these two wrestled without either being able to secure a winning hold.

Of the two, Nichols was probably a little more aggressive, but it was Banaski who brought cheers from the fans by his seemingly miraculous counters and setting of holds from positions which looked impossible. There was so little to choose between the two athletes that the fans cheered as much for the loser as for the winner and that has always been the way when these two have met. Although Nichols has always won, watching Joe Banaski gives one of the biggest thrills of the match and one always has the feeling that Joe was there with all but the winning break. Some day he will get it and there will be a new champion.



Carroll "Pink" Gardner, clever light-heavyweight wrestler, better known as the Schenectady sheriff

Banaski's best hold is the flying arm-stretch. He grabs either arm of his opponent and then, reversing his own self, hurls his opponent over his shoulder with an arm mare. As the victim is slammed to the mat, Joe does not release his hold. Instead, he goes to the canvas himself and placing his feet below and above the armpit, uses his legs for leverage and proceeds to wrench the imprisoned arm. The terrific slam has its effect and then, coupled with the instantaneous arm torture, it can be seen as a very attractive pain producer. It is a beautiful scene for the wrestling lover to watch Banaski set his arm-stretch. His timing and follow-up resemble a well-oiled machine.



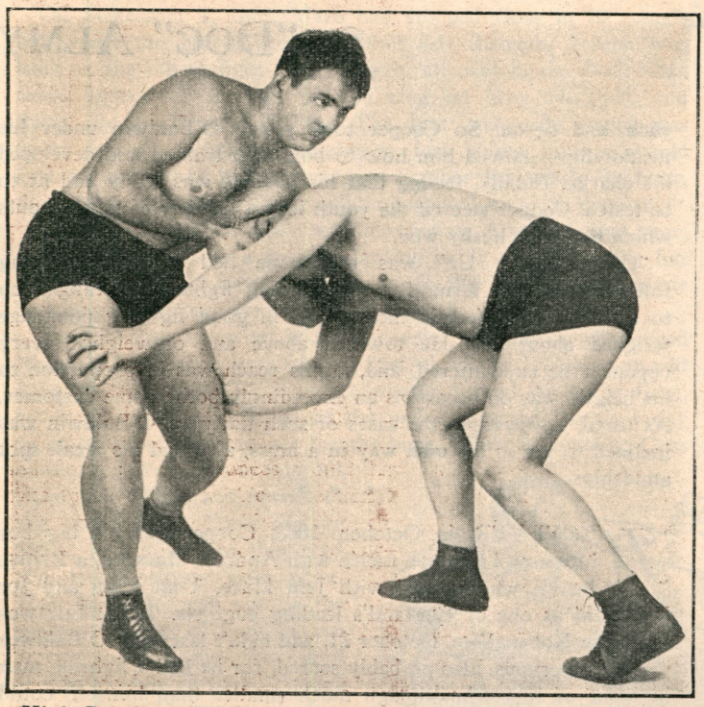
Joe Banaski, "the man of a thousand holds," a fine light-heavyweight prospect

* * *

WHILE the East and the Pacific Coast cater mostly to the heavyweights, the middle-West is the rendezvous of the lighter boys, those in the welter, middle and light-heavyweight divisions, and if there is any doubt about the ability of these young men as compared to the contests put on by the behemoths of the game, I would invite you to see these lighter men in action. As a rule they put on a far better show because they show more life than the fellows whose heft is all the asset they possess. The fellows in the *(Continued on page 35)*

ON LONDOS' TRAIL

By HARVEY BRIGHT



Nick Condos applying a twisting, crushing front chancery

WRESTLING, with the Grecians, is the sport of that nation. America has its baseball and football, England has its rugby and soccer, Spain has its bullfighting, France has its La Savate and horse racing, and Greece, the ancient seat of sports, has its wrestling. If there is one thing that a Grecian boy, born here or on the soil of his parents, cherishes, it is to become efficient in the grappling art. The rise of Jim Londos, the Greek Adonis, gave impetus to a revival of interest in the mat game both here and abroad, and especially so, among his own people.

Up in Hartford, Connecticut, there is a husky-built athlete, six feet tall, and scaling 210 pounds, who is hot on the trail of Londos. Nick Condos is his name. He is 25 years old and for the last seven years he has gained wrestling prestige as an international figure in the mat sport. For almost two years he has been taking the measure of the stars in Canada and Texas, in which state he lived prior to coming north and now is anxious to take a crack at Londos to settle the matter of Greek heavyweight wrestling supremacy.

* * *

CONDOS was born in Hartford, Conn., both his parents coming from Sparta, Greece. His family moved to Houston, Tex., when he was a year old, and he received his early education there, graduating from a prep school. At 17 he went to Sparta and remained there three years, going to the Greek University there called "Yimasinum." He won the interscholastic light-heavyweight wrestling title from a field of 35 entrants, hailing from various states of Lacadæmon.

Nick stayed in Sparta three years and then went back to Texas—this time going to Austin, where he attended St. Edward's College three years, playing fullback and tackle on the football team. He next went to New York University for six months and was planning to finish up his education when his father, who was a well-known business man in the Lone Star State, and had lost his all in the crash, died suddenly and Nick was forced to quit college in order to support his mother and two brothers who are still in college.

This newest Greek star had two years of pro mat experience in Texas and Canada before returning to the U. S. A. He originally planned to become a fighter and for eight months was under the management of the late Walk Miller, for whom he boxed and lost ten round decisions to Young Stribling and Bob Lawson. Condos at the time used the first name of Tommy instead of his right name, Nick.

* * *

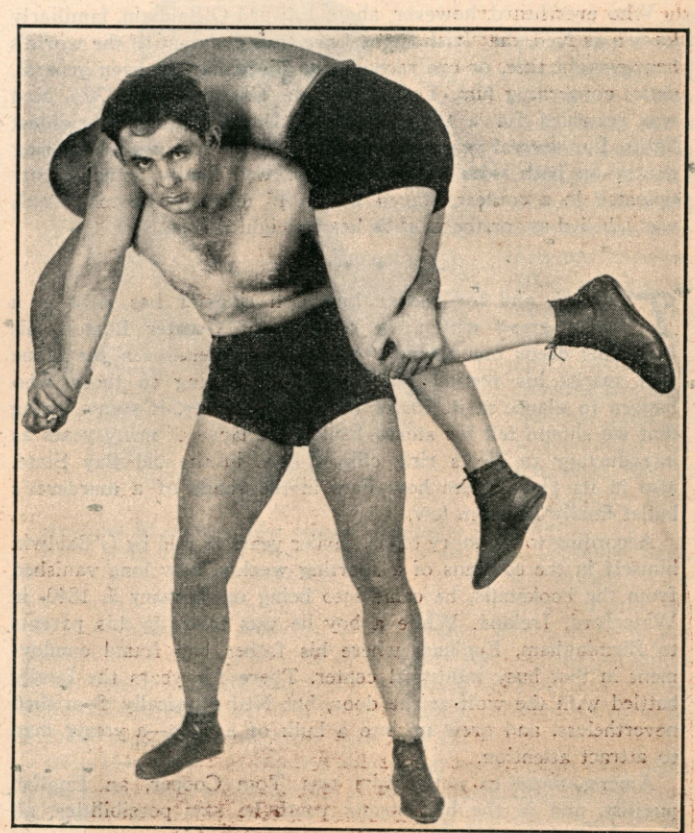
CONDOS played pro football with the Stamford All-Stars, playing beside the famous Bruce Caldwell, Yale fullback and Johnny Scalzi, Georgetown quarterback. Although a member of the Tri-State League, made up of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut organizations, his team also played National League elevens.

Nick is at present living at Stamford, Conn., and is past warden of Stamford Chapter 99 of the Ahepa and a candidate for its presidency this year.

On his mother's side Condos is descended from a line of Greek statesmen, while on his father's side his great-great-grandfather was "Blind George," one of the first patriots in the uprising against the Turkish régime a century ago. His paternal grandmother's brother was Peter Barviotsios, famous statesman.

Most of the good Grecian wrestlers are now in this country. The general conditions abroad have made it necessary for the stars to seek fame and fortune in other lands. Unlike the husky, bulky foreigners who have invaded this country in the past, the Greeks as a rule are all well built, but they lack the height and the heft of the Bulgarians, Russians, Slavs, Germans, Turks and Syrians. One of the few exceptions, so far as Greeks are concerned, is George Zaharias, who weighs about 245 pounds and stands over six feet tall. He is known as the roughest wrestler appearing on the American mats today.

Among the other Grecians who have been wrestling regularly in this country are John Maxos, a clever mat artist; Nick Scotos, George Vassel, Nick Nestor and Bill Demetral. Of these, Zaharias is the best. He has faced all the leaders and has given a good account of himself.

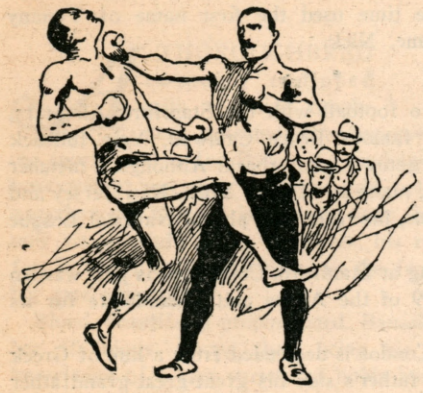


About to toss his man with a body slam

CRADLES of BOXING

The Twenty-second of a Series by This Famous Boston Boxing Critic

By "DOC" ALMY



THOUGH so-called giants — men of huge stature and tremendous strength —are the exception in the boxing ring, they are no rarity. Since the dawn of the sport many of these big fellows, the majority of whom have been regarded as physical freaks, have put up their hands within ropes but, as concerns any great triumphs with their fists, they have achieved very little.

A sensation for a while in their day and hour, so short is memory and swift the hands of time, were one to attempt to recall the names of these bulky warriors, the record would be confined to the fingers of one hand.

In this, the year 1933, we have Primo Carnera and Jose Santa, neither of whom are champions, romping about the land. Then, a few years ago there was Jess Willard, who, thanks to the fact that he was pitted against the rusty Jack Johnson, won; he also held for a time the world's heavyweight title. He proved an exception to the usual rule, but then came his day in front of a man much smaller than himself, and he was quickly dethroned.

And, before Willard—well, there was Charles Freeman, the "American Giant," standing 6 feet, 10 inches, and weighing about 270 pounds, who back in 1842 was toted over to England by Ben Caunt, and in his third attempt defeated William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher." Freeman then evaporated.

Who ever heard, however, about Edward O'Baldwin, familiarly known as Ned, the "Irish Giant," one-time claimant of the world's heavyweight title, or can recount any particular, or even general, detail concerning him. Yet, in the late '60's and early '70's, Ned was regarded for a time as one of Dame Fistiana's brightest lights. For several years he was much on the tongues of the ring gentry on both sides of the Atlantic, and finally actually participated in a contest, staged within 15 miles of Boston, which was labelled as for the world's heavyweight throne.

* * *

TODAY, and for years, this Irish ringster has slept in a lonely grave within the confines of Greater Boston, his fame, his deeds and memory all but forgotten—even the stone that marks his resting place meaning nothing to those who happen to glance at it. Under the circumstances, it seems fitting that we should tell his story—bridge the lapse of many years as introductory to Ned's ring climax here in the old Bay State, also in its place relate how Fate in the shape of a murderer's bullet finally laid him low.

According to the story of his earlier years as told by O'Baldwin himself in the columns of a sporting weekly, now long vanished from the bookstalls, he came into being on January 5, 1840, in Waterford, Ireland. While a boy he was taken by his parents to Birmingham, England, where his father had found employment in that busy industrial center. There for years the family battled with the wolf at the door, but Ned physically flourished nevertheless, and grew up into a hulk of a chap—a young man to attract attention.

Among those to notice him was Tom Cooper, an English pugilist, and in the big, strong youth he saw possibilities, all very much as present-day managers and would-be managers note such, and tie-on. So Cooper took young O'Baldwin under his mentorship—showed him how to box, also trained and developed his charge. Finally, feeling that his protégé was ready and fit to be tested, Cooper steered the youth into a number of minor bouts which the Irish husky won.

"Cooper's Big Un" was the name tied to Ned by ring followers, an apt term, for the budding fighter had ranged up to a height of 6 feet, 6 inches, and in good fighting poundage weighed about 230. He towered above and outweighed every opponent he encountered, and, as his reach was in proportion to his height, was on occasions an exceedingly bothersome customer. As usual, however, in the cases of such tall men, O'Baldwin was inclined to get in his own way in a muss, also had his weak spot amidships.

* * *

HOWEVER, in October, 1863, Cooper got his big boy into a real fight—a mêlée with Andrew Marsden, a British heavy, who ranked with Jem Mace, Tom King and Joe Wormald as one of England's leading pugilists. This affair was staged in Nottingham, October 21, and didn't last long. O'Baldwin was very nervous, also probably scared, for he had a fighting man in front of him who, though much smaller than himself, could fight. It was all over in 3 rounds lasting but 3 minutes, 30 seconds, with "Cooper's Big Un" laid out on the turf as cold as a dead fish.

That was not much of a beginning but, despite the upset, Cooper continued to see possibilities in O'Baldwin. Not wasting time with setups and pushovers, as is the modern way of staging a comeback, Tom matched his boy with George Iles, a ringster who had won fame through his gallant, though losing, mill with Wormald. They fought at Purfleet, not far from London, for $250 a side on February 19, 1864, and O'Baldwin polished off his man in 10 rounds, an affair of 57 minutes. Satisfied that he could whip Marsden, Ned sought a return with that worthy, the money up to be $500, and his challenge was accepted.

Meanwhile, however, while Mace was doing one of his retirements, Wormald had claimed the title, so Marsden, regarding Joseph as the bigger and better game, allowed O'Baldwin to rest awhile. The result of the get-together of Wormald and Marsden was another defeat for the latter, 18 rounds being sufficient. Therefore, it was not until September 25, 1866, that Marsden and O'Baldwin finally came to blows in a magic circle near Nottingham, and, in 11 rounds of 16 minutes' duration, Ned won.

His triumph, though, was not celebrated upon the spot. Before the referee could give a decision, a mob of thugs known as the "Nottingham Lambs" pelted the victor with mud, sticks and stones and forced him to flee. The gang then turned on the ring official, daring him to give the award. He also took to his heels, but next day made it known that O'Baldwin was the winner and entitled to the stakes. Thus an honest third man had courage enough to balk the "win, tie or wrangle" folks, who in America, as well as England, were dragging the game down into the mire.

* * *

ABOUT this time Jem Mace, having decided to return to the wars, sought a bout with Joe Wormald for the purpose of settling all further argument as to the ownership of the title. They agreed to fight it out on September 26, 1865, but, as Wormald sprained his ankle on the eve of the encounter, he was forced to call it off and pay forfeit. Whatever claims he may have had to the title went along with the money.

Then hove on the scene Joe Goss of Wolverhampton, the chap who years later was to figure in American fistic affairs, mix it with John L. Sullivan, become his pal, and finally to establish

How Ned O'Baldwin Got His Start—The Heavyweight Situation in the Early Sixties Reviewed

the famed sporting resort in LaGrange street, Boston, known as the Saracen's Head.

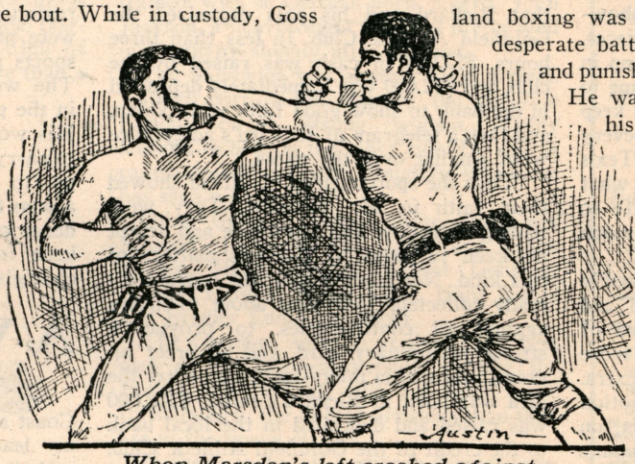
On September 1, 1863, Mace had stopped Goss in 19 rounds but, when the Mace-Wormald affair fell through, Joseph was back on the job to fight the champion all over again. Both sides being agreeable, they got into a ring on May 24, 1866, and that's about all they did do. The first and only round was never finished. After exchanging a few blows, neither would lead so, after they had surveyed each other for nearly an hour, the referee declared it "a draw" and walked away in disgust.

They came together again within ropes on August 6, that year, and Mace gave Goss a decisive beating in 21 rounds lasting but 31 minutes. Goss' subsequent claims to the British title, made by him in America, were thus disposed of.

Next in this somewhat mixed-up series, O'Baldwin challenged Mace, but the latter insisted that first of all the Irishman should fight his "Unknown." This latter worthy turned out to be Goss, but it all ended in a fiasco, as the police arrested Joseph a day or so ahead of the time set for the bout. While in custody, Goss nominated Wormald to take his place, and O'Baldwin agreed to the substitution. Each put up $1000, and it seemed that contest would surely take place. Ned, however, was put on the wrong train out of London, and never reached the ring until it was too late to fight. Though Wormald had not put his foot inside the ropes, as was required, he was declared the winner and entitled to the stake money.

* * *

THEN O'Baldwin came back at Mace and on June 17, 1867, they signed to battle on October 15, 1867, for $1000 a side and the championship. The police, however, were on the alert and grabbed Mace in his training camp, but a warrant for O'Baldwin missed the latter. So, instead of fighting on October 15, Mace was in court, with Pooley Mace, his kinsman, and several others, occupying the pen alongside. All were placed under heavy bail; also, before their release, were forced to give their word that no mill should take place.



When Marsden's left crashed against O'Baldwin's optics

On this, O'Baldwin claimed the stakes, insisting that it was not his fault that the match had come to naught. On being refused, he threatened the stakeholder with a club, also so otherwise disported himself as to array the sporting press against him. With nothing more left for him in England, Ned hitched up with Jack Hicks, an English pugilist, as his manager, and for the Land of the Free they departed.

New York received them with the usual welcome accorded visiting ringsters, particularly those of Irish blood or kin, and the newcomers, wishing to reciprocate, also not unmindful of publicity, enrolled themselves as participants in a benefit for Ned James. The latter, a noted old-time sports writer, was given a huge and successful reception on the night of December 31, 1867, in the Theatre Comique, on which occasion O'Baldwin made a very good impression. He also let it be known that Hicks and himself were in America to fight. This announcement, appearing in the sporting press, caught the eye of Jimmy Elliott and his reply to the effect that he would take on the Irishman at any time gained for him the much-desired publicity and a great deal of notoriety which lasted for only a short period.

As Jimmy couldn't get the backing, it foozled, and Hicks returned to England in disgust. O'Baldwin secured employment as a performer in Howe's Circus and for a while travelled about the country doing strong-man stunts and boxing in exhibitions. His travels finally brought him to Boston, and, on May 15 and 16, he showed his wares against John "Cocky" Woods and James Coffee on the stage of the old Continental Theatre.

A sport writer of the day failed to get much wrought up over Ned's display, for in his comment next day he declared that "O'Baldwin looked and acted like a chap whom any good fighter could break in two—though he has a long reach." In June, that year, the circus disbanded in Portland, Me., and our hero was in a way of going hungry when Joe Coburn, previously mentioned in the series in connection with his fight with Ned Price, and Felix Larkin of New York, an ex-fighter and sporting man, interested themselves in his career.

So, with O'Baldwin seemingly in good hands in America, considering his profession and the times, the story again shifts back to England for the moment, and the affairs of Joe Wormald, whose subsequent visit to this country for the purpose of fighting the Irishman must go over to the next article in the series.

It will be recalled, from a previous story on the "Prize Ring in New Orleans" that appeared in this magazine a few months ago, that the Marsden referred to in this chapter on New England boxing was the same fighter who engaged in a desperate battle at New Orleans with the rugged and punishing French fighter, Marsaud by name. He was a British sailor, who had learned his boxing from Champion Jem Ward. In that contest, in which all rules were disregarded, the men grappled like fabled Titans, each murderously intent on annihilating the other. After two hours of strenuous, brutal fisticuffs, Marsden, with jaw broken and left eye gouged out by the cruel twist of Marsaud's thumb, fell senseless on the bloody ground and was unable to continue. The referee thereupon awarded the battle to the Frenchman, while Marsden's seconds hurried him away to a hospital for emergency treatment.

Andrew Marsden, the tough Englishman who stopped Ned O'Baldwin in three rounds

When they got there they found that he required far more than that, for he had a fractured skull in addition to the other injuries and his case was pronounced hopeless. That evening an operation was performed and on the following morning Marsden, who had acquired a reputation for toughness, died in the Charity Hospital.

In those days, although New England was the center of boxing in America, New Orleans, where many of the foreign ships docked, boasted of probably the toughest scrappers in the world. It didn't take much to start a fight in those days—for instance, the price of a drink would invariably prove to be a great inducement, then the fight was on.

Ring history in this country shows that more deaths took place from private and public brawls in the Crescent City during those days than at any time since or before, in any other part of the country. It was the toughs' rendezvous.

The Goldfield A. C.

(*Continued from page* 19)

Joe decided to get even. He sent a 200-word message to Tex, in which he told the "looney promoter" that McGovern couldn't think of taking so much money but that Harris was sending Napoleon Bonaparte to Goldfield to pick up the loose change.

When Tex got the message he was riled; and Terry, through Humphreys' misunderstanding, lost the chance to win the lightweight title. It took many years before Joe and Tex came together, but when Tex came to settle in New York, he took Joe in as the Garden's announcer and the two became inseparable pals.

When Nelson came to Goldfield, Rickard had arranged a surprise for him. He already was placing on display his showmanship. He took $30,000 in gold pieces, the amount of the purse, and piled it up in the bank window and when Nelson came to town, and spied that gold, he couldn't keep his eyes off it. He viewed it from every angle and was immediately sold on Tex's proposition, although had he known what Tex had offered McGovern, it is safe to say that Bat would have demanded as much or probably more.

When Gans was approached, he readily agreed to accept $10,000 for his end and $1,000 for expenses. When Bat heard of the expenses, he raised a fuss for more money and Tex allowed him $3000 extra. Thus Rickard entered the fight promotion field. And also put Goldfield, Nevada, on the map. And here is what the programme of that fight has to say about the man who promoted it:

"The Goldfield Athletic Club and its Energetic President."

"The history of the Goldfield Athletic Club which, in one bound, immediately leaped into prominence among the leading sporting institutions of the country, is closely intertwined with that of Tex Rickard, its president and creative genius. It was Rickard's qualities of public spiritedness that caused him to think of securing an event for the Labor Day celebration at Goldfield this year so that the eyes of the sports world would be centered upon this up-to-date mining camp. It was his idea that this celebration, the second of the kind to be held in this wonderfully progressive town, should be a fitting demonstration of the prestige that Goldfield has attained among the great mining camps of the world in less than three years.

"Above all things, Mr. Rickard is noted as a man of quick action once he has arrived at a decision and to that we attribute his marvelous success in all of his undertakings. His venturesome and successful career is one strong testimonial of this fact and as the years roll on, we expect to see him attain greater and greater prestige in the sports world.

"Consulting only a few friends on this gigantic project, a project that involves more money than ever before was spent on a similar fistic venture, Tex Rickard stated to them he was willing to gamble $10,000 of his own money on the fight if his friends would guarantee a similar amount to insure the appearance of Battling Nelson and Joe Gans at Goldfield for a championship bout that would put the town on the map as no other project could and, overnight, would make of Goldfield a haven for America's biggest sportsmen.

"Mr. Rickard didn't have to argue his point to win the support of his friends. They had faith in him. They knew he was a man of action and that an undertaking would have to be a mighty poor one to fail under his direction. The men he approached were Al Myers, L. L. Patrick, Ole Elliott, Milton Detch and George Wingfield, and approval on their part was instantaneous. That same day $20,000 was deposited in the John S. Cook bank.

"Then Mr. Rickard wired Billy Nolan, manager of Nelson, offering a purse of $20,000 for a fight with Gans. Nolan wired back: 'Will take $30,000 for Nelson-Gans, finish bout. Post cash.'

"It was on the receipt of that telegram that Rickard and his pals organized the Goldfield Athletic Club. In less than three hours, $52,000 in cash was raised by the club, and $32,000 was immediately deposited in the bank to show good faith with Nolan, and then a telegram of Rickard's acceptance went singing over the wires.

"Thus the sportsmen of Goldfield showed their faith in Mr. Rickard. They were willing to follow him anywhere and accept his keen judgment in business matters of this kind. Not content with the amount already collected, Tex went about to insure against all contingencies, to provide a strong preliminary card and to erect an arena, and within thirty-two hours after the idea was born in Rickard's mind, $102,000 was raised and deposited in the local bank to the credit of the Goldfield Athletic Club. Nolan's message of acceptance was received within forty-eight hours after Rickard had wired him and in the meantime, Rickard was trying to locate Gans.

"The men of Goldfield were apprehensive of the outcome, because they knew that a California contingent was trying to get the Nelson-Gans bout, and it was not until late the evening of the third day that they rested more comfortably when, without any warning, Gans stepped off the 'Desert Flier' of the Southern Pacific, ready to talk business.

"In a special conference, Nolan made known the terms on which he would have Nelson fight Gans and these were not acceptable to the Negro and it took two more days of discussion, with Rickard leading the way, before an agreement could be reached.

"Within fifteen minutes after Tex had issued the ultimatum under threat that he could use McGovern and Britt or two other fighters, Gans and Nelson signed a tentative agreement. Thus the influence of Rickard resulted in Goldfield obtaining the match for the largest guaranteed purse ever offered for a contest of this kind.

"Goldfield takes pride in saluting Tex Rickard. To him goes the credit for the prosperity of this town. This man, an adventurer, a keen reader of the human mind, a stalwart fighter possessing the fearlessness of the Texas Ranger, born in Kansas City and raised in western Texas during the pioneer days of 1874, has demonstrated to the world that the greatest and best way to place a new-born town into the spotlight is through the medium of sports.

"The Rickard-Mohawk Leasing and Development Company which is operating on one of the richest pieces of ground on the famous Mohawk site, now claims Tex Rickard as president. Mr. Rickard is also interested in the McNaughton Lease on the Mohawk.

"To sum up the career of this great adventurer, a man about whom we are certain to hear much more in the further development of sports in this country, no more fitting expression can be made use of than the impulsive words of praise uttered by a companion and friend of Klondike days in the presence of a number of Goldfield's representatives gathered one night recently in the Montezuma Club. In effect, the latter's words were:

" 'No whiter man ever drew the breath of life than Tex Rickard'."

Thus we see that even in the days of Goldfield, the pioneer days of the mining region in the Far West, his companions were predicting for Rickard big things in sports promotion and he didn't fail them. The world may not see another Rickard in the promotion field for another century. His work is done, but those who were left to carry on for him, have failed to measure up to his standard. The giant boxing arenas throughout the country are mute evidence of his greatness. A man of courage, keen foresight, perseverence—a mob psychologist—that was Tex Rickard.

A Veteran Speaks

(*Continued from page* 23)

Coast and every referee out there followed my lead. Breaking them spoils infighting and that's why you attend a Garden show here and listen to the fans shout to the referee, 'let them fight. Stop breaking them. Keep away from them,' etc.

"Those fans know what they want. They like to see good infighting, just as you and I do, and the referee should not permit such fighting to take place. That's the trouble, nowadays. There is too little infighting, plenty of long-range battling, and too much clinching. Eliminate the last named, and you'll see some real battles."

Asked what he thought about Walker as a heavyweight, Roche replied:

"You know the answer. You saw what Schmeling did to him. Mickey is a great fighter, far beyond the majority of those who are in the field today. But he should have stuck to his class. He is a middleweight and as such he ranked supreme. I think he could do equally well in the light-heavyweight division because of the lack of class, but his natural fighting form was best displayed as a middleweight.

"Speaking of middleweights, the daddy of 'em all was Bob Fitzsimmons. There never will be another like him during my time. I take my hat off to the Cornishman. I was at the ringside the night he beat Nonpareil Jack Dempsey for the title. I sat near William Muldoon, now a member of the New York Commission, but then reporting the event for the *New York Evening Sun*. How Fitz fought that night and what he did later, is all part of ring history. We needn't review it here, but suffice it to say that in Freckled Bob, boxing had one of the greatest fighters that ever put on a pair of gloves."

They Lack Heft but Show Skill

(Continued from page 30)

lighter classes may lack that heft, but they make up for it in speed and ability.

The light-heavyweight class also contains a pair of exceptionally fine wrestlers named Gardner. They are not related however. One is Carroll "Pink" Gardner, of Schenectady, N. Y., perhaps better known as the "Schenectady Sheriff." "Pink" has often been referred to as the light-heavyweight champion of the world, but Hugh Nichols holds that title. A few weeks ago, "Pink" threw Banaski after a hard match in Chicago. The "Sheriff" is frequently seen in the Eastern states and has a fine record.

The other is Bill Gardner who is operating out of Cincinnati where he is under contract to appear for Eddie Garhardt of the Zybelda Wrestling Club of that city. Gardner weighs little more than a

Bill Gardner, a good light-heavyweight wrestler, managed by Jack Burchfield

heavy middleweight, yet is taking his chances against the best of the light-heavies.

Gardner is one of the outstanding wrestlers in that group. He has not yet displayed championship form but he is rapidly nearing that stage. He is not new at the game as he is a finished product. He has been wrestling for some time and has been tutored by the best men available. He is a protégé of George Bothner, former lightweight king and now one of the greatest instructors in the world, and also got his schooling from "Tunk" Edwards, former stablemate of Frank Gotch and now a professional lightweight of note.

It is "Tunk's" opinion that Gardner will be wearing the light-heavyweight crown ere another Christmas passes. He is managed by J. O. (Jack) Burchfield, who has long been interested in the sport. Burchfield thinks highly of his charge and has decided to keep him around Ohio where he can obtain more work in his division than he could were he to go to the New York, Boston or far western regions.

Germans in Boxing

(Continued from page 21)

boxing who paved the way for him, men like Rudi Wagner, Paul (Koerner) Sampson, Hans Breitenstraetter, Herman Herse, Richard Kaube, Felix Friedman. Hans Ziemendorf and Franz Diener.

* * *

DIENER was the first of the modern crop of German heavyweights to invade the United States. While he was rather crude and did not get very far, he was as game as a pebble and afforded an indication of what was to come when boxing had become thoroughly impregnated in the world of German sport. Diener always trained with a German-born Negro, John Jackson, a heavyweight who did pretty well in Germany shortly after the war.

Ted Sandwina was another early arrival. Though born in this country, the son of a famous circus strong woman, Teddy learned to box on the other side. He still is campaigning over here, though he long since has seen his best days.

Other German boxers whose names are familiar to American fans are Hans Muller, Hein Mueller, Ernest Guhring, Adolph Heuser, Willie Kline, Hans Birkie and Bremer Eddie Usseldorf.

The Germans seem to produce their best men in the heavier divisions, unlike the French and Italians, who are much more formidable in the lighter divisions than they are in the heavy classes.

If there is to be a moral drawn from the rise of the Germans in the boxing world, it is that boxing is a universal sport, one in which the nationals of any country, if given the proper preparation, should do well. The Germans, as a people, have gone into boxing in the determined fashion characteristic of them as a nation.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Schmeling was the first of his race, pure blooded, German born, to win an international crown, there are a number of other fistic greats who won championships, who are of German parentage. There is George Engel's wonderful fighter, Frank Klaus, for example. Engel toured the continent with Klaus and introduced him to the Germans at a time when fighting with the gloves was an unknown art in the Fatherland and little known in France. Klaus won the middleweight title.

And later Engel piloted another great boy in Harry Greb, also a middleweight and light-heavyweight king.

Ad Wolgast, one time lightweight champion, was another German boy, born in this country, who attained fistic fame. He was one of the toughest lads ever developed.

Billy Papke, who won and lost championship matches with Stanley Ketchel, was another German-American battler. He was a splendid type fighter possessing all of the assets of his parents' race.

Paul Berlenbach, of recent times, is a German-American lad who attained championship laurels.

And still others who made their mark in this country are Frank Mantell, a fine middleweight of twenty years ago, who was born Frank Otto Mintell at Branbenburg; Al Kaufman, Rudy Unholtz who was born at Mannheim-on-the-Rhine and who made his mark as a fighter in South Africa; Mike Schreck, Charley Weinert, and Al Kubiak. Kubiak, a heavyweight of note in his days, was a German-Pole.

Today this country is full of German-American fighters and in the Fatherland there are listed close to 1,000 professionals in all classes with twenty-five times that many amateurs. In Germany, amateur boxing is the pastime of the youth and clubs thrive throughout the country. City tournament, sectional championships, inter-sectional title events and finally national affairs are staged with regularity.

Another Great Sports Book!

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 70 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.

How to Counter and How to Block.

How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in cash or money order to

THE RING BOOK SHOP

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," the world's greatest book on the mat sport.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

POSITIVELY NO C. O. D. ORDERS MAILED

$2000 Solid Gold Diamond Belt Offered by THE RING

(*Continued from page 29*)

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, is a hotbed of wrestling. The sport brings out large gatherings, the average gate being between $3500 to $6000. The promoters have written to THE RING asking for recommendations on good talent. The South Africans want to see Rudy Dusek and Fritz Kley, and have offered to pay one-way tickets with a guarantee of 40 per cent of the gate for three matches there.

* * *

While New York City wrestling fathers frown on rough work and have issued instructions to their officials to guard against such tactics, in Massachusetts and in California they welcome such contests. The recent Steinke-Zaharias bout on the coast has been designated in the movies of the bout as the roughest seen in this country in years.

In Boston there have been a number of such contests without any penalty attached to the wrestlers, but in New York, Ray Steele was disqualified in his championship match with Lewis for far less than ordinarily is seen in the average entertainment put on nightly in the Metropolitan district.

* * *

Ed Don George, one time holder of the National Boxing Association's wrestling championship, continues to give a good account of himself. He is one of the most active of the grapplers in the East and keeps coming through with victories. Last month his best showing was against Carlos Henriquez and Gus Sonnenberg, both of whom he beat.

* * *

Up in Canada, they praise Jack Corcoran, famed Canadian promoter, for what he has accomplished in the interest of the sport. To Jack goes the honor of having placed wrestling on a high level across the border. He not only is a keen judge of fighters and wrestlers, but knows what the fans want and goes out and gets it.

Twenty years ago Corcoran was one of the best baseball players in Canada, and when he retired, he took up sports promotion and has been in it since. In boxing he always gave the public the cream of the American talent; among the men whom he brought to his club being Johnny Dundee, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb and others of that calibre.

In wrestling, he is doing the same. He selects only such talent as he is certain will give the fans a good run for their money and that is why he has met with success. His bout between Garibaldi and Londos established an indoor record for attendance in Canada. That bout "made" him, and the people's confidence in him since has enabled him to become Canada's leading promoter. Associated with Corcoran in his enterprise is Colonel George W. Harris, the Beau Brummel.

* * *

Jim McMillen, former Illinois football star who performed last year under the Curley banner and thus under the Londos, is one of the stars of Jim's group. He is better now than ever. His recent performances have placed him on a par with the leaders, regardless of factions. When McMillen recently showed in the St. Nick Rink he gave an excellent exhibition. The fans want to see more of him.

* * *

THE evidence is piling up more and more that unless a settlement of the feuds in wrestling is quickly made, there will be no wrestling in New York. When it is considered that a year ago the gates amounted to from $30,000 to $50,000 for the star shows and an average of $10,000 for the others, and that now a championship match in New York with Lewis as the headliner, brings out less than 4000 fans, that indicates how the public has soured on the sport.

* * *

Just think of it! A Lewis championship bout with two stars facing him in one night—Pinetski and Stein—drawing less than 5000 fans! We are not taking part in these factional arguments, as we have so often remarked, but we must admit on the face of things that New York fans want Jim Londos back. He packed 'em in and since he jumped the Curley banner, things have not been the same in Father Knick's domain.

* * *

Jimmy Amann, the energetic RING correspondent in Ohio, has done much for wrestling in Cincinnati. Jimmy knows the game from A to Z and it is his fine work there that has helped in the development of the sport. Jimmy is handling several grapplers and is also acting as matchmaker for one of the clubs. He is anxious to have either Curley's boys or Londos' wrestlers appear for him in Cincinnati regularly. Jimmy has a club that will draw 'em in, if either of the two groups is eager to send its men to wrestle there. Get in touch with him at 2810 Sidney Avenue or write direct to Promoter Gerhard, 1528 Republic Street, Cincinnati.

* * *

BUT in the middle-West there is a young German who has made a hit. His name is Augustus von Schindler, and he is a middleweight.

* * *

Wrestling fans are rooting hard for the release of Toots Mondt who is in trouble in Canada over an automobile death.

* * *

Henri De Glane may not be much of a card around New York State but he still is very popular in New England and in Canada. Perhaps a De Glane-Lewis return match in New York might be the stimulus that would revive the sport here. Let's have it Messrs. Curley and Bowser.

* * *

Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING and co-editor with Jack Curley of "Modern Wrestling," says that, judging by the large number of orders received during the Christmas season from college and high school boys, wrestling must be extremely popular in the schools.

MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

THIS winter will not prove such a dead season for boxers in Montreal as in past years, with weekly shows being started about the time this comes off the press, when Alex Moore resumes where he left off last month. The Forum matchmaker staged a "New Talent" show at Tommy Conway's International Sporting Club, which seats some 1800, and the fans witnessed a colorful card of bouts. Moore has the right idea of developing young local talent. The purses are not so high, of course, as compared to the Forum shows, but Moore is giving the boys straight guarantees and they know what they're getting.

Harold Stewart, local ex-amateur lightweight star who won five straight pro starts, was severely tested in his sixth start as a pro when he was matched with an internationally rated featherweight star, Albert Ladou, Algerian flash, in ten rounds. The local youngster held an apparently safe margin over his noted opponent going into the seventh round when he suffered a deep gash over his eye and the referee wisely forbade him to come out for the eighth.

Stewart's brilliant showing was something of a surprise to those who have not followed his performances in the amateur ranks, where he made his mark by winning two Dominion titles, several International laurels and represented Canada at the 1928 Olympic Games.

The rest of the bill consisted of five hard fought six-rounders among rising local lads. The heavyweight clash between Phil Lightheart, former Dominion amateur champ, and Bob Hunt, Tommy Conway's six-foot, seven-inch Canadian lumberjack giant, attracted most interest. It was short-lived, with the more experienced Lightheart hammering Hunt to the floor on several occasions and finally clamping on the sleeper in the second heat.

Bill Carruthers, heavy-fisted local 140-pounder, punched out a thrilling six-round decision over George Harrington, slugging Maritime welterweight, in a battle that featured cleverness and hard hitting on the parts of both. Carruthers looks greatly improved. Harry Gerson, ex-amateur bantam star, making his pro debut, made a strong impression with his classy display in a six-rounder with Freddie Smith whom he raked with sharpshooting wallops.

Greggie Gregersen, colorful Danish bantam, was held to a draw by Johnny Conlin, another ex-amateur star making his pro debut, in a furious six-round battle. In the other six-rounder, Eddie Martin, local featherweight, outslugged Al Cadieux, New England battler, in a fairly close struggle.

Sam Gibbs, who is Bobby Leitham's pilot, has gone to California for a series of fights.

STRAY SHOTS—Wilf Carufel beat Tommy Rollings, local lightweight, in the main bout of Promoter E. Plouffe's card here . . . . Carufel is just over the featherweight limit but could make it . . . . is looked upon as superior to any featherweight in Canada but has to fight lightweights to get work . . . . Biff Lemieux, Gene Tremblay's bantam, has improved greatly . . . . ranks with any of the local bantams . . . . Plouffe plans to run pretentious card here . . . . he dropped plenty on his one and only venture . . . . we hope he will benefit from the experience as he is a straight shooter . . . . best in long run to get good card of boys on guarantee basis.

Here are my ratings for Canadian boxers, covering the whole of Canada:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Larry Gains, Toronto (British Empire champion); Phil Lightheart, Montreal; Steve Trojack, Calgary.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg (Canadian champion); Battling Tracey, Montreal; Hughie Lees, Winnipeg.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg; Chick Devlin, Vancouver; Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Billy Townsend, Vancouver; Johnny Nemis, Nova Scotia; Jackie Phillips, Toronto.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Al Foreman, Montreal (British Empire); Tommy Bland, Toronto (Canadian champion); Art Primrose, Montreal.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Allan Foston, Vancouver; Jackie Johnston, Toronto; Wilf Carufel, Montreal.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Bobby Leitham, Montreal (Canadian champion); Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto (Olympic champion).

FLYWEIGHTS—Greggie Gregersen, Montreal.

Outstanding performers of year: Frankie Battaglia, Al Foreman, Bobby Leitham.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Harvey Finelite, Duluth, Minn.

Q.—How much rope skipping would you regard as sufficient per day in training?

A.—From 800 to 1400 revolutions would be plenty. Some fighters work at this for half an hour at a stretch, but that is foolish. One minute to start with and later three minutes of rope skipping is ample. On days when you are taking only a light drill, without boxing or heavy road work, two or three three-minute rounds with two minutes' rest between each will prove beneficial. But don't go after records. That is injurious.

Thomas Harlan, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—I am an amateur and want to take up boxing. I have been advised to join a gymnasium and also to take up one of the many mail order boxing courses advertised in THE RING and other books. Is Gus Martel really a record holder? Has he ever taught boxing and had good results? Is the Liederman course a good one? How about the Deforest course? Where can I write to Prof. Phila. Jack O'Brien? I understand that he has started a mail order course and one of my friends says it is by far the best he has ever seen? Is that so? Is Martel's "One Punch K.O." a good punch?

A.—By all means join a gymnasium and practice with boys your age and size and weight. Get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" even before you take up any mail order course, as they will prepare you for your work. Mail order courses are well worth while if the one who sends them to you knows what he is talking about. But you must watch your step, as a number advertised in some magazines are pure and unadulterated fraud. Gus Martel is a former amateur star whose record of knockouts has never been equalled. He never fought professionally, but had a fine amateur record. He taught boxing in his youth and was very successful. His "One Punch K.O.," when perfected, is a good thing to know. The Liederman course is more for strength building and muscle building than for boxing. The Deforest course is a fine boxing course.

As for Phila. Jack O'Brien, I would say that anything written by him or having his endorsement should be regarded 100 per cent perfect. He is a master boxer of the old school, a former world's light-heavyweight champion and a highly cultured fellow who can write as well as he can lecture. I have seen his course and can highly recommend it. It is one of the best turned out in the last twenty years.

In addition to a course on boxing, I would recommend Jowett's books on "Moulding a Mighty Man"; the Charles Atlas "Everlasting Health" book, and Michael McFadden's "12 in 1" muscle building outfit. They are all excellent.

George Water, U. S. S. Sagamore

Q.—How old are Canzoneri and Petrolle?

A.—Canzoneri was born on November 6, 1909, and Petrolle was born January 10, 1905.

Eileen Hunter, Peoria, Ill.

Q.—Does Nat Fleischer's book on the life of Gene Tunney contain the story of his career in France?

A.—Yes. It contains his full life story. It is a much better book than Tunney's own life story, recently published for $2.50. You can obtain Fleischer's book, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," for 75 cents from The "Ring" Book Shop in a special sale now on.

Manuel Perales, Riverside, California

Q.—How high was Bert Colima ever rated in Eddie Borden's ratings?

A.—He was well up with the leaders.

Q.—Which was his best fight?

A.—With Ace Hudkins.

Q.—Who are the ten leading Mexican fighters?

A.—Tony Herrera, Baby Arizmendi, Bert Colima, Francisco Seguro, Rodolfo Taglia, Juan Robles, Kid Pancho, T.N.T. Robleto, Ray Rivera.

Q.—Has Benny Leonard now retired for good?

A.—He says no. He intends to fight the smaller fry in the welterweight class.

Q.—How long has Baby Arizmendi been fighting?

A.—About eight years. He says he has fought about 287 times.

Clyde S. Heintz, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—On what day did Gene Tunney officially retire as heavyweight champion? Did he ever win or lose a fight on a foul?

A.—Gene retired on July 31, 1928. He announced his retirement at a banquet in the Biltmore Hotel of New York City. He never lost or won on a foul, but on one occasion, in his fight with Jack Renault, he and Renault were ordered from the ring.

Bruce Kantor

Q.—Will you kindly list the twelve best fights for 1932?

A.—Schmeling vs. Sharkey; Schmeling vs. Walker; Petrolle vs. Canzoneri; Schaaf vs. Baer; McLarnin vs. Leonard; Brouillard vs. McLarnin; Canzoneri vs. Jadick; Kid Chocolate vs. Jackie Kid Berg; Kid Berg vs. Sammy Fuller; Tommy Loughran vs. Stanley Poreda; Poreda vs. Schaaf; Poreda vs. Primo Carnera.

Donnell Holmes, Rochelle Park, N. J.

Q.—How tall was Johnny Wilson? Did Loughran fight Wilson? Is Wilson alive. How old is he?

A.—Five feet 9½. No. Yes. Lives in Boston. Born on March 23, 1893.

Ulysses Valles, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—I am 16 years old and am a boxer. Will my health be affected if I drink 3 glasses of milk a day. I like milk.

A.—No, by no means. It is very good for you unless you are gaining too much weight. Gene Tunney and Max Schmeling always drink a lot of milk. Schmeling drinks two quarts a day while in training.

Q.—How is fat removed from the stomach, arms and shoulders? How is a knockout punch developed? How tall should a fighter be at full growth.

A.—By bending exercises. Also by heavy weight exercises (for stomach). For arm, extending exercises and dumb-bell drills are best. Same for shoulders. I suggest you get Nat Fleischer's Training for Boxers and study the exercises. A knockout punch is developed by the use of the full weight of the body behind a punch. Also proper timing. Also fist must be made properly and the blow should land on a vital spot. Depends on how tall you are. There is no definite size. If you are now 5 feet 8 at the age of 17, you'll be about 5 feet 11 inches at maturity, because you are growing rapidly.

G. C., New York City

Q.—I am 14 years old, weigh 129 pounds and am 5 feet 5 inches. I want to become a fighter, but when I exercise heavily, I get a pain in my heart and am afraid to go further. Could you suggest a remedy to overcome this?

A.—Sorry, but if you have constant pains, your case is a medical one and I would not want to advise you. A pain in the heart coming as often as you suggest, might be due to a heart ailment and the best thing is for you to find out what is wrong by seeing a doctor. That will ease your mind. If he says there is nothing wrong, then get a copy of Training for Boxing and How to Box and do the prescribed work very carefully. Don't overdo it. Take things easy—a little at a time.

Raymond Bell, Philadelphia

Q.—I have been using heavy bar bells to strengthen my back and to increase my chest development; but of late, I've been suffering from pains in the groin and the chest. Do you think the pain is the result of overwork?

A.—No, Raymond. You've lifted too much weight and have probably brought on a rupture in addition to straining the ligaments of the chest. I've often warned against such practice but apparently some of those who teach "strong man" stuff, fail to realize that not every lad is built as they are, and that what is good for the teacher, is often harmful for the pupil. Such teachers of "strong arm" development too often fail to warn against overstrain or lifting weights that should be used only by exceptionally strong fellows. That's why I like the Jowett and Atlas courses. They take all of that into consideration.

Abraham Phillips, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—What would you regard as a good chest development for a boy of 19 whose weight is 146 and height, 5 feet 7?

A.—Normal, 35; Expanded, 38.

Thomas Tipton, Macon, Georgia

Q.—Some months ago I was in an amateur bout and was struck on the chin and knocked cold. They say that my head struck the mat with force, for I didn't come to until almost ten minutes after I was hit. I have no recollection of what happened, but I do know that ever since, I have pains in the head, every now and then, that sometimes make me like a wild man. I feel like harming every one in my way. How can I overcome this feeling? Do you think that the blow was the cause of this or have I not trained properly? I like training and often spend two hours a day in the gym and on the road.

A.—Your case should receive immediate medical attention. You probably have a fracture on the base of the skull or the nerve center of the brain has been injured. Your case may be one of vertigo. It should get attention.

Edward Markham, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Are dumb-bell exercises good for a boxer?

A.—Certainly. They strengthen the wrist. Every boxer who uses such exercises benefits by them.

Jack Meehan

Q.—Who do you think was the greatest of the southpaw fighters? Who would win between Max Schmeling and Max Baer?

A.—Lew Tendler. Schmeling.

Ray Bauer

Q.—What is the address of Max Schmeling when he is in this country? How many times have Tony Canzoneri and Billy Petrolle fought? Who would win between Schmeling and Baer? How old must one be to join the amateurs? I am sixteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches and weigh 134. Am I built for a boxer?

A.—1650 Broadway, New York City. Twice. Schmeling. Sixteen. Yes.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

JAMES "SHAMUS" MALONEY, in his heyday a Boston ring pride, has returned to the wars after an absence of more than a year. Recently at the Boston Garden, he staged his first "comeback" bout, meeting "Long John" Dixon, a former Boston College football player, who, without serving the customary apprenticeship in the amateurs, had been piloted through about 15 prelim. bouts. Dixon's youth and strength carried him through the 10 stanzas but he lost the decision by a wide margin. Years of experience stood by Maloney. He was fat and slow. Jamesy is 29 years old, never can get back into his former trim, and will be stopped by the first opponent of any ability, speed and punch that he faces.

After many arguments furnished from various sources the rightful owner of the New England heavyweight title has been established. He is Ernie Schaaf of Wrentham and Boston, jointly managed by Jack Sharkey, the world's champion, and Johnny Buckley. Schaaf confirmed his claims at the Boston Arena, when he forced Edward "Unknown" Winston of Connecticut to stop in six heats. Winston, a wide-open fighter, has punch and speed, but that lets him out. The bout was scheduled for 12 rounds and was officially designated as for the N. E. championship.

Schaaf was coached throughout the affair by Jack Sharkey, who was in his corner as chief second, something decidedly unusual for a world's heavyweight champion to do. In fact it was brand new stuff to the writer, though champions may have acted as seconds from time to time elsewhere. Schaaf weighed 210 to Winston's 185, and therefore had weight, as well as height, reach and strength in his favor. He boxed much better and with more "pep" than in his last bout with Winston, an affair of about six weeks ago, when the colored warrior defeated him. The bout drew about 10,000 spectators, a "big house" for these times in Boston. By winning the bout, Schaaf gained the crown that Jack Sharkey abdicated when he won the world title. Sharkey did this to give other boys a chance to win the New England title.

There is likely to be a change in the personnel of the Bay State Boxing Commission at an early date as Governor Ely has nominated Peter Carr, former public safety commissioner of Lawrence, to succeed Thomas J. Niland of Lynn on the board. The latter's term of office has expired. The nomination has yet to be confirmed, in fact, has been held up, as many would like to see Niland remain in office. Carr has many friends and may be an excellent man for the position, but his experience as concerns boxing is limited.

Henri DeGlane of France, holder of the world's heavyweight mat title, successfully defended his crown against Nick Lutze of southern California at the Boston Garden before about 10,000 spectators. Lutze was pinned after a tussle lasting 1 h. 13 m. 55 s., for the one and final fall.

Boston now has three wrestling promoters, two of whom are at work on each other. Their open warfare consists of staging opposition shows on the same night, chopping ticket prices as low as 25 cents, also giving away plenty of free tickets. They are also giving their patrons something resembling the old prize ring under London rules—so-called mat contests wherein nothing is barred and everything goes—gouging, biting, punching, kicking, etc. There being no rules, there is nothing for the referee to do but proclaim the winner and occasionally haul a contestant back into the ring. One promoter has carried these affairs to the point wherein the referee remains outside—just let's 'em go to it until somebody wins. These affairs are attracting plenty of spectators, but not much money. It is merely a matter of time before the police come into the picture, or wrestling is put under a commission. The sport is on the decline here.

Billy Henderson, widely known as the former manager of Eddie Shevlin (one-time N. E. welter champion), the latter now boxing instructor at Dartmouth, also for years connected with the boxing game, is a very sick man these days at his home in Roxbury. It is likely that he will make the grade. To help affairs along, a benefit was staged for him in Johnny Buckley's new gym at 249 Friend Street, Boston, in which many boxers participated, Champion Jack Sharkey among the number. Out of it came about $200 for Henderson.

Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., now N. E. light-heavy champion through his recent 10-round defeat of Tony Shucco of Boston at Manchester, N. H., is in line for world honors. Conrad has fought on an average of once every 10 days since the beginning of the year, winning most consistently. Against Dave Shade and Adolf Heuser, he won the vote of the referee, but lost those of the judges. He is easily the outstanding New England ringster for 1932.

Dick Madden of Roxbury, formerly an amateur champion, has recently come to the front as a prospective opponent of Jim Maloney. As a persistent challenger of various heavies, Madden boxed Al Grayson of Cambridge, a rival in the semifinal to the Maloney-Dixon affair at the Garden, and came through the winner of the award. Madden is a tall, rangy chap, and a natural boxer.

Up at Holyoke, where Homer Rainault has been providing the fans of that section with plenty of fighting fights, Don "Red" Barry of Washington, came through with a win over Arthur Huttick of New York. The distance was 10 rounds. Barry received a broken left rib early in the fray, but went the route and outboxed his man. Later at the same arena, Steve Halaiko of Buffalo outpointed Paul Junior, claimant of the Maine lightweight title, in 10 rounds.

With the stepping of Norman Conrad of New Hampshire into the light-heavy class and N. E. honors, Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H., a husky two-fisted 160-pounder has laid claim to the N. H. middleweight crown. Salvas has been busy all the year and has scored a number of notable wins. In his last start, Nov. 25, Salvas defeated Bobby Brown of Lowell.

Here's one from Portsmouth, N. H., that is good. In a recent "pro" tourney there, Young Albano, a Chelsea, Mass., boy, defeated K. O. Mason, a U. S. sailor fighter, in two rounds. As one of the main bout boys was unable to go on when his time came, Albano fought Porko Pickett of Dover, N. H., in the 10-round-feature, losing the decision.

Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, one of the best of the N. E. middleweights, has opened a billiard room—"The Ringside"—in that section. Indrisano is not out of the game for keeps, though very much discouraged.

Obie Walker of Miami, Fla., who had the whole town pointing him out as another Sam Langford, looked none too good against Humberto Arce of Cleveland and Porto Rico in the semifinal to the recent Schaaf-Winston contest.

Manny Davis, the colored boy from Schenectady, who has become a Boston resident, and made a name for himself when he upset Ad Zachow a few weeks ago in five rounds, has been getting the tough breaks since. On Dec. 5, at Manchester, N. H., he lost on a foul to Charley "Trader" Horn of New York, and, on Dec. 12, was beaten by Dutch Leonard of Waltham at Portland, Me.

King Tut of Minneapolis, the much-touted welter, met Andy Callahan of Lawrence, holder of three N. E. titles in the 10 rounds main bout at the Boston Garden on the night of Dec. 19. In advance, it was figured that Callahan was in for a hard fight—on paper form the match looked a beaut. The contest, however, turned out to be very one-sided. Callahan won 10 rounds out of 10, all the way, giving the visitor a tough licking.

My ratings for Massachusetts, follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Ernie Schaaf, Edward "Unknown" Winston, Tony Shucco.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Norman Conrad, Al Rodrigues, Manny Davis.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Johnny Indrisano, Frankie O'Brien, Bob Jasse.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Andy Callahan, Lou Brouillard, Nap Proulx.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Sammy Fuller, Paris Apice, Pancho Villa.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Vernon Cormier, Stanley Winneryk, Andy Martin.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Gene Bianca, George Ostrow, Earl Duquette.

FLYWEIGHTS—We have none of particular merit at this time.

The outstanding New England ringster was, Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., present N. E. light-heavy champion.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
108 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

JIMMY SMITH of Kensington, turned in a surprise ten-round victory over Lou Brouillard of Worcester, former world's welterweight champion, at the Arena. There seemed to be a lot of divided opinion but Referee Tommy O'Keefe and Judge Herman Weingrad voted in favor of the Kensington lad while Thomas Gordon, the other judge, cast his vote for a draw.

Ralph Lenny, of Jersey City, a sensation with Phillie fans more than a year ago, came back to the Quaker City, to stab a ten-round decision over Buster Brown of Baltimore at the Arena.

On another Arena card, Al Rossi of Newark, brother-in-law of Vince Dundee, and Sylvan Bass, also of Baltimore, collided with the result Rossi was the winner in the eighth round on a technical knockout when Bass suffered a badly cut eye.

Popper Stopper, colored fighter, who proved a big hit in the summer outdoor shows at Leiperville, was beaten by Dan Hassett of Oak Lane in six rounds at the Arena.

After a successful campaign in amateur ranks, Mickey Grandinetti, rugged Germantown welterweight, turned professional and made his debut by beating Sammy Ryan, in six rounds at the Arena. Mickey won the Middle Atlantic States 147-pound amateur championship.

The veteran Billy Angelo, of Leiperville, lost a ten-round decision to Billy Roederer, Louisville middleweight at the Cambria Club windup. The veteran promoter Johnny Burns is still doing nicely at the old Cambria hall and conducting good fighting shows. Other bouts on the Cambria card resulted as follows: Art Feeser of Lebanon, defeated Johnny Duca of Paulsboro, N. J., in the eight-round semi-windup; Joe Camilla of South Langhorne knocked out Billy Collins of Chester in the second round; and Mickey Duca of Paulsboro and Lou Puglese, North Philadelphia, drew in six rounds.

Big George Godfrey and Walter Cobb certainly gave the fans something to talk over when they staged their sensational ten-round windup at the Arena with the former winning. They were rematched by promoters Taylor and Gunnis and met at Convention Hall.

Joe McGuigan, son of Jack McGuigan, former promoter of the old National A. C. in Phillie, is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis. Joe is one of the most popular referees in the Quaker City.

Ed Prante, U. S. Marine, suffered his first setback in his meeting with Charley Retzlaff of Duluth, Minn., at the Arena, when he was flattened for a knockout in the fourth round. Major General Smedley D. Butler, saw the 6 ft., 4 in. marine in action.

Jack Barger of Salt Lake City, Utah, a protege of Jack Dempsey, stopped Eddie Allen, colored fighter from Leiperville in the fourth round. Dempsey occupied a ringside seat at the Arena and saw Barger wear Allen down. Barger weighed 157 pounds.

In his first professional bout, Eddie Reed, colored champion of the 126-pound amateur division, defeated Al Jaslow of West Philadelphia at the Arena in four rounds. Reed entered the ring as a lightweight.

Vince Forgione, in a comeback role, held George Courtney to an eight-round draw at the Broadway A. C. The bout was one of the roughest ever seen at the club.

Bucky Jones turned in his twenty-sixth consecutive victory when he stopped "Speedy" Duval at the Broadway in the second round. Jack Revello beat Allentown Joe Gans, Johnny Pepe won the six-round decision over Jimmy Rhodes, and Bobby Dechter beat Hughey Civatte in six rounds.

Billy Ketchell of Millville turned in a ten-round decision against Tommy Rios of Wilmington in the Cambria Club windup. Rios was completely outclassed and dropped in the third round.

Gene Buffalo, clever West Philadelphia colored fighter, hammered out a six-round decision over Walter St. Clair of Port Richmond, and Al Diamond of Paterson, N. J., got the verdict over Joe Manarano in eight rounds at the Cambria.

My ratings for the year for Pennsylvania follow:

FLYWEIGHTS—Midget Wolgast, Harry Little, Billy Passamento.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Jimmy Mack, Dick Walsh, Heine Hart.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Benny Bass, Tony Morgano, Jackie Willis.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Johnny Jadick, Eddie Cool, Lew Massey.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Johnny Ketchell, Johnny Hayes, Mickey Grandinetti.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Jimmy Smith, Billy Ketchell, Billy Angelo.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Billy Jones, Eddie Haughton, Popper Stopper.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—George Godfrey, Tommy Loughran, Al Ettore.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING is still at a low ebb in this district, but things are looking a little brighter with the announcement that several promoters will open new clubs in and around Cincinnati. After the first of the year Music Hall is slated to re-open, as well as several other smaller clubs. My ratings for this section for the year follow:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Ted Graham, New Richmond; Ivan Joering, Cincinnati.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Babe Williams, Cincinnati; Coleman Johns, Dayton; Joe McCarthy, Dayton.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Joe Walters, Springfield; Franky Palmo, Cincinnati; James Brown, Cincinnati.

WELTERWEIGHT—Lee Cox, Cincinnati; Dick Clark, Milford; Billy Rose, Cincinnati.

JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHT—Dick Leis, Miamisburg; Fred Murphy, Cincinnati; Danny O'Keefe, Cincinnati.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Manuel Castro, Norwood; Max Koshover, Cincinnati; Tiger Walker, Zanesville.

JUNIOR-LIGHTWEIGHT—Franky Sanzone, Cincinnati; Mutt Swarz, Newark; Young Helms, Cincinnati.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati; Mike O'Dowd, Columbus.

BANTAMWEIGHT—George Annarino, Newark; Cricket Helson, Cincinnati; John McPherson, Cincinnati.

FLYWEIGHT—Johnny Edwards, Columbus; Young Hebe, Cincinnati; Bobby Ammon, Cincinnati.

BEST PROSPECT—Freddy Sheppard, Middletown, O.

Ted Graham of New Richmond, O., is the outstanding boxer in southern Ohio locality. He has made the greatest headway in any division during the current year.

Graham's wins over Tiger Williams, Rosey Rosales, Johnny Mack, and knockouts of Jess Caldwell, Babe Williams, Jack Raymond, Young Harry Wills, and 12 others this year stamp him as one of the greatest colored heavyweights in Cincinnati and Ohio boxing.

To Franky Sanzone, young Cincinnati 130-pound Italian boxer, goes the honor of showing the promise to make the best headway in the coming year. Sanzone won an elimination tourney and is the junior-lightweight champion of Cincinnati.

Tex Blankenship, Northern Kentucky promoter, has opened a classy gym at 505 York St., Newport, Ky., and all visiting fighters are invited to do their training at Blankenship's York A. C.

Teddy Graham, New Richmond's colored heavyweight contender, added two more knockouts to his already large list when he slapped Young Harry Wills to sleep in a couple of heats at Covington, Ky., and a week later did likewise to Joe Walcott, Chicago Negro heavy, in four rounds at Milford, O. Graham is by far the best looking heavyweight ever developed around here, and it is high time he is meeting more rugged opposition. His win over Rosey Rosales and the draw with Tiger Roy Williams the past year stamp him ready for the leaders in his division.

Fighters with good records who would like to secure connections down here would do well to get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose a good photo and your record when writing. New clubs are opening here by the time this goes to press and new talent is being sought. Colored heavyweights in this vicinity take notice.

Franky Sanzone, dynamic Italian junior-lightweight champion of Cincinnati, scored a knockout over Rocky Dolan of Dayton, O., in his first start around here since he defeated Pete Bat Leno for the local title. This Sanzone is a corking good youngster and will go far in the game under proper guidance.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . . when great fighters are spoken of, Eddie Gerhardt always picks Harry Greb, and Eddie should know . . . . he has been in the game along the 25-year mark . . . . next to Greb, Frankie Bowinkle . . . . Cincinnati featherweight . . . . Gerhardt says Bo could beat the best three Cinci 126-pounders in one night . . . . heard from G. C. Williams in K. C. . . . . G. C. is here, there, and everywhere. . . . Bud Weiser of Cleveland has a crack lightie in Icky Mesnick . . . . would go good with Sanzone down here . . . . few pounds difference in weight . . . . Lee Cox, local welter, campaigning in the East, is still undefeated . . . .

HERE is my "Grappling Gabs":

Eddie Gerhardt, peer of wrestling promoters in the middle-West, staged the return contest between Augustus von Schindler of Germany and Young Tarzan, New Castle, Pa., middleweight, at the Empress Theater during the past month, with Tarzan getting the nod. Tarzan is a comer and will have to be reckoned with soon among the middleweight leaders.

Blackie Lantz, the Empress promoter, appointed Gerhardt his assistant matchmaker, but it is rumored that Gerhardt will open a larger club ere this goes to press.

Jack Bloomfield, Stamford, Conn., light-heavyweight, is one of the many wrestling stars who have placed applications with Gerhardt for his future American Federation of Wrestling tourney in that division. Billy Gardner of Clearfield, Pa., is recognized by this Federation as the champion, and Bloomfield, who looks to be the cream of the crop entered in Gerhardt's tourney, will probably face Gardner for the title.

On one of Lantz's recent cards, Claude Swindell of Indianapolis, rated world's lightweight champion, was held to a draw by Sailor Parker, the Norfolk, Va., welterweight ace.

Some matches which would pack them in around here are: Stote vs. Reynolds, Szabo vs. Londos, von Schindler vs. Kallio, Pesek vs. Strangler Lewis, Parker vs. Kallio, Gardner vs. Bloomfield, Gardner vs. Nichols, Londos vs. Pesek, and Stote vs. McCann.

Johnny Stote of Schenectady, N. Y., is recognized in some states as the world's welterweight champion.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

AH WING LEE, the Chinese southpaw sensation, made great headway during the year, winning over Eddie Mack, Goldie Hess, Benny Pelz, Suro Hirawaka and others. I name him the outstanding boxer in our section.

I rate Hubert "Kid" Dennis, Andy Bundy and Carol Campbell as the lads with the most promise here.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Leo Lomski, Carol Campbell.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Wesley Ketchell, Young Firpo.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Ray McQuillan, Young George Dixon.

JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHT—Eddie Volk.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Hubert "Kid" Dennis, Ah Wing Lee, Benny Pelz.

JUNIOR-LIGHTWEIGHTS—Eddie Edelman, Roy Ockley.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Andy Bunday, Abie Israel.

MINNESOTA MEMOS
By BOB BURRILL

RANGY ART LASKY'S concreted maulies thudded around the fistic universe last month when he blasted veteran Joe Sekyra out of the landscape. Artful Arthur's knockout was clean, decisive.

Uncertain, unconditioned Dick Daniels threw all he had into a win over Buck Everett. Judging the merits of the Everett affair, the Danish Dempsey's comeback path is steep and difficult.

Rugged Frankie Knauer upset this 'n' that when he tied up his lingering feud with Dick Demery by tucking Dick under in four stanzas. Knauer is a budding battler who should batter his path into Minneapolis headliners. He's a carbon copy of Frankie Battaglia.

The Minnesota fistic situation is tucking its ears under its coat collar and pushing into the blasty gusts of depression. The sincere efforts of Frank McCormick and John Salvadore are to be commended.

BITS OF NEWS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

THE following is my choice as the best fighters in each division for this state:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—W. L. Stribling, Macon, Ga.; Corn Griffin, Ft. Benning, Ga.; Cyclone Smith, Ft. Benning, Ga.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga.; Kid Baisden, Valdosta, Ga.; Carl Knowles, Rome, Ga.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Billy Shell, Columbus, Ga.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Pat Flaherty, Savannah, Ga.; Baby Stribling, Macon, Ga.; Bulldog Downs, Savannah, Ga.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Patsy McGrath, Savannah, Ga.; Reddy Pitts, Savannah, Ga.

Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga., is the outstanding fighter from this state and has made the greatest headway of any fighter in any division this year. He has beaten both champions in the light-heavyweight division.

Pat Flaherty, Savannah, Ga., welterweight, in my opinion, shows the most promise for next year. He is having a hard time finding opponents to meet him in this section.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS
STEADY
$1260 to $3400 Year
MEN—WOMEN, 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Many future jobs. Prepare now. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. E-212, Rochester, N. Y.

GET THIS BOOK
Every Boxer and Wrestler Should Have a Copy of
"Physical Culture by Means of Muscular Resistance and Breathing Exercises."
A Book that has had a sale of 192,000 copies.
While they last—Reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents.
Send money order or U. S. stamps to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City. Don't Delay. They won't last long.

Big Slash in Prices
For a limited time only.
This sale will terminate on March 15
A chance to start a good boxing library
Take advantage of these bargain prices. Your last chance to get these low quotations.

GET THESE NOW
Most of these books are out of print and when we sell our stock, you'll never be able to get a copy of what you've missed.

"Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Special De Luxe Edition. On beautiful India paper—146 illustrations. Blue leather cover. Limited to 250 copies—each signed by the author and Jack Dempsey. Only forty copies left. Regular price, $12.00. While they last, our special price, $5.00. Add 25 cents extra for postage.

"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer. Orange cloth bound. Regular $2.00 edition. Special price, $1.00. Add 25 cents extra for postage.

"Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," by Nat Fleischer. Regular edition, $1.00. Special price, 75 cents.

"Two-Fisted Jeff," the life of James J. Jeffries. Written by Hugh Fullerton. Regular price, $3.00. Our price, while they last, only $1.50. 15 cents extra for postage.

"Bowery Life," by Chuck Connors. Illustrated. The story of New York's Chinatown written by one of its celebrities. Regular price, 50 cents. Our price, 25 cents. Paper cover.

"Prof. Attila's Five-Pound Dumb-Bell Drills." Regular price, 50 cents. Special price, 20 cents.

"Bag Punching," by Harry Seeback. Regular price, 50 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"Young Griffo, the Will-o'-the-Wisp of the Squared Circle," by Nat Fleischer. Regular price, 75 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"The Life of Jack Johnson, In and Out of The Ring," by Jack Johnson. Regular price, $2.00. Special price, $1.00.

"The Prize Ring," the story of Boxing by Bohun Lynch. Illustrated with many beautiful famous old English colored prints. Regular price, $30.00. Our special price, $5.00. This is the most beautiful boxing book on the market. Vellum cover, India paper, size 10 by 13 inches. A treat for any library.

"Ruby Robert, The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons," by Robert H. Davis. Regular price, $1.00. Special price, 60 cents.

"The Life of Battling Nelson," by Battling Nelson. Regular price, $1.00. Our special price, 75 cents.

"Elbows Macfadden's Hitting and Blocking." Regular price, 50 cents. Special price, 25 cents.

"Bag Punching," by Harry Seeback. Regular price, 50 cents, and **"Breathing Exercises."** Regular price, 25 cents—the two for 40 cents.

"Wrestling," by Frank Gotch. Regular price, 50 cents, and **"Scientific Wrestling,"** by George Bothner. Regular price, 75 cents—the two books for only $1.00.

Foreign orders must be accompanied by American currency or its equivalent in exchange. No C. O. D. orders filled.

Check off the above and mail money order or cash to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City
No C. O. D. orders or dealers' discounts at these prices.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THERE was quite a lull as far as outstanding matches were concerned during December but that could probably be attributed to the Christmas holidays and the wariness of promoters to speculate too heavily in these uncertain times. Ernie Schaaf redeemed himself and placed himself right back in the heavyweight picture by turning the tables on Unknown Winston and scoring a knockout in the sixth round. Lately, Schaaf had been showing signs of slowing up but this last victory boosted his stock considerably. Jimmy McLarnin's eight-round knockout over Maxey Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight leader, is on a rampage on the Coast and went through Leroy Haynes, Jack Silva, twice, and Tony Poloni for decisions. Adolph Heuser scored over Eddie Simms. Joe Knight whipped Owen Phelps and kayoed Natie Brown in five rounds. John Henry Lewis disposed of Tuffy Dial in four rounds. Al Gainer kayoed Joe Banovic in three rounds and defeated Charley Belanger. Belanger lost and drew with Billy Jones and scored over Lew Scozza.

Wesley Ketchell triumphed over Ace Hudkins. Norman Conrad won over Al Rodriquez. Ham Jenkins won on a foul from Laurie Peppin in three rounds. Eric Lawson whipped Wilbur Stokes and kayoed Carl Knowles in eight rounds. George Courtney drew with Vincent Forgione. Abie Bain won over George Forrester. Emil Lebrize won on a foul from Harry Smith in seven rounds. Tony Poloni scored over Sandy Garrison.

Marcel Thil, king of the middleweights, scored over Ignacio Thil. Frank Battaglia trounced Jimmy Evans and Jimmy Britt. Jimmy McNamara scored over Joe Bernal.

Sammy Fuller will remain in the lightweight ranks. Aside from the McLarnin calamity, he whipped Billy Wallace. Barney Ross won over Johnny Farr. Benny Bass kayoed Eddie Reilly in one and Dominick Petrone in three sessions. Tony Herrera won over Tony Falco and Johnny Hayes. Eddie Cool whipped Lew Massey. Tracey Cox kayoed Kid Lewis in two rounds and defeated Billy McMahon and Harry Dublinsky. Dublinsky was also beaten by Willard Brown. Bobby Pacho kayoed Eddie Volk in three rounds.

Pete Nebo defeated Phil Zwick and Allen Whitlow. Steve Haliako kayoed Frankie Petrolle in six rounds and won from Paul Junior. Ralph Lenny whipped Buster Brown. Wildcat O'Connor scored over Young Firpo and Firpo whipped Joey Harrison. Frank Bojorski defeated Sid Silas, Calvin Reed, and lost to Maxie Strub. Prince Saunders won over Young Terry. Alvin Lewis scored over Tod Morgan. Battling Shaw won from Erwin Berlier. Patsy Pasculli scored over Eddie Elkins. Joey Ferrando whipped Young Zazzerino. Willie Williams kayoed Mickey Cohen in four rounds. Lew Terry whipped Spagett Decaro. Frankie Carlton won from Ernie Ratner and Harry Carlton kayoed Eddie Marks in four rounds.

Kid Chocolate defended the featherweight title successfully against Fidel La Barba and also scored over Johnny Alba. Seaman Watson won on foul over Luigi Quadrini in four rounds. Baby Arizmendi whipped Archie Bell and kayoed Rodolfo Taglia in the third round. Eddie Shea disposed of Harry Blitman in one round. Varias Milling finished Baby Colima in eight rounds. Tommy Paul defeated Johnny Mitchell and kayoed Young Geno in three rounds. Geno was beaten by Paul Dazzo who also drew with Sid Lampe. Johnny Datto beat Jack Willis. Andy Bundy whipped Benny Pelz. Matty White scored over Jimmy Mack and Vidal Gregario drew with Petey Hayes. Wilbur Chevalier kayoed Jackie Rodgers in six rounds and won over Pete Tenor.

Al Brown, king of the bantams, whipped Dick Burke and Franz Machtens. Speedy Dado kayoed Hilo Hernandez in one round and scored over Eugene Huat. Huat whipped Little Pancho. Young Casanova defeated Young Tommy. Jimmy Thomas scored over Bobby Leitham. Ross Fields kayoed Jack Wilson in ten rounds and was beaten by Willie Davies. Johnny King whipped Dave Crowley in England. Cris Pineda defeated Ray Butler and Matty Mattison outpointed Johnny Edwards.

There was no activity whatever in the flyweight division.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Nutzie Liuzza, New Orleans, La.
Bantamweight—Henry Moreno, San Antonio, Texas.
Featherweight—Frankie Kid Covellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Heinie Schmid, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Welterweight—Al McCoy, Waterville, Maine.
Middleweight—Charley Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Tom Hambrick, Vaiden, Miss.
Heavyweight—Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul, Minn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

These are my ratings for the month, ending December 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields
1—Max Schmeling	Adolph Heuser	Frank Battaglia	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Baer	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett
3—Stanley Poreda	Bob Godwin	Dave Shade	Andy Callahan
4—Primo Carnera	John Henry Lewis	Sammy Slaughter	Johnny Indrisano
5—Ernie Schaaf	Al Gainer	Ben Jeby	Baby Joe Gans
6—Johnny Risko	Billy Jones	Gorilla Jones	Teddy Yarosz
7—King Levinsky	Norman Conrad	Chick Devlin	Eddie Kid Wolfe
8—Walter Neusel	Lew Scozza	Marty Sampson	Lou Brouillard
9—Larry Gains	Wesley Ketchell	Jimmy Smith	Paulie Walker
10—Unknown Winston	Ham Jenkins	Enzo Fiermonte	Bep Van Klaveren

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Johnny Jadick	Fidel La Barba	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Sammy Fuller	Seaman Watson	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Barney Ross	Baby Arizmendi	Newsboy Brown	Little Pancho
4—Benny Bass	Lew Feldman	Young Casanova	Mickey McGuire
5—Tracey Cox	Nel Tarleton	Young Tommy	Babe Triscaro
6—Eddie Cool	Varias Milling	Eugene Huat	Phil Tobias
7—Lew Massey	Eddie Shea	Jimmy Thomas	Valentin Anglemann
8—Wesley Ramey	Tommy Paul	Johnny King	Praxille Gyde
9—Tony Herrera	Albert Ladou	Willie Davies	Jose Arilla
10—Bobby Pacho	Paul Dazzo	Bobby Leitham	Maurice Huguenin

Sammy Fuller and Kid Chocolate's triumph over Fidel La Barba were the standout contests.

In the heavyweight division, Primo Carnera, besides whipping King Levinksy, went on a tour in which he scored plenty of knockouts. He disposed of Jim Merriott in one round; Big Boy Peterson and Joe Rice in two rounds each; K.O. Christner in four rounds, and John Schwake in seven. Christner kayoed Dick Nolan in the tenth session. Ernie Schaaf finished Unknown Winston in six rounds. Walter Neusel disposed of Hans Schonrath in seven rounds. Larry Gains finished Michael Maurer and Morat in four rounds and Herman Jaspers in three.

Mickey Walker showed his punching to good advantage when he stowed away Arthur De Kuh in one round. George Godfrey won over Walter Cobb. Young Stribling scored over Don McCorkindale in South Africa. Art Lasky showed signs of progress in scoring knockouts over Joe Doctor in four rounds and Joe Sekyra in seven. Patsy Perroni whipped Tom Heeney. Red Barry won from Arthur Huttick. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Ed Prante in four rounds and engaged in a "no contest" bout with Frankie Wine which went six rounds.

Jack Gagnon won on a foul from Tony Galento in four rounds. Jose Santa kayoed Vinka Jakasa in two heats. Tony Shucco scored over Kid Cioffi. Dick Daniels whipped Larry Udell and Buck Everett. Frankie Cawley kayoed Cowboy Frank Willis in three rounds. Steve Trojack kayoed Bobby Garidio in the first round and defeated George Manley. Martin Levandowski disposed of Harold Scarney in three rounds. Jim Maloney, in another comeback attempt, whipped Johnny Dixon. Les Marriner scored over Tony Cancela. Tiger Jack Fox scored over Seal Harris and Leo Lomski drew with Denny Lenhart.

Chick Devlin. Vince Dundee won from Johnny Peppe. Sammy Slaughter whipped Osk Till and kayoed Young Stuhley in one round and Paul Pirrone in four. Gorilla Jones defeated Willie Oster and kayoed Jack Purvis in three rounds. Young Terry won from Young Stuhley and kayoed Jimmy Flinker in one round. Enzo Fiermonte kayoed Paul Delaney in four rounds and won from Jimmy Varrell. Delaney was beaten twice by Jack Rosenberg. Len Harvey defeated Jack Casey in England.

Jimmy Smith won over Lou Brouillard and Johnny Hayes. Ad Zackow kayoed Tony Benito in seven rounds. Al Rossi disposed of Sylvan Bass in the eighth. Danny Devlin scored over Tommy Rios. Frank Goosby won from Johnny Peppe. Billy Ketchell won over Jack Kilbourne and Tommy Rios. Hans Mueller kayoed George Cherubini in five rounds. Tony Delassandro disposed of Charley Johnson in the fifth.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, disposed of Tommy Herman in two rounds. Jimmy McLarnin ended Sammy Fuller's aspirations in the eighth. Joe Glick won from Alfred Gaona and lost to Young Corbett. Andy Callahan defeated King Tut. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Jackie Mason in two rounds and whipped Eddie Kid Wolfe. Teddy Yarosz scored over Jack King. Paulie Walker trimmed Morrie Sherman. Billy Townsend kayoed Andy Saviola in the third. Bucky Lawless drew with Tiger Roy Smith.

Freddy Polo kayoed Lew Halper in the eighth round and Puggy Cuspito in five. Murray Brandt disposed of Paola Villa in two heats. Eddie Ran kayoed Reuben Edmons in five but was beaten by Bep Val Klaveren. Jimmy Phillips defeated Gene Dundee. Eddie Flynn kayoed Harry Kid Wallace in four rounds. Millio Millitti whipped

And still another Great Book "THE SET-UP" by Joseph Moncure Marsh

It belongs in your library. No sports library should be without this splendidly written story, all in verse.

It's Gripping!
It's Absorbing!
It's Thrilling!

We have purchased a quantity of these, knowing that our army of Ring Book Shop readers would be glad to obtain this wonderful book at less than half of the market selling price.

A book that sells by the publishers for $2.00 is now available, as a Special offering to Ring Book Shop readers, at 75 cents and 10 cents additional for postage.

There aren't many left. The Ring Book Shop is your medium for obtaining the world's most celebrated sports books on boxing and wrestling at cheap prices. Take advantage of our offerings and build up a sports library that you'll feel proud of in years to come.

Send Cash or Money Order

THE RING BOOK SHOP
11 West 42nd St. New York City

Positively no C.O.D. orders and no dealers' discounts at this price.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

MY ratings of Michigan boxers follow:
HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack O'Dowd, Buddy McArthur, Flash Rizer.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Martin Levandowski, Pretit Ferarer, Johnny Voorse.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Freddy Heinz, Marty Simmons, Frankie Misko.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack December, Morrie Sherman, Pete Petroskey.
JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHTS—Orrie Mosher, Stanley Krannenberg, Herman Perlick.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Wesley Ramey, Jimmy Alvarado, Chuck Woods.
JUNIOR-LIGHTWEIGHTS—Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chevalier, George Riley.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Johnny Mitchell, Dario Mareno, Joe Pallazolla.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Ernie Maurer, Henry Gowatch, Bobby Thomas.
FLYWEIGHTS—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Johnny Thomas.

Morrie Sherman, the Detroit lad who went to New York and made himself a pile of money and a long list of victims, shellacked Eddie McKenna of New York in eight rounds on the Chocolate-Nebo card.

Martin Levandowski, the Grand Rapids strong boy, made one more stride in his march toward the light-heavyweight title when he knocked out Joe Doctor, Buffalo's pride and joy, in the fifth at Grand Rapids.

Chuck Woods, a Syrian kid from Detroit, and Orrie Mosher, Muskegan southpaw, provided plenty of fireworks in the semifinal. These lightweights slugged toe to toe from start to finish and a draw was the only appropriate decision.

In the preliminaries, Leon Jasinski, the colorful Grand Rapids light-heavy, put the crusher on K. O. Boyd, Cleveland, in the second; Bobby Gignac of Lansing, former amateur star, beat Mickey Hians of Detroit in six; Johnny Mitchell beat Billy Lee of Grand Rapids in four, and Andy Angelo, slugging Detroit 165-pounder, beat Pat Kinney of Grand Rapids in four.

Word came from San Diego that Johnny Minella, former featherweight favorite of Detroit, was stopped in two rounds by Husky Velasko of San Diego.

Paul Pirrone, well-known Cleveland middleweight, defeated Marty Simmons of Saginaw at Saginaw. Henry Gowatch, busy Detroit feather, shaded Franklin Young, fast-stepping colored boy, in six.

Benny McArthur, Saginaw lightweight, was beaten by Sailor Deshone, also of Saginaw, in six. Red Casson, Detroit featherweight, beat Eddie Matchmey of Flint in six, and Cecil Thorne, Flint, beat Joe Kidot, Saginaw.

Roger Bernard, well-known Flint boxer, lost on a technical knockout to Young Geno, of Chicago, as a result of a badly cut lip.

Tony Tassi was very fortunate in getting the decision over Henry Gowatch in the semifinal. Andy Angelo won by a shade over Frankie Veith, Detroit, in six. Mickey Misko, of the fighting Miskos of Saginaw, took a close one from Harry Stone of Detroit in four, and Mickey Hians and Sam Sivadot, a pair of Detroit bantams, drew in the other bouts.

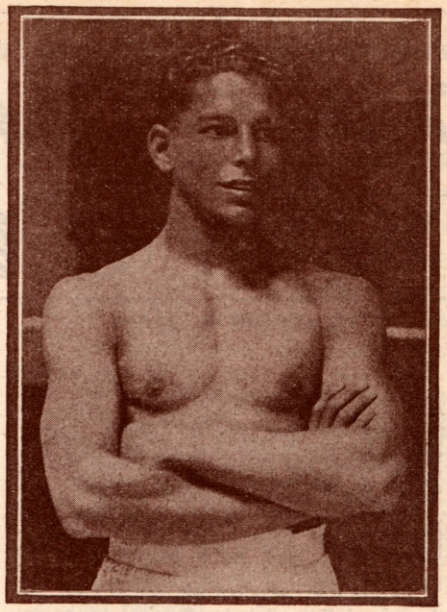
The Olympia staged two professional boxing shows during the month, but neither was a financial success. The first featured Retzlaff and Wine, who were tossed out of the ring by Referee Bob Sage. Charley Belanger and Billy Jones were in the semifinal, and what a fight that was! It ended in a good draw.

Jackie Sherman, the 18-year-old welter from the East Side, disposed of Johnny Ferrara, also of Detroit, in the first.

In the other show, featuring four ten-rounders, the house was hurt when Ray Foutts refused to let his Teddy Yarosz go on with Paulis Walker. Foutts claimed Yarosz had a cold but the Pittsburg star passed the physical exam. and for that reason he was suspended. Morrie Sherman was the only welter obtainable who was regarded a chance with Walker and he didn't fare so well. Sherman stayed the limit, but it is a wonder that he did. Eddie Ran stopped Young Reuben Edmans in the fifth of another headliner.

Ernie Maurer and Henry Gowatch figured in a great battle in one of the other ten-rounders. These lads slugged toe to toe throughout the fight and Referee Hennessy's decision in favor of a draw was met with approval. Billy Marrone, former amateur star, stopped Johnny Jaeger in the seventh. Jaeger had a badly cut lip.

Paul Glasscock knocked out Kid Lutz in the fourth of a scheduled six-rounder at Dearborn. Eddie Morrier whipped Battling Nettlow, six; Mike Michaels knocked out Young Anderson, one; and Willard Wylston beat Blondy Peer in the preliminaries.



Cyril Pluto, Son of the Great Pluto of Australia, a Good Prospect

At this writing the boys are guessing who will be the new state boxing commissioner. Bingo Brown, it is said, is going to resign. It is likely that either Jimmy Duffy or Harry Tuthill will get the job.

The Monroe A. C., at 34 Monroe Avenue, is being remodeled. This gym is owned by Archie Sillman and Harry Tuthill and is the only gym for professional boxers in the city. All the well-known boxers that come to town train there.

Wilbur Chevalier, well-known Bay City 128-pounder, is now in Cincinnati, where he is in the stable of Danny Davis.

At the Arena Gardens, Louie Newman staged a show featuring three ten-rounders. In the main go, Johnny Mitchell, state featherweight titleholder, and Dario Mareno, the Kalamazoo Mexican, battled with Mitchell getting the decision. Tony Tassi and Henry Gowatch fought in the semifinal and this time Gowatch received the duke. Al Henderson, hard-hitting Detroit lightweight, took an unpopular decision over Frankie Zavadil of Ecorse in ten.

Charley Long, colored light-heavyweight, who has fought all over the world, but who says he is from Los Angeles, stopped Pete Marlo in three rounds at Hazel Park. Long is a murderous puncher and has done well at the small clubs. Verne Boswick beat Milton "Babe" Albrecht in six, and Johnny Whiters beat Billy Cushing in six.

Jackie Sherman, East Side welterweight, looks to be a pretty fair prospect. Sherman, at this writing, has had six fights and has scored three knockouts. Sherman is managed by Eddie Fletcher, a former boxer. Another prospect is Billy Marrone.

At Grand Rapids, Primo Carnera knocked out Big Boy Peterson in the second.

Scotty Strachan has a good stable of fighters. Strachan handled Frankie Donnelly, Johnny Mitchell, Al Henderson and Andy Angelo.

Jack December, rugged Mt. Clemens welter, upset the dope when he defeated Morrie Sherman at Mt. Clemens. December did not win the state welterweight title because both boys weighed in at 148. Eddie Wells beat Johnny Nardoni in the semi-windup.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—Henry Gowatch is 18, is Italian and was christened Enrico Iacovacci . . . . Gideo Gowatch is 20 . . . . Ernie Maurer is 19 and is managed by Jimmy Brady . . . . Ansell Bell, who was a topnotch featherweight some years ago, and who fought Midget Smith, Joe Souza, Spencer Gardner, Curly Wilshur, Billy Grime and Tommy Paul, is in Detroit and is a leading trainer of boxers . . . . Johnny Mitchell has met some of the best, including Jimmy Vaughn, Tony Leto, Frankie Wallace and Paul Dazzo . . . . Frankie Donnelly has met Ross Fields and Babe Triscaro . . . . Morrie Sherman is 23 . . . . Andy "Kid" Brown has fought five times at Olympia and has never won there . . . . Which shows he is a crowd pleaser . . . . He is a clown, but when he lands that roundhouse right of his, it's curtains . . . . Dario Mareno is a pleasing little scrapper . . . . Stanley Krannenberg, Sammy Goldman and Wesley Ramey are out on the Pacific Coast . . . . George Riley is in New York and was successful in his first fight . . . . Johnny Jaeger has fought all through Ohio and California and is only 21 . . . . Billy Cooper is only 25 and has been fighting five or six years.

Frankie Donnelly, state flyweight champion fought a draw with Tony Viviano of St. Louis in the semifinal to Williams and Stillman at Evansville, Indiana.

Jack Reynolds, welterweight wrestling champion, lost two out of three falls to Wildcat McCann of Portland, Oregon, but retained his title as McCann was four pounds overweight. Wrestling seems to be doing better than boxing in Detroit now. Three clubs have been running shows at Olympia, Arena Gardens and the Naval Armory. There have been several sellouts at the Arena in the past month.

Dick Dunn, formerly associated with the Olympia of Detroit and the Boston Garden, is now promoting wrestling shows.

Henri DeGlane, the French-Canadian, who is claimant of the world's heavyweight wrestling championship, threw Freddy Myers of Chicago twice at the Olympia. Sandor Szabo defeated Jack Washburn in another match. Among the wrestlers seen in action here during the month were Wildcat McCann, Iota Shima, Hans Kampfer of Germany, Renato Gardini of Italy, John Catten of Canada, Jim Clinkstock, Ed Don George, Tiny Roebuck, Mike Romano, Jack Washburn, Leo Pinetski, Vanka Zelesniak, Sandor Szabo, Herbie Freeman, Gus Kallio, Henry Koln, George Sauer, Dude Chick, Joe Savoldi, Claude Swidell, Ray Meyers, Dude Chick, George Hill and Lou Sun Jennings.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

HERE are my annual ratings of boxers for this section:
HEAVYWEIGHTS—Angus Snyder, Dodge City; Fred Reese, Ft. Scott; Ken Schaeffer, Wichita.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack Charvez, Topeka; Chief Stanley, Dodge City; Louis Houser, Weir.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Fred Ott, Olivet; Cowboy Padgett, Brewster; LeRoy Peake, Pratt.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Kenny Hill, Wichita; Sandy Robinson, Baxter Springs; Frankie Smirl, Columbus.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Bobby Raymond, Topeka; Roy Wilson, Pittsburg; Johnnie Dean, Topeka.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Tommy Sabollos, Belleville; George Saunders, Beloit; Olin Bryant, Pittsburg.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Jackie Layman, Salina; Mickey O'Neill, Beloit; Earl Cecil, K. C., Kans.
No flyweight division.
The ratings of Kansas boxers are based on their activity within the state and their percentage of wins.

Bobby Raymond, lightweight, of Topeka, is outstanding in his class, and is the best looking prospect in the state.

The amateurs, as usual, were quite active last month at Chanute's American Legion affairs, Parsons American Legion shows, Kansas City, and at Hutchinson.

Clay Center—Fred Ott and Del Kennedy fought ten hard rounds to a draw.

K. C., Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Champions of junior boxing classes. H—Herbert Crump. L-H—Johnny Uzeal. M—Walter Wheeldon. L-W—Heine Johnson. F—Joe Ordway. B—Jimmie Messick. Fly—Bobby Ames. Paperweight—Alfonso Contreras.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook, featherweight champion, knocked out Terry Riley of Omaha in the second round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Houston Ash beat Joe Hansen in eight rounds. Roy Jacks beat Sert. Bob Brooks in eight. Johnny Owens knocked out Tod Morgan in three. Bobby Raymond defeated Charley Patrick in four rounds.

Hutchinson, Kans.—American Legion amateur boxing results. Francis Sayers got revenge by beating Pete Blanchard in a return bout. Blanchard knocked Sayers out in a previous bout. Joe Greek beat Truman Kennedy. Rube Powell knocked out Bill Canny in three. Joe Sturgon beat Kid Northcutt. Willis Sutton beat Manuel Maldanado. Dale Bessey beat Kid Crawford. John Renfrom beat Wayne Hoskinson.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Johnny Husong, premier promoter of the Southwest, was compelled to cancel his show with Primo Carnera at Wichita as there is no available good talent to fight the giant Italian. Husong expects to use the big battler after the first of the year. Jack Slattery still maintains a large stable of both pro and amateur fighters, Freddy Raigoza, the leading bantam of the amateur pack of the Southwest; Kenny Hill, the ace of the professional welters. Chas. Foley, 2505-Bellefontaine, K. C., Mo., is handling Roy Jacks, the promising young heavyweight, and seeks bouts with the best in this section. Hutchinson is drawing well at all amateur boxing bouts. Les Showers, ace of amateur promoters, is journeying in Texas and will go to Arizona next and possibly will stage a few tournaments in those states. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, says 1933 looks to be the best year for boxing since 1929.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO good feature matches, far above the average, were staged at Madison Square Garden last month, one between Kid Chocolate and Fidel La Barba, which developed into an exceptionally gruelling and exciting bout, and the other between Jimmy McLarnin and Sammy Fuller, which ended in the eighth round and gave McLarnin credit for a knockout.

Chocolate was forced to bring out every bit of ring strategy at his command to avert defeat. La Barba waged a furious rally in the latter rounds, which subjected Chocolate to a trying ordeal and almost finished him in the twelfth round.

This was the highlight of the fight and furnished more excitement in those three minutes than is ordinarily crowded in a full contest. Fidel attacked Chocolate viciously with a series of terrific left hooks in the mid-section and for the first two minutes it appeared as if the Cuban would go down any minute from the assault. La Barba, intent on the kill, switched to southpaw style to further his advantage and to get more power behind his hooks. This proved a serious mistake, as Chocolate, wise to the style of a southpaw, began to cross effectively with right counters and had La Barba in distress. Thus, from almost certain defeat, Chocolate came through with a rally such as seldom has been seen in the Garden.

La Barba was badly spent from his exertions, while Chocolate called on his reserve strength to enable him to hold the edge until the finish. Our score showed Chocolate winning seven rounds against six for La Barba and two even. It was a corking scrap and the booing of Chocolate at the finish was hardly justified. La Barba is to be commended for his great showing, especially after the cross-country trip that he made to arrive on time. He will profit considerably on the strength of that showing.

George Blake and La Barba were both disappointed with the verdict, but they took the decision gracefully and refused to comment on the legality of the award. Both Blake and La Barba are assets to the sport and boxing is the better for their presence.

On the Chocolate-La Barba card, Frank Battaglia, hard-hitting Winnipeg middleweight, settled the supremacy question with Chick Devlin for all time by giving him a trouncing in the ten-round semifinal. Battaglia was greatly handicapped by Devlin's refusal to stand up and make a good fight out of it. Battaglia had to do the chasing throughout the fight and injured his right hand before the clash was over. Petey Hayes and Vidal Gregario repeated their swatfest, this time the bout ending in a draw. Paul Dazzo, newcomer from Chicago, and Sid Lampe, staged a hectic six-round battle, which also ended with honors even, and Louis Salica, former amateur champion, won from Frankie Puccio in the opening fray.

After the reception that McLarnin received following his kayo over Fuller, it is our opinion that McLarnin will think twice before he accepts any more engagements with lightweights. This is the first time that Jimmy was openly hissed by the multitude, and his sensitive nature rebelled at the fickleness of the fans. McLarnin scaled one hundred and forty-five and one-half against one hundred and thirty-six for Fuller, and when they squared off it looked like a heavyweight sparring with a lightweight.

Fuller made a good fight under the circumstances and managed to annoy Jimmy on several occasions with his sweeping left hook, but the difference in their class was always evident. It was like a cat toying with a mouse before the kill. Fuller was floored four times, including the final knockdown, when he bounded off the ropes and fell to the floor, unable to arise. Sammy was down in the first and second rounds and twice in the eighth. It was a poor match for Fuller financially and commercially and it will take a while before he recovers his shattered morale.

The Boston money went down heavily on Fuller at 12 to 5, even though Fuller complained of a heavy cold before the fight, which brought his weight down exceptionally low. For both Berg matches in the Garden, Sammy weighed around 139 pounds on both occasions, and it was surprising to see him register so low against McLarnin, considering the match was made at the welterweight limit.

Two other sick gladiators fared disastrously on the program, but not as bad as Fuller. Eddie Kid Wolfe went into the ring with a heavy cold against Baby Joe Gans and, although scoring a knockdown in the second, his strength died and he did not have enough stamina to battle eight rounds at a fast clip and Gans whipped him mainly through infighting, which happens to be Wolfe's forte. Billy McMahon, another member of the grippe squad, gave a good account of himself against Tracey Cox, but Tracey's hard hitting slowed Billy down sufficiently to win.

Billy Townsend put Andy Saviola away in the third round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Andy subbed for Bep Val Klaveren, who was on the injured list and had sufficient sense to stay off the card. Emil Rossi scored over Al Santora in the opening six-rounder.

Speaking of Bep Val Klaveren, this rough Hollander is causing a furore in New York's fistic circles. He is whirlwind for throwing punches and though his blows lack knockout force, he supplies plenty of thrills. Two victories over Paola Villa and Eddie Ran set him in solidly with the local fraternity—At the St. Nicholas Rink, where Van Klaveren whipped Ran, Baby Joe Gans kayoed Jackie Mason in two rounds; Enzo Fiermonte put Paul Delaney away in the fourth round after scoring five knockdowns; Al Diamond whipped Eddie Foster and Danny Rosen outscored Vincent Valenti.

Benny Bass, now fighting under the management of Max Hoff, began a new campaign in New York by scoring two knockouts in two successive weeks at the St. Nicks. He put Eddie Reilly away in sensational style in the first session and the following week kayoed Dominick Petrone in three rounds. Bass, pound for pound, is a harder hitter than Jimmy McLarnin or any pugilist in the game today, and if he behaves himself under the new environment, will develop into Canzoneri's leading contender for the lightweight crown. Jack Rosenberg turned the tables on Paul Delaney and whipped him twice in succession and atoned for the defeat that Delaney subjected him to on a previous occasion—Tony Delassandro, middleweight protege of Jimmy Bronson, looked highly impressive when he put Charley Johnson away in five rounds—Patsy Pasculli, Harlem lightweight, showed his punching powers to advantage when he banged out a victory over Eddie Elkins at the Bronx Coliseum.

Ed Bang staged his annual Cleveland *News* charity show and gave the fans another bang-up card, which featured some of the best fighters in the country, and although the proceeds were not as plentiful as of previous years, there was a good-sized amount left for charity—Sammy Fuller topped the bill against Billy Wallace and won the verdict after ten rounds—Two features of the program uncovered Sammy Slaughter, middleweight demon from Terre Haute, who put Paul Pirrone away in four rounds, after being dropped himself in the third round for a nine count—Another surprise was the showing that Patsy Pirroni, young Canton heavyweight, made against Tom Heeney—Pirroni was injured in an accident several months ago and at that time it appeared certain that his ring career was finished—He somehow recovered and displayed high-class form in giving Heeney a thorough beating—Adolph Heuser, German light-heavyweight, scored over Eddie Simms, young Cleveland heavy, after a gruelling scrap in which both principals were covered with blood at the finish—Pete Nebo was given the award over Phil Zwick, but this decision did not meet with full approval—Zwick spotted his opponent ten pounds.

Packey O'Gatty, once a first-class bantamweight from the East Side of New York, is complaining of someone using his name on the Pacific Coast and claiming to be the original Packey—O'Gatty has been in retirement for over five years and wishes it announced—Eddie Murdock claims that he fought and defeated Ray Dula once but in the western results of last month's RING, Dula is said to have beaten him in their second engagement and Murdock is positive that there only was one battle staged between them—Jimmy Slavin, following an operation for appendicitis, went to the Pacific Coast to recuperate—Harry Felix and Joe Chap are running the Paramount Gymnasium in Brooklyn—Fans will remember Felix as a clever lightweight of a few years back—Sidney Roth, Al Optican and Marty Lehrer, confirmed fight fans, all disagreed on the official verdict of the Chocolate-La Barba bout—Roth thought Chocolate won, while Optican gave it to La Barba, while Lehrer, sometimes known as Dr. Fu, played safe and called it even.

Battling Battalino, following an announcement that he had retired, thought the matter over and decided to step into the ring again only when the financial arrangements were highly satisfactory—Battalino is far from the fighter he was. He will never reach the form he attained as a featherweight—Wesley Ketchell, western southpaw, gave Ace Hudkins a trimming in Hudkins' attempted comeback and it looks like Ace is seeking the impossible—Hudkins enjoyed a meteoric career, beginning from the lightweight class and finishing among the heavyweights—There are quite a few boys today who can't seem to realize that they are through and among the topnotchers we can recall Hudkins, Tommy Loughran, Sammy Mandell, who should retire before the inevitable finish—Gus Wilson is having quite a time on the Coast—Eugene Huat split even in two decisions, winning from Little Pancho and losing to Speedy Dado—Billy Hogan has scored two straight wins, while Joe Ghnouly is waiting the call to enter the ring against Bobby Pacho.

Eddie Mead went to Miami for the winter, where he will operate with his stable of mitt-wielders—Lew Magnolia expects to have a club there this winter and will have Tony Canzoneri in one bout if the champ ever makes a Southern invasion—Walter Friedman is now controlling the destiny of King Levinsky and expects to perform miracles with him—George Raft stayed in town for several weeks and spent much of his spare time with the boys in the boxing outfit—George is a rabid fight fan, and his new secretary, Mac Green, who went to the Coast with Joe Glick and made a connection with Raft, and all of Brownsville is excited over his good luck—Red Boyette captured the National Guard heavyweight championship from Mickey Taylor.

Jackie Kid Berg is back again with a chip on his shoulder and wants to give Chocolate a chance to wipe the two decisions that he holds over him and is particularly keen on meeting Billy Petrolle again—Berg made a moving picture in England and his chief ambition now is to be back in the limelight, fistically speaking—Nel Tarleton injured his hand when he was beaten by Seaman Watson and is dying to meet his erstwhile conqueror in another go—If Marcel Thil, Cleto Locatelli, Walter Neusel and Jackie Brown visit this country we will be visited by a quartet of formidable fighting men—A meeting between Brown and Wolgast will clear the flyweight situation, while Thil will have plenty of competition among Battaglia, Shade, Jeby, Slaughter and Dundee—Eddie Walker is looking for new fistic material, preferably men in the middleweight class—Among the band leaders of the future, don't be surprised to see the name of Tony Canzoneri—Tony is going on a vaudeville tour and his ambitions are serious in that direction.

The report that Jeff Dickson would desert Europe to promote the bout between Max Schmeling and Max Baer would be interesting if true—Dickson is a promoter in more senses than one and has vision and character and imagination, which is highly essential for one in his endeavor—Dickson is a native Mississippian, who left this country after the war, and has performed miracles on the other side—He started his ventures in Paris and extended his activities to England, Italy and Germany—He would be a great help to bring boxing out of its condition—Dempsey, who was to promote with Dickson, will go it alone in New York. He has signed Schmeling and Baer for an outdoor show next June.

Carnera is still on a barnstorming tour and doing very good against the second-raters—Tony Canzoneri is more eager than ever to tackle McLarnin, but he will have to concede over thirteen pounds, which is quite a handicap—James Flood, manager of the Forrest Hotel, plays host to the boys in the fistic fraternity and the lobby is always crowded with discussions concerning the merits of respective idols, and Jimmy generally leads the debate with the virtues of Billy Petrolle.

DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS
By HAROLD T. BUCKLEY

MARTIN BURKE, New Orleans' leading fistic promoter, is optimistic about the coming year's prospects. With Eddie Flynn, former Olympic, turning professional and scoring a knock-out in his professional debut, Jimmy Beeson, rugged, hard-hitting middleweight, and Tony Cangiamilla in the flyweight class to feature. Burke has a most promising list of gladiators to feature.

Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis welterweight, who showed great form here in his bout with Ray Kiser, is expected to engage in a few bouts during February and March, and Wolfe, as a lightweight, was the best drawing card that New Orleans ever boasted. Wolfe, in the welterweight division, is faster and carries more wallop than in his light-weight days and Burke expects to use him against Teddy Yarosz and Tony Herrera shortly.

Georgie Raft, making a personal appearance tour here, was wined and dined by the New Orleans sporting fraternity, and George claims that the Southern hospitality is second to none. Raft wanted to stay here indefinitely but his book-ing forced him to leave after a week's stay.

Louis Jallos, Greek lightweight from Cleveland, who came here highly recommended by Damon Runyon, stayed here for several months and made a host of friends during his stay. He returned to New York after losing the decision to Erwin Berlier.

Emile Bruneau, youngest and one of the leading managers in New Orleans, has an ace in the hole in Battling Shaw, Mexican lightweight. This baby can punch hard, and in his last bout whipped Berlier.

The following are my selections of the three outstanding boxers in each division for New Orleans:

FLYWEIGHTS—Tony Cangiamilla, Nutzie Liuzza, Caveman Farace.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Buck Vaughn, Mickey Francis, Joey Martinez.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Al Jerome, Patsy Flannigan, Russell Gonzales.

JUNIOR-LIGHTWEIGHTS—Joe Argiz, Jimmy Lacoume, Spider Spindel.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Battling Shaw, Ervin Berlier, Johnny Cook.

JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHTS—Archie Lewis, Matt Brock, Kid Oser.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Eddie Flynn, Eddie Walters, Johnny Chone.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Buster Mallini, Jimmy Beeson, "Moon" Couns.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jeff Carroll, Big Boy Peterson, Oliver St. Blanc.

The lad who has made the greatest headway in any division during the year here is Battling Shaw, a lightweight, and the boy who, in my opinion, shows the most promise and will go far during the coming year is Eddie Flynn, former amateur welterweight champion of the world.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

EDDIE BURL of Jacksonville, Fla., and Jimmy Mack of Phila. fought the best bout seen in these parts in some time, with honors even. The bantams fought like a pair of gamecocks, neither taking a back step at any time. Roddy Davis, promising Washington lightweight, had an easy time with the aged Toney Ross of Balti-more in the other eight-rounder.

Jimmy Reed made a miserable showing against Young Firpo of Philly when he went out on a claim of a foul in the seventh at the Portner Arena. Referee Short refused to allow the claim.

Johnny Brennan of Reading, Pa., was no match for Eddie Burl in a feature eight-rounder at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va. Roddy Davis scored another easy victory in trouncing Jimmy Tramberia of Balto. in eight heats.

Benny Schwartz stopped the winning ways of Eddie Burl at the Portner Arena in eight heats. Schwartz was far too clever for the willing Florida boxer.

Reds Barry's sensational win over Arthur Hut-tick in Massachusetts was pleasing to his many supporters in this vicinity.

Cowboy Owen Phelps and Joe Knight packed the Portner Arena at Alexandria, with Knight having an easy time of it. In round four Joe put the Cowboy on the floor.

PICKUPS—Roddy Davis is looking better with each start. He has scored 15 straight victories. Jimmy Reed is about washed up in these parts after his sorry showing against Young Firpo. Eddie Burl and Jimmy Mack would have drawn a capacity house if the boys had been rematched before Benny Schwartz got a crack at Burl and made him look like a novice. Boxing in Baltimore is at a standstill except for the short shows held at the Gayety and Palace Theaters.

My annual ratings follow:

A-B—

FLYWEIGHT—No good flyweights in this vicinity.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Benny Schwartz, Dick Welsh, Billy Landers.

FEATHERWEIGHT—No good featherweights in this vicinity.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Jackie Portney, Tootsie Bashara, Buster Brown.

WELTERWEIGHT—Ken Oberlin, Joe Small-wood, Ray Bowen.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Vince Dundee, Sylvan Bass, Joey Raymond.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Owen Phelps.

HEAVYWEIGHT—Reds Barry, Marty Gal-lagher, Natie Brown.

C—Vince Dundee.

D—Reds Barry. During the past year Barry defeated Marty Gallagher, Natie Brown, Herman Weiner, Justine Zuritice, Jack McCarthy and Arthur Huttick. Barry's only defeats were to Bob Godwin in the Garden, which was very question-able according to the press, and to Joe Knight in ten rounds at Miami, Fla. In the Knight match, Barry acted as a substitute and traveled the two days prior to the bout to be there in time. He made the trip from Wash., D.C., to Miami in a day coach in order to get there in time. Barry is now 18 years of age and has engaged in more than forty battles, and has never been stopped.

E—Tony Canzoneri.

IN TEXAS
By PAUL WEST

THE boxing situation in Texas is very pre-carious, due to the anti-boxing law. This is also augmented by the oversupply of pro-moters, who have been putting on as many as seven shows a week. This resulted in giving the game a black eye from inexperienced promoters, poor shows, boxers not receiving their money and numerous other complaints. So it is recon.mended that any managers or boxers coming to Texas deal with a reliable promoter like Dick Griffin, of Fort Worth American Legion.

My ratings for the year follow:

FLYWEIGHT—Kid Ruby, Lee Moreno, Jesse Garza.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Henry Moreno, Kid Wil-liams, Bennie Perez.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Spider Calmes, Robert Gomez, Rusty McGinnis.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Tony Herrera, Carlos Gar-cia, Midget Mexico.

JUNIOR-WELTERWEIGHT—Johnny Owens, Kid Johnson, Kid Snakes.

WELTERWEIGHT—Duke Trammel, Red Hughes, Ralph Sikes.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Art Dula, Kid Wright, Mike Delaney.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Cowboy Owen Phelps, Clyde Chastain, Chuck Burns.

HEAVYWEIGHT—Ed Dunaway, Champ Cluck, Joe Rice.

Outstanding boxer for the past year is Henry Moreno.

Most promising for headway for the coming year is Champ Cluck.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

OLD MAN 1932 saw the development of fewer promising boxers in Western New York. With wrestling having its inning, very few professional boxing shows were staged by Pro-moter C. J. Murray, but the writer believes the mat sport has seen its best days and that boxing in 1933 will be enjoying a sharp comeback. The best boxers in their respective divisions who hail from this vicinity rate as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Joe Doctor, Buffalo; Tommy Baxter, Buffalo; Jack Grant, Attica.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Lou Scozza, Buf-falo; George Nichols, Buffalo; Jim Slattery, Buffalo.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Snowflake Wright, Buf-falo; Tony Tozzo, Buffalo; Vic Weiss, Buffalo.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Sam Bruce, Buffalo; Steve Halaiko, Buffalo; Bill Sawyer, Buffalo.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Tony Scilino, Buffalo; Sammy Sacco, Buffalo; Billy Kawolik.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Tommy Paul, Buf-falo; Johnny McCoy, Buffalo; Joe Gerace, Buffalo.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Bobby Clary, Johnny Perrine, Ray Rollison.

The boxer who appears to be most promising and likely to make headway during 1933 here is Tommy Baxter, heavyweight.

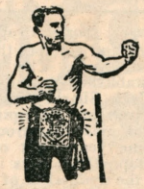
Frankie Schoell, formerly a strong contender for the world's welter title, is convalescing in a local hospital, where he underwent a major opera-tion for stomach trouble. Frankie's friends will be pleased to learn that he is on the road to recovery.

Jim Slattery remains idle. The former light-heavy star could still make some money in the ring if he were to get down to business and condition himself. Credit where it is due.

A new club, the Buffalo Sporting Club, is operating. Ed Deliwuk, matchmaker, will con-centrate on wrestling.

Good boxers of all weights wanting to get in on the big boom that's coming should write to Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk Ave., Buffalo. Box-ers should be free from managerial contracts and tieups.

Sent On Approval



Gus Martel's World Famous, Most Com-plete Boxing, Copy-righted Fighting and Training Course Pub-lished Today sent you on approval. How could he dare unless it was the World's Best?

Besides you get his Copyrighted K. O. Punches that enabled him to K. O. over 500 men all within 3 rounds and become World's K. O. Record Holder, Famous Developer of Champions and Undefeated Amateur Lightweight Champion of the World.

5 COURSES FREE TO YOU

if you cannot accomplish all of the following;

Make your body stronger.

Double your reach and speed.

Stand on a handkerchief without being hit, as he taught Griffo.

Avoid all blows without parry, side step or breaking ground.

Possess a K. O. in either hand.

Save you one-half on eating and gain strength.

Reduce or gain weight at desired poundage.

If a 3-inch movement does not make all leads and counters go harmlessly by as above illustrated—

Then the 5 courses, Fighting, Boxing, Training, Physical Culture, Muscular Devel-opment, etc., are all

FREE TO YOU

Send only 25 cents to pay postage, and shipment handling, and after you get his 5 courses, if you consider them the world's best, then send him $1.00 which is full pay for what he has sent you.

Fill in, tear off and mail at once.

GUS MARTEL, Dept. 30, 198 Broadway, New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

For Exchange

One complete set, bound volumes of "The Ring," 1922 to 1923 inclusive—for bound volumes or un-bound volumes of "The Police News." Will also exchange books of The Ring Book Shop, including the bound volumes of "The Ring" for old bound volumes of "The Police Gazette." The 1922, 1923 and 1924 bound volumes of "The Ring" are no longer available and already are selling at a premium. These volumes are now worth, 1922, $30; 1923, $25; 1924, $25.

I have four bound volumes of Pierce Egan's Boxiana—New condition. Will exchange for rare boxing books. M. WALSH, 30 Willard Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Will exchange rare English and Irish racing prints, gorgeous colors, for old boxing books or books with colored illustrations by Cruikshank, Leech or Aiken. Also for sets of "Mirror of Life," "Famous Fights," "Illustrated News," or "Police News." MIKE HENNESSEY, Box 12, The Ring, 11 West 42nd St., New York City.

Have you any old-time boxing programs, or other boxing souvenirs? I'll exchange books on boxing, any listed in Ring Book Shop, for such souvenirs. Must be old—especially wanted—boxing colors of old champions, old contracts signed by fighters and managers. Ad-dress NAT FLEISCHER, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

Wanted—Copy of Pancretia—NAT FLEISCHER, The Ring.

MEN—A Gland Tonic—FREE

Science has now found a way of supplying the body with gland secretions which certain glands often fail to produce sufficiently and which are absolutely necessary for building health, strength and vitality. You can have *free proof*. Send for our wonderful GLAND TONIC—GOLDGLAN—and Try It 20 Days ABSOLUTELY FREE—NO OBLIGATION This successful treatment has brought pep and strength to thousands of run-down, weak men and women. Should quickly do the same for *you!* NO LETTER NECESSARY. Just send this ad with your name and address and 10c for postage and packing. Complete treatment sent at once. Medical Aid Bureau, 529 S. La Salle St., Chicago. Dept. GA- 324

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

BOXING, one of the major sports, dropped to a low level in attendance and receipts throughout the country during 1932. The highest mark in attendance was established at the heavyweight title bout between Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling at New York June 21. Receipts were $350,000. The season was the most disastrous boxing has encountered in some years, not only in attendance, but in the few topnotch boxers in each division participating, and the reduction of established clubs.

Boxers, in most instances, have not realized that the boom days have passed. They want overlarge purses. This and the 10 per cent tax levied by the government on June 20, in addition to the almost universal tax of 10 per cent received by the various state athletic commissions, leaves too small a margin of profit for promoters to work on. These and several other difficulties have caused boxing to suffer.

The eyes of the fistic world were directed toward Texas during the November elections. An amendment to make boxing legal was offered to the voters in the person of Ma Ferguson, who was re-elected governor.

In this state the Barr bill providing for 15 rounds in heavyweight title contests was passed and Illinois now is in the field for major bouts. The huge Soldiers' field on the lake front and the Chicago Stadium are large enough to house the thousands attracted to a championship clash.

Fistic chips—Primo Carnera likes to go cabareting after a bout . . . . Joey Burman, former bantamweight contender, is doing well as the proprietor of a tailor shop here . . . . Young Terry, Trenton, N. J., fighter, believes drinking soup is a fine celebrant following a victory . . . . Walter (Good Time Charley) Friedman, New York boxing manager was given his nickname by Damon Runyon . . . . Mike Collins, Minneapolis, Minn., promoter, is a great fight enthusiast.

Manny Seaman, former trainer for Benny Leonard, was born and raised in Chicago and is a bachelor . . . . Frankie Harmon, son of the late Paddy Harmon, first president of the Chicago Stadium, has signed a lease to promote fights at the White City roller skating rink for 10 per cent of gross, with a minimum price of $250. One of Hawthorne race track's prominent officials is backing Harmon.

Jim Mullen, who made thousands of dollars for himself and others promoting bouts, can dance like all get out! . . . . Sammy Mandell, reinstated in National Boxing association territory by the state boxing commission, was born Samuel R. Mandello . . . . Solly Schuman, who quit boxing to manage a successful restaurant at Ogden and Hamlin avenues, tells us that Mayor Cermak and his secretary, Henry Sonnenschein, listen to us over radio station WEDC every Tuesday and Thursday nights at 10:30.

Primo Carnera, 261-pound Italian boxer, was born at Venice, Italy, 26 years ago. Although he doesn't come from an athletic family he always liked to box. Leon See, French promoter, first recognized ring possibilities in Carnera. Primo did not go far in school, although he is able to talk French, Italian, American and several other languages pretty fluently. Carnera does not prefer the big to the small boxers, being willing to meet anybody.

Do you remember 'way back when—several patrol wagons backed against Tichenors' barn at 59th and Paulina to be loaded with 200 fans who had assembled for the match between Steve Ketchell and Mickey Sheridan in 1913? The late Eddie McGovern went bail for the crowd. Tichenors' barn has been torn down.

Dave Biggerstaff, boxing instructor at the Community Recreation center, reports that the annual Brach Candy Company show which was arranged by Biggerstaff and John Lyman, manager of the Recreation center, was a huge success. Seventeen hundred attended.

Dave Mearns, veteran announcer, has signed to manage Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City, Mich., featherweight star. Chevalier is said to be seeking matches with Eddie Shea and Paul Dazzo. He has had 119 bouts, winning 74 decisions, scoring 32 knockouts and losing only 7. His best accomplishments are a draw with Johnny Datto and victories over Jackie Sharkey and Paul Wangley.

SOME OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT—Chuck Logan, Rainbo Fronton matchmaker, was born Charles Utecht . . . . K. O. White's right name is Little White . . . . It is reported that George Kamberson, Southwest-Side politician, will replace William Troxell as secretary of the Illinois athletic commission . . . . Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis featherweight, was sparring with an amateur at Trafton's gymnasium when the novice stopped the bout to tell Sharkey: "Look out for my right hand, willya. I gotta sprained thumb."

Mike McNulty, St. Paul fight manager, sneaked up behind Duke Barry the other day and mumbled: "Let me have a dime for a cuppa coffee, willya?" Barry, not knowning it was a joke, didn't even turn around. He perked up and strutted like a peacock, saying, "No, no, no."

Billy Stevens, former Chicago promoter, is to open a boxing club in Cleveland this month . . . . Tuffy Griffith, west side heavyweight, who received $25,000 for beating King Levinsky at the Chicago Stadium some months ago, will be a hat salesman for his father-in-law, John Hayes, when he is through as a boxer . . . . The Illinois athletic commissioner's lease for the offices in the Mallers building will expire June 30, 1933. Rent is $365 per month . . . . Charles Van Cura, who smoked cigarettes while a number of men took 40 minutes to extricate him from under a yard engine, only to die 24 hours later, was a former heavyweight boxer, Charley Van . . . . Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh welterweight, employs a private tutor to teach him two hours a day until he makes up enough credits to entitle him to a high school diploma to allow him to enter college.

Mickey Walker, former welterweight and middle champion, is a good straight pool player . . . . Scott Marriner, father-manager of Les Marriner, has been a printer for 40 years . . . . Max Gorman, chief inspector of the state boxing commission, has four daughters, two of whom are school teachers.

Max Baer, California heavyweight, who is one of the gamest fighters in the ring today, was a physical and moral coward only four years ago when he weighed 195 pounds, five less than he does now. Max said that at the time he would compel one or both of his sisters to accompany him wherever he went to keep the street corner loafers and bullys in Livermore from quarreling with him. But the weakness ended one night when a bully insulted Baer's dancing partner and Max knocked him out.

The fight idea got a strong hold on Baer then and he started his ring career, compiling a record of 19 knockouts while winning 23 professional bouts in a row. Bob McAllister, former light heavyweight boxer, taught Max how to box and managed him in his early matches. Then Ham Lorimer of San Francisco enticed Baer to sign a five-year managerial contract two years ago by presenting Max with an automobile which he took back after the deal was consummated, it is said. The fighter was 21 at the time.

The Lorimer contract is a fifty-fifty split with Ancil Hoffman, San Francisco promoter, but Baer is seeking the break with Lorimer only. A misunderstanding began between Lorimer and Baer following Max's fatal knockout of Frankie Campbell two years ago.

Baer's gameness cannot be questioned. In his 43 bouts Max has lost seven. He lost a decision to Les Kennedy and a few months later knocked out Kennedy. Ernie Schaaf gave him a whipping in his first encounter in New York. The result of the return match with Schaaf last Aug. 31, is history, Baer knocking out Schaaf two seconds before the bout ended.

Baer, who is a playboy, was born in Omaha, Nebr., Feb. 9, 1909, and is the oldest of two boys. His brother is 17 years old, but he is taller than Max and weighs 240 pounds. Max has two sisters. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Baer, are of German and Jewish heritage.

Gerald Ambrose Griffith was nicknamed Tuffy shortly after he was able to play with the neighbors' kids in Sioux City, Ia., where he was born 25 years ago. Griffith never weighed more than a paper bag soaking wet until he left Central High at Sioux City where he played football. Tuffy was a little more than a lightweight then and he gradually grew to his present poundage of 188.

When Griffith was 12 years old and weighed 92 pounds, he started boxing. Of course, he didn't box as a professional from the start, but he has boxed 13 years. Strenuous playing with bigger and stronger boys strained Tuffy's heart and caused leakage of the vital organ, but the nickname again proved just right for Gerald outgrew the ailment. Tuffy has boxed in every division, from flyweight to heavyweight.

Griffith's mother and father were farmers in northern Nebraska and in Iowa until a few years ago when Tuffy and his three brothers and two sisters left the family fireside for other fields of endeavor. His mother is 58 years old and weighs 170 pounds and his dad, Fred Griffith, is 59, 6 feet, four inches tall and weighs 270.

Tuffy first came to Chicago in 1927 to witness the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney heavyweight championship battle at Soldiers' Field. He knocked out Joe Corrado and whipped Ted Ross before returning to Sioux City where he went to Trinity college. Griffith quit after a year at Trinity and came back to Chicago to launch his professional boxing career in earnest.

Griffith knows he hasn't much longer to go as a heavyweight leader and he is making plans to study law when he hangs up the gloves. Mrs. Griffith, the former Miss Helen Hayes, is encouraging Tuffy to go into the hat business with her father.

The following are my selections of boxers in this section of the country for 1932:

FLYWEIGHT—Johnny Nate, South Bend, Ind.; Frankie Sanello, Chicago; James Kenny, Morris, Ill.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Nick Scalba, Chicago; Harry Fierro, Chicago; Tony Shea, Chicago.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Paul Dazzo, Chicago; Eddie Shea, Chicago; Kid Irish, St. Louis, Mo.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Barney Ross, Chicago; Harry Dublinsky Chicago; Prince Saunders, Chicago.

WELTERWEIGHT—Jack King, Little Rock, Ark.; Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill.; Dick Sisk, Chicago.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Jack Kilbourne, Chicago; Kid Leonard, Moline, Ill.; Jack Moran, Chicago.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Roy Williams, Chicago; Mickey Patrick, East Chicago, Ind.; Willie Oster, Chicago.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack Roper, Chicago; King Levinsky, Chicago; Seal Harris, Chicago.

Paul Dazzo has made the best headway in the last year.

Nick Scalba, formerly Nick Scialaba, has shown best promise during 1932 and should make great headway next year.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED

NOW READY

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box"

Only $1.00

Nothing like it on the market.

Combines the old Corbett Scientific Boxing Book which is now out of print and the old

"HOW TO BOX"

With many new features and new illustrations.

Every prep school, high school, college boy who takes up boxing for recreation purposes and just to know the manly art of self-defense—

Every amateur boxer who seeks to rise to fame and win local, state or national honors—

Every professional fighter, whether a beginner or one who has had considerable success in his chosen field—

Should have a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest Masterpiece, Newly Revised Third Edition of

"HOW TO BOX"

With a foreword by James J. Corbett, the master of fistic science, 20 new illustrations, seven new chapters and 12 additional pages.

Every teacher of physical education, every instructor of boxing in schools or colleges, should have not only a copy for himself as a guide but should see that his pupils also get a copy.

Every boxer at Annapolis, where the great Spike Webb has turned out the world's greatest college fighters, has had a copy of "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," through the recommendation of Spike Webb, whose system is one that turns out only champions.

If Annapolis champions think so much of "How to Box," and "Training for Boxers," why not follow the example of successful athletes?

Even if you have already in your possession a copy of "How to Box," you should also get a copy of the New Revised Edition of this great treatise.

Nat Fleischer's Revised Edition of "How to Box"

Fill out this coupon and mail with $1.00 to
THE RING BOOK SHOP,
11 West 42nd St., New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

"How to Box"

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

TONY GORA is a bonzer lad, and it's a pity to see him and his kind sacrificed to make a Stribling picnic. When he met Strib in Adelaide, Tony was hopelessly overmatched. Outweighed by two stone, inches shorter in height and reach, and years younger in age and experience, Gora hadn't a dog's chance against Willie, the Clutch. Against men of his own poundage, he always delivers the goods. He need not be disheartened by having to toss in the towel after six rounds with Strib. Forget it, Tony, and you'll still get back to Honolulu with a swell reputation.

Les Ferris and Ern Evans, contesting the Australian bantamweight championship, provided absolutely the best meal of brawn, biff, and jabbage offered to Melbourne fans in a long, long time. They fought "all out" through the whole fifteen-round journey. And Evans is lucky to be still champ, as Ferris went within a whisker of lifting the crown that night. The crowd and the Press both howled down the referee's verdict.

In an attempted comeback, Billy Edwards stepped in where many a fistic angel would fear to tread—with the promising Adolf Heintz. He reaped the awful consequences, too! All the grit and what was left of the once great skill of Edwards could not prevent his being belted down and out in four rounds.

Ambrose Palmer (12.1) rose to comparatively dizzy heights during the month. After the Stribling mill, we could not help wondering what would happen next. But Ambrose has made such an auspicious reappearance that we Aussies are up in the clouds again. To begin with, he took the nod from Clyde Chastain. It was Clyde's first defeat in seven local starts; but there was no doubt about it. Palmer then ran up against Johnny Freeman—two stone heavier—and won decisively. With the added confidence and experience doubtless gained in these matches, methinks Palmer will go so far as to make all previous forecasts look cheap. Hope so.

And now for the 1932 Australian ratings:
HEAVYWEIGHT—Ambrose Palmer (T)—Best prospect, George Singleton.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Ambrose Palmer.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Ambrose Palmer, Jack Carroll (T), Ron Richards, Fred Henneberry.
WELTERWEIGHT—Jack Carroll, Bobby Blay, Billy Jones (T)—Best prospect, Royce McGrath.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Bobby Delaney (T), Llew Edwards, Jimmy Kelso.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Llew Edwards (T).
BANTAMWEIGHT—Ern Evans (T), Les Ferris.
FLYWEIGHT—Vic White (T).
(T)—Titleholder.

Palmer has been doing most of his work with heavyweights during the past year, but he is more light-heavy than anything else. At the same time, he can still make middleweight comfortably, and is therefore on top in that division also. Carroll is the best of the others, though very light (10.7), and Ron Richards is becoming more dangerous every week. Carroll is the outstanding welter, with Blay a good second.

Delaney heads the lightweights and is a great little fighter. Llew Edwards, like Delaney, is unapproached in his own division. The bantam supremacy rests between an exceptionally good champion, Ern Evans, and an exceptionally good challenger, Les Ferris. And Vic White has grown old under the flyweight toga.

In "The Ring's" annual rankings, Ambrose Palmer and Jack Carroll deserve places very near the top of the middle and welter divisions, respectively—not away down in the ruck, as last year. Palmer should also be well up among the 175-pound boys. They are two of the best in the world today—and my view is endorsed not only by local critics, but by overseas boxers and managers who have seen them in action. Two others who have earned a rating in their divisions are Bobby Blay (welter) and Bobby Delaney (light). And on top of all that let's see Ron Richards listed as the best middleweight prospect of the month.

A return meeting between Cecil Kid Como (U.S.A.) and Jimmy Kelso, at Leichhardt, was easily won by Como. The local boy was outclassed.

Ron Richards made Queensland hearts go—aw, you know—when he clashed with Jimmy Pearce. Ron sent over the little old K.O. in exactly 61 seconds of the first round! A well-nigh perfect right to the button. . . . Richards is one dark cloud that has Southern pugs looking out for squalls. And no wonder!

The last Australian appearance of Young Stribling was an interlude with George Thompson in Perth: a six-round T.K.O. win for Strib. A fortnight previous—in Sydney—he and Johnny Freeman gave a disgusting performance, declared "no fight". . . . And all this after the splendid welcome Australia gave the "Georgia Peach" only a few months ago! . . . Strib, subsequent to the Palmer mill, not only failed to come up to expectations, fistically speaking, but by his attitude and practices in the ring he insulted the entire Aussie boxing world, which had so willingly and sincerely extended the glad hand on his arrival. . . . . Too bad, Willie!

A bloke who should be disqualified for life is Young Llew Edwards, of Melbourne. He's the best featherweight in the country, but, unfortunately, is too well aware of the fact. Matched with Al Foreman (and in his own home town!) Edwards sat through the prelims., and then calmly walked out of the stadium. Left promoter, opponent, and audience cold, just because the "gate" wasn't big enough! And it's not the first, but the third time, he's pulled the same stunt.

SMALL FRY—Ern Evans K.O.'d Pat Craig, and Craig lost on points to Patsy Kelly . . . . Fred Henneberry was far too classy for Al Burke . . . . At Adelaide, Ray Davis won from Bert Cossach (both welters), points, 10 rounds . . . . Royce McGrath, hailing from Wagga (N.S.W.), has brought a breath of welcome country air into the Sydney ring . . . . and may get some place, some time . . . . knocked out Wally Hancock, anyway . . . . Alf Wells beat Billy Madden in 15 heats, and Jack O'Brien did the same to Len White . . . . Harry Lister and Jim Richardson have left Perth for N.Z. and Vic. . . . And that, my dear Watson, is all.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

CONRAD CONDE, Cuba's sterling featherweight, after a two-year stay in the United States returned to Havana and scored a two-round knockout over one of Havana's outstanding featherweights, Criso Perez.

Prudencio Arce, the little Jack Dempsey of the bantams, scored a five-round knockout over Julio Recio, and Kid Vallespin, easily beat Young Uzcundun in a six-rounder. Antonio Heavia beat Manolo Vazquez, and Higinio Ruiz drew with Joaquin Jorge. Jose Hernandez drew in six with Paulino Dieguez.

Alejandro Cordo had a hard job defeating Luis Kaplan in four rounds, but he still maintains his unbeaten record. Olayo Nebot lost a six-rounder to Joaquin Torregrosa. Humbert Casals in bad shape lost a six-round bout to Joaquin Jorge. Kid Barcelona lost a close decision to Frank Rodriguez, and Mario Jardines beat Jose Belmonte in three rounds.

Panchon Martinez upset the dope by easily outpointing Isidro Delgado in ten rounds. Panchon is a pocket edition of Kid Chocolate.

Manolo Garcia is Cuba's coming heavyweight. Only a mere lad, he now stands six feet and weighs 185 pounds. He has had two bouts, scoring knockouts in both of them. Alejandro Yanes knocked out Julio Gonzalez; Norberto Alfonso beat Oscar Martinez, and Kid Espinosa beat Luis Castillo.

Al Singer and his wife on their way to Panama spent a few hours in Havana.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's sturdy bantamweight contender, is in Panama. Santana is a colorful performer.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's pride, returned to Havana after his scrap with La Barba and looks fine.

Aramis Del Pino, a few years back one of Cuba's greatest lightweights, has been elected matchmaker for the new stadium now under construction. Boxers and managers interested in bouts should write to Sr. Aramis Del Pino, Galiano 38, altos, Havana, Cuba.

Armando Vidal, another Cuban featherweight, has just returned to Havana after a four-year stay around the South. He piled up a good record.

Antonio Horas, Spanish middleweight of class, is a drawing card in this burg.

Joaquin Torres, known as Chocolatico Reglano, twice drew with the speedy Humbert Casals in six rounds. Chocolatico, an ex-stable mate of Kid Chocolate, was once taken to the U.S.A. by Pincho Gutierrez as a great prospect, but his initial defeat at Mitchell Field spoiled the lad's chances.

Ramon Molina, the fast-rising soldier battler, came over big by his six-round victory over Castor Fernandez, the Asturian lightweight. Molina is one of Cuba's coming lightweights.

Joaquin Torregrosa after a fifteen-round contest, was awarded the decision over Enrique Santos, thereby winning the Lightweight Championship of Cuba.

Rafael Valdes, Cuba's flyweight champion, scored a three-round knockout over Baby Marmon.

Olayo Nebot drew in six rounds with Roberto Monar.

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING
Riding Academy Five Minutes from Camp Bridle Path

THIN? Would you like to increase your weight ten, twenty, thirty pounds or more? Write for free information on How to Rapidly Put on Weight and How to Keep it.
Dr. E. L. Holt, 512 Haas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING UNLESS

IT GROWS YOUR HAIR
Eliminates Dandruff . . . Stops Itching Scalp
We refund every cent of your money if you are not more than satisfied. Nothing to lose. "The Bald Spots are Covered with New Hair," writes E. I., among many others. Send NOW for FREE information in plain sealed envelope without any obligation. **SLAVIN CO., Dept. A 209 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.**

Jack Slavin *Before Treatments* Jack Slavin *After Treatments*

Ramon Molina scored another impressive victory by easily defeating Chocolatico Reglano. Molina is another worthy contender for the Cuban title.

My annual ratings follow:
HEAVYWEIGHT—Goyito Rico.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Benito Malpica, Lucio Morejon, Angel Sanchez.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Antonio Dominguez, Antonio Horas, Kid Tunero.
WELTERWEIGHTS — Relampago Saguero, Henry Santos, Castor Fernandez.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Criso Perez, Ramon Molina, Chocolatico Reglano.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Gilbert Castillo, Joaquin Torregrosa, Conrado Conde.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Divino Rueda, Mario Kid Sanchez, Kid Montana.
FLYWEIGHTS—Rafael Valdes, Antonio Santana, Joe Arguelles.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

WHEN Jeff Dickson blossomed forth as a European promoter he acquired the prefix of Lucky. Within the past few weeks this seems to have deserted him and he has had several bad houses.

His latest unsuccessful venture at the Albert Hall was the failure of Jackie Brown, the Manchester holder of the world's flyweight championship to put in an appearance against Dick Corbett, the ex-bantam champion of Great Britain. At the weighing in, Brown was inside the stipulated limit and Corbett was announced by the Board of Control official as also being within the weight, but Dave Lumiansky, the champ's American manager, was not satisfied and when Brown's manager refused to have him again weighed Lumiansky refused to allow his man to go on. Jeff Dickson was ill at Neuilly, just outside Paris, and he was not present at his promotion, otherwise the fiasco might have been averted.

The supporting contests were full of interest, Harry Smith, Chicago middleweight now campaigning on the continent, was brought over by Lew Burston and stopped Willie Unwin, the South African blond Tiger in six rounds. Jock McAvoy, the Rochdale middle, tipped as Len Harvey's successor, outpointed a tough German, Hans Seifried, in ten rounds. The best bout of the night was a six-round preliminary in which Freddy Mitchell, hard hitting Dartmouth lightweight, outpointed Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park).

Larry Gains, Empire Champion, made his third appearance at the Ring, London, and knocked out, per programme, the newest and brightest German prospect, Herman Jaspers, in three stanzas. Six days previous Gains had knocked out a French novice, Marcel Moret, in 35 seconds at Bradford.

Archie Sexton, hard hitting Bethnal Green middle, stopped Stan Waller, Cambridge, in eleven rounds at Bournemouth. Although Sexton lost his chance for a middleweight title fight by losing to Jack Casey, he is determined to have another crack and is taking on all comers.

Al Brown crossed from Paris to Sheffield to beat Dick Burke easily on points over ten rounds in aid of the local poor kiddies' fund.

Mickey McGuire, who knocked out Young Perez in two rounds when the latter was world's flyweight champion and beat Jackie Brown on points recently, is hot on Brown's tail for a shot at the title. If the champion keeps on refusing him, McGuire contemplates a trip to the States to prove himself the best bantam in the world.

Fred Webster, ex-lightweight champion who is now boxing as a welter, is coming back to form. On his last appearance at the Ring he defeated George Willis, a Newcastle welter, and did exceedingly well.

Johnny McMillan, the Scotch lad who created a good impression in the States last year, was surprisingly beaten by the Canadian, Jackie Johnston, at the New Liverpool Stadium which has been capturing some big matches since opening late in the year. McMillan, in his first contest on his return to Scotland, knocked out that sturdy Liverpool battler, Dom Volante, in seven rounds.

Seaman Watson, who caused one of the biggest sensations English boxing circles have known for years by taking the British featherweight title away from Nel Tarleton, beat Luigi Quadrini, (Italy), on a foul in four rounds at Newcastle. Watson is in New York for a world's championship match with Kid Chocolate.

Tom Tucker, Bamber Bridge heavyweight, who looks like one of the old-time knuckle fighters, is the gamest and most chivalrous man in the English ring today. He had another of his great fights at the Crystal Palace recently, this time against Leo Bandias. The latter's eye was badly cut in the last round and Tucker refused to play upon the injury. The bout was a draw.

Jack Garland, a year or two ago one of the best lightweights in the country, lost his Irish championship to Jackie Flynn in Belfast.

After Reggie Meen won the heavyweight title he lost four bouts off the reel including his title to Jack Petersen. At Leicester he put up a very poor showing when defeating Bob Carvill, a good second class cruiser.

Stoker Reynolds, the Portsmouth welter who will soon meet Jack Hood for the 147-pound title, had an easy job in his home town, winning every one of ten rounds against Young Ellis of Wales.

One of the best bantam fights seen in England since Digger Stanley outpointed Charles Ledoux, twenty-one years ago, was the verdict of the critics, when Dave Crowley took the Southern area bantamweight championship away from Billy Lewis, the two-handed Bethnal Green fighter, at The Ring, London.

Crowley subsequently met Johnny King, the holder of the 118-pound title in the latter's home town, Manchester, in a ten-round non-titular bout and 'tis said he was unlucky to have been declared the loser by Referee Jimmy Wilde.

The Friday before the Brown-Corbett fiasco, Jackie popped over to Charleroi, Belgium, and confirmed two previous point wins over Degand, their champion.

Jim Maharg, the Scottish flyweight champion, lost his title to Jim Campbell on a disqualification in eight rounds. A couple of months previously Maharg had lost to Jackie Brown on a foul also in the eighth round in a British championship fight.

We have a useful junior welterweight in Moe Moss of Stepney who is but 19 years of age. Young Moss is a miniature Kid Berg and we hope that when he is 21 he will go one better than Berg and fetch home the welterweight title. Moss is the toughest and fastest two-hand slugger at his weight in Britain boxing today.

Moss's stable companion, 18-year-old Kid Farlo, is one of the fastest lightweights in the country. This youngster has had a couple of minor setbacks lately but he is another of whom we have great hopes.

My ratings of the English boys for the year, follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack Petersen (Champion); Jack Pettifer, Charlie Smith, Jack Doyle, Reggie Meen.

CRUISERWEIGHTS—Jack Petersen (Champion); Eddie Phillips, Lauri Raiteri.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Len Harvey (Champion); Jack Casey, Archie Sexton, Jock McAvoy.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack Hood (Champion); George Rose, Stoker Reynolds, Fred Webster.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Johnny Cuthbert (Champion); Johnny McMillan, Dom Voltante, Jim Learoyd, Billy Quinlan.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Seaman Watson (Champion); Nel Tarleton, Dan McGarry, Tommy Hyams, Benny Sharkey.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Johnny King (Champion); Dick Corbett, Dave Crowley, Bill Lewis, Len Beynon.

FLYWEIGHTS—Jackie Brown (Champion); Mickey McGuire, Bert Kirby, Jim Maharg, Jim Campbell.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

VALENTIN ANGELMANN, who gave Frankie Genaro a hard fifteen-round battle when the latter was in his prime, met the second-rate Filipino flyweight, Joe Mendiola, at the Paris Ring in a ten-round bout and, while the verdict rightly went to Angelmann, he just won by a few points.

Frentz Machtens, champion featherweight of Belgium, defeated the French boxer, Maurice Holtzer, in a ten-round bout at the Salle Wagram, of Paris. It was the first time that the French champion won a bout in Paris.

Harry Smith, the negro boxer, in his two starts made in Paris, was made to look like a novice. If Smith is any criterion of American "middles," the class must be at a very low ebb. There are half a dozen at his weight in France who can take his number. His last fight was against Lebrize, a third rater, who gave Smith a bad beating. The latter was disqualified in the seventh round for holding and butting.

Stanley, the American schoolboy, who is studying in France, who, by the way, won a "Golden Glove" tournament in America at the middleweight poundage, had his fourth competition since arriving in France at the Salle Wagram against the French battler, Marcel Prilleux, and he won. Stanley has won four matches here. Featherweight Ben Said defeated the French lad, Mantini, in a six-round bout on points.

Len Harvey, the British middleweight champion, and Glen Moody, the champion of Wales, met in a scheduled fifteen-round bout at Plymouth, England. The referee stopped the bout in the sixth session and awarded the decision to Harvey. The bout was too one-sided. During the rounds the Welshman was sent down for half a dozen counts.

Jackie Brown, of Manchester, who is now handled by Dave Lumiansky, the pilot of Al Brown, winner over the French champion, Pereez, journeyed to Charleroi, Belgium, and defeated Emile Degand, the Belgium flyweight champion, in a ten-round contest.

Al Brown, bantamweight champion of the world, fought to a disappointing ten-round draw with Henri Scillie, former Belgian featherweight king. The bout was marred by holding, and Brown showed little activity after the first few rounds. Both men were guilty of constant fouling and they were received with hoots from the crowd.

Mico, the Spanish lightweight, won a close victory on points at Paris Ring, beating Heintz, Germany, by a last round rally. Heintz had held Mico close, even up to the tenth round.

Cleto Locatelli, clever Italian lightweight, who recently won a furious battle with Nekolny, the Czech welter, in Paris, lost his European title at Brussels to Sybille. The transfer of the crown was due, however, to a mistake rather than the Belgian's superiority. After two fast opening rounds, Locatelli and Sybille engaged in a savage set-to in the third, during which one of the champion's punches slid off the challenger's glove and struck low. Sybille was carried to his corner and, after a brief conference, the judges disqualified Locatelli for an unintentional foul. In a previous bout, Petit-Biquet, Belgium, captured the European bantam crown, defeating Carlo Flix, Spain, in a rousing contest.

Grizzo, the Italian heavyweight, won a point decision against Casimir, Poland, in the main bout at Central Sporting Club. A knockout was expected, but Casimir was too tough.

Walter Neusel, the clever German heavyweight boxer, added another victim to his belt when he defeated his countryman, Schoenrath, inside the scheduled number of rounds. The contest was held in the Palais des Sports of Berlin.

Cleto Locatelli doesn't agree with Kid Berg's appetite. Berg turned down an offer to meet the European lightweight champion at the Royal Albert Hall on December 22.

Ignacio Ara, the European champion middleweight, native of Spain, lost a keen match to Marcel Thil here. I have seen Thil against many of his opponents and, to my way of thinking, Ara is the best man he has ever met. It was a fine contest and it was well received by a crowd which packed the Palais.

Kid Tunero, the Cuban, put up a fine contest against the powerful hitter, John Anderson, of Sweden. The Cuban had the misfortune to receive a bad cut over the nose in the opening session, which bothered him all through the other nine rounds. The contest was a close one, with the judges unable to make a decision, calling same a draw.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

FREDDIE CARUSO beat Kid Stanley in the star bout at the Hudson A. A. Joe Micelli shaded Johnny Clarke. Jimmy Pisano kayoed Adam Ramsky in the fourth round, while Jack Stanley triumphed over Jake Augustine in the other bouts of the night.

Charlie Horn defeated Rosco Manning in 10 rounds at Paterson.

Cal McCarthy of Jersey City won over Billy Ross in a 10-rounder at Wheeling, West Virginia.

After a layoff of eight months due to a broken arm, Jimmy Wilson, full-blooded Iroquois Indian, is in hard training again for a strenuous campaign which his manager has mapped up for him.

Irish "Chuck" Connors, sensational red-headed lightweight from Hoboken, was awarded an eight-round decision from Eddie Wolfe at Reading, Pa.

In one of the roughest bouts witnessed here, Joey Ferrando got the decision over Young Zazzarino. In the semifinal, Willie Lewis, sensational colored welterweight from Jersey City, outpointed Nick Cuspito. In other bouts Al Damiani finished Al Kenny in one round; Young Johnny Curtin scored a sensational K.O. over Kid Duco in the fourth round; Al Tarantino drew with Damasco Deda, and Lee Cox outpointed Bobby Maguire.

Steve Chelsoc of Jersey City lost a close six-round decision to Curley Lasasso at Georgie Ward's club in Orange and Eddie Durino lost to Bobby Hamilton.

Lou Lombardi finished the year with a 100-per-cent record, with a win over Georgie Goldberg at the Oakland. Bucky Keyes lost a 10-round decision to Ernie Ratner. In a whirlwind six-rounder, Freddie Grasso, great little fighter from Union City, beat Young Johnny Duff. Johnny Cashman beat Sammy Obberman in a six.

Ratings of Hudson County fighters for the year follow:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Stanley Poreda, Phil Johnson, Steve Chelsoc.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Charlie Horn, Freddie Caruso, Nicky Williams.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Dom Rizzo, Willie Lewis, Nicky Cuspito.

WELTERWEIGHT—Willie Lewis, Lee Cox, Sammy Rello.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Lou Lombardi, Young Zazzarino, Frankie Carlton.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Allie Fedesco, Al Tarantino, Young Johnny Curtin.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Young Johnny Curtin, Kid Duco, Joe Simonetti.

FLYWEIGHT—None.

The best looking prospect is Irish Chuck Connors.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

MY selections for this city as the year's best boxers follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Johnny Risko, Eddie Simms, Jack Pallet.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS — Patsy Perroni, George Pavlick, Bruna Sala.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Gorilla Jones, Tommy Freeman and Paul Pirrone.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Joey Goodman, Marty McHale and Ray VanHook.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Billy Wallace, Eddie Lord, Lee Sheappard.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Frankie Wallace, Johnny Farr and Phil Zwick.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Ross Fields, Jimmy Vaughn, Jimmy Thomas.

FLYWEIGHTS—Babe Triscara, Willie Davies, Frankie Kid Anslem.

Johnny Risko has defeated Mickey Walker, Tuffy Griffiths and King Levinsky here and stands out over all the rest.

Eddie Simms has knocked out Angus Snyder, and has been a consistent winner, and looks like a real comer here.

Jack Pallett has won 15 of his last 17 fights as a pro, being in big demand since he knocked out Hank Hankerson at Akron, Ohio, in one round. Hankerson is the young Akron heavyweight who came within an ace of knocking out the great Jack Dempsey at Akron last March.

The best prospect here in my opinion, is Joey Goodman.

Ed Bang's Second Annual Xmas News Fund Show was held at the Public Auditorium and drew a gate of $19,727, netting $1500 for the kiddies of Cleveland. The card was the usual gift of Uncle Ed—as he put on four tens, an eight, and a four, for his public—with patron tickets selling at $15, down to one buck.

Eddie Bojack, and Sammy Taylor, opened the show with a smashing four-round bout which Davis won.

Phil Zwick, looking ring shy, should have scored a knockout over Pete Nebo, the Indian youth, but failed to follow up his opportunities and let Nebo take the play away from him—it was a rather close fight, but a good decision, as Pete outscored and outgeneraled him.

Eddie Simms was outgamed by Adolf Heuser in a gruelling fight, and in another, Tom Heeney and Patsy Pirroni went the limit, with Patsy winning on points. Sammy Slaughter knocked out Paul Pirrone in the fourth round. It was a humdinger of a fight while it lasted. Slaughter has the earmarks of a real champion, watch him go.

Billy Wallace and Sammy Fuller featured the show, and their bout went the limit with Fuller winning.

Big Jack Pallet, who sprang up over night by knocking out Hank Hankerson in 42 seconds at Akron, O., on Thanksgiving night, followed it up by knocking out Eddie Botwell, the German Barberton 6-feet-4 giant, in the third round at Paul Sheeks-Firestone show.

Tedd Smith, Johnny Papke's Golden Glove lightweight champion, is about to turn pro, he has defeated all the good amateurs around the state and looks like another find for Papke.

Nick Boris has stepped into Pallet's place and is cleaning up all the heavyweights. He is picked to win the Golden Glove title of 1933.

Eddie LeRoy, Williamsport, Penn., featherweight has returned from the South and is now boxing out of Cleveland. He is anxious to box Frankie Wallace.

Rosy Rosales, the big Injun light-heavyweight, has knuckled down to hard training.

Ray VanHook, another of Frankie McGinty's good welters, will make his home in Cleveland. Frank has moved his entire stable from Pontiac and can be reached at 406 United Bank Bldg.

Jack Hennessy of Philadelphia has the two Hayes boys under his wing again, and plans on keeping them busy. Johnny Hayes and Joey Goodman would make a good fight for any of the local promoters.

Ollie and Bobby Downs are promoting amateur shows. So is Joe Tuma and Johnny Papke. The amateurs are getting a great play around Cleveland.

Jimmy Dunn, the maker of champions, is back again at the Argonne A. C. with Eagle Eye Tuma, and has moved all his fighters with him. Jimmy has a great lightweight in Micky Duris, the Johnstown, Pa., boy, and another very good bantamweight in Ross Fields. He is also tutoring Jimmy Vaughn. Vaughn is one of the sweetest crowd-pleasers in the featherweight ranks around Cleveland.

Johnny Kilbane is boxing instructor for the schools in Cleveland. He is also Cleveland's first choice referee. He gets many a call to act as third man in the ring around here.

Jimmy Avon is now promoting amateur shows at his gym on West 25th street. He also has Lou and Patsy Severo busy around the state.

Chuck Sotax, chief pilot of Jimmy Vaughn, is planning a trip to New York.

Joe Tuma has a corking good welterweight in Roger Shea. He has won his last seven fights.

Si Marsh, who is managing Joe Roske, heavyweight of Akron, has picked up a great little fighter, Young Scrutchings, lightweight from Cuba.

Frank Kelly has closed his gym at 5702 Euclid Ave. and moved all his fighters to Tuma's Argonne Gym on Superior Ave.

Jim Dowling is putting on a Xmas Fund show at Dayton, while the Peer boys of Lorain are doing likewise at Lorain.

Babe Triscaro is the class of all Cleveland flyweights.

Tommy McGinty is still after Mickey Walker to box Johnny Risko here in Cleveland.

Eddie Meade is wintering in Florida. Gone into business at Miami. Billy Stevens will handle his fighters while he is away.

K. O. Christner was stopped by Carnera at Omaha last week.

Babe Salupo knocked out Eddie Olubers in the second round at the Eagles' club. Watch this kid climb.

Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, beat Marty Simmons at Grand Rapids last month. Ten rounds.

Gorilla Jones knocked out Jackie Purvis in the third round at Akron, Ohio, last week.

Joey Goodman, is boxing around Norfolk, Va., Cleveland promoters have given up hope of bringing Jimmy Larner or Jackie Kid Berg, Petrolle or any of the big shots here to fight Joey. They all wire "NO."

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

HEREWITH is our usual rating of Sioux City boxers for the year 1932:

FLYWEIGHTS—None. Prospects, Young Slater, Young Bearcat Wright (colored), Tommy Sacco.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Newsboy Brown, Bobby O'Dowd, Harold Rogers. Prospects—Kid Jabbo (colored), Young Slater, Baby Sacco.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Babe Barnes, Newsboy Joey Rich, Jimmy Thompson. Prospects—Buddy Harris, Bobby Rogers, Leonard Monte.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Kid Rippatoe (colored), Mickey O'Donnell, Sailor Burke. Prospects—Speedy Clayton, Jimmy Johnson, Mel Rice.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Ray Mann, Bud Lymer, Kid Jobe (colored), Al Pahl, Bat Slater.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Homer Sheridan, Kid Carr, Speedy Schiaffer.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Keith Weaver, Arlo Van Buskirk, Tuffy Dial.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Tuffy Griffiths, Teddy Sandwina.

Bobby O'Dowd, popular Sioux City bantam, is making a big hit with the fans in Dallas, Texas. Since going there for the winter, O'Dowd has won over Freddie Nuncio, Paul Mendoza, and a number of others. O'Dowd is a comer and, according to the Dallas papers, he is winning his bouts with little or no effort.

Outstanding prospects for the past year here are: Keith Weaver, light-heavyweight; Ray Mann, welterweight; Bobby O'Dowd, bantamweight, and Harold Rogers, bantam. These boys look like they will do big things in 1933.

AROUND THE STATE—Hymie Wiseman and J. Lazarus are promoting shows at Newton, Iowa . . . . Johnny Fryrear is doing the same at Cedar Rapids, Iowa . . . . Billy McCoy has opened up a new gym at Jefferson, Ia. . . . . Pinkie George is matchmaker for the American Legion at Waterloo, Ia. . . . . Kid Ray Schneck, Waterloo boxer, is in Dallas, Tex., where he defeated Bert Smith of Los Angeles. Kid Luse of Leon, Ia., is out with a challenge to Ray Mann of Sioux City for the welterweight title of the state.

Newton, Ia.—Vale Falegano, Des Moines, beat Mike Brant, Newton bantam, in six; Slick Jesnick, Newton, lost to Mexican Joe Rivers in six.

Mason City, Ia.—Don Hampton, Charles City welter, beat Artie Martin, of Indianola, in eight fast rounds.

Out-of-town readers mail your notes to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. They must be in my hands by the 16th of each month.

Just What You Need

The Newly Revised 8th Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

Now Ready . . . . . Only $1.00

Every fighter, every prospective boxer, every amateur, collegian and professional, even the athlete who has no intention of taking up boxing, should possess a copy of

Nat Fleischer's Latest Revised, New

"Training for Boxers"

With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey

In addition to all of the information listed in the previous editions, the Eighth Revised Edition contains the following new chapters:

1. Your Body and How to Care for It.
2. Muscle Tensing.
3. How to Gain Weight.
4. The Kinds of Foods to Eat and Their Value.
5. Sound Advice to the Beginner.
6. What a Boxer Should Do On the Day of a Fight.

And in these chapters you will find fully discussed, in a manner that even the school boy can thoroughly digest—all written in plain, common every-day language—the following most important training topics:

1. Discussion of heart stitches, pains in the groin, coughing following heavy weight lifting and masturbation and how to overcome these ailments.
2. How to build up endurance.
3. The fighter's legs and the value of keeping them fit.
4. The rub down. How to make rub-down solutions. The best kind to use and how to use them.
5. How to strengthen the hands. How to strengthen the skin of the hands and of the face.
6. How to acquire strength.
7. Sound advice for the beginner.
8. The trainer and his duties. What he should know. How he should take charge of his pupil.

These and many other new features make the revised "Training for Boxers" by far the greatest book of its kind ever published.

Nat Fleischer's Revised Edition of "Training for Boxers"

Fill out this coupon and mail with $1.00 to **The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd St., New York City.**

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Speedy Clayton, local lightweight, defeated Jimmy Thompson in six rounds at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. . . . Frankie Pasha, head assistant to Harry Jones, local boxing promoter, is a great booster of the "Ring" magazine . . . . Frankie Spargo, Sioux Falls welter, wants a crack at Irish McKenna or Ray Mann . . . . Jimmy Thompson was knocked out in two rounds by Tommy Corbett at Omaha . . . . Adolph Olson has been chief timekeeper at nearly every boxing program in Sioux City for the past ten years . . . . Local boxers have all been busy on out-of-town cards this month . . . . Wrestling took a nose dive again here . . . . Ted Zanfes, local third man, is being kept busy on cards around the state . . . . Zanfes can be reached c/o Sioux City Police Dept. . . . . The writer wants it understood that he has no connections with the following boxers: Pee Wee Smith, Bat Sherlock, Jimmy Thompson, or Eddie Cooper . . . . Sailor Burke, local lightweight, is fighting in old-time form again . . . . Tuffy Dial and Mel Rice are in the South . . . . Don't forget, the "Ring" wants your picture along with any news of interest. Mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. . . . Harry Jones is the only active promoter here, and he can be reached c/o Sioux City *Journal* . . . . Owing to lack of space, we have to hold out a number of the notes this month.

THE PLACE WHERE ALL SPORTSMEN GO

ON BOXING AND WRESTLING NIGHTS, GO WHERE THE CROWD GOES

The Sportsmen's Rendezvous

Special arrangements made for accommodating boxers, wrestlers, managers, promoters.

In NEW YORK

it's the

FORREST HOTEL

WEST FORTY-NINTH STREET

(Just off Broadway)

Telephone, Chickering 4—7070

$2.50 Single | $3.50 Double

Suites for parties of two or more

$6.00 and up

Club Breakfast 25c up. Luncheon 65c.
DeLuxe Dinner $1.00

All meals served in room without extra charge

JAMES A. FLOOD, Manager

NOT THE LARGEST HOTEL IN TIMES SQUARE, BUT ONE OF THE FINEST

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

IT remained for two outsiders to wage the type of battle fans want to see. Jules Beck of Motor Square Garden nabbed the fight in question, that involving two lightweight Tonys—Herrera of Chicago, and Falco from Philadelphia. Both lads were evenly matched in the scientific departments of the game. Falco took the first five rounds. A speedy and timely rally by Herrera was sufficient to earn him the verdict.

Frankie Bojorski again defeated Sid Silas, in the semifinal eight. Pee Wee Jarrell whipped lanky Freddie Edwards and Johnny Riske knocked out Amos "Bearcat" Jones.

Lew Raymond of the Arena A. C., which is situated on the north side, had some fine shows. Lew found a suddenly-cropped-up "natural" in the Teddy Yarosz-Jack King bout. Yarosz was declared the winner after a hard battle. Tony Herrera and Joe Marcus were victorious in a double bill, the victims being Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia and Jackie Willis of the same city, respectively. Little Jimmy Thomas, often mentioned favorably in the column, upset the dope by lacing Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantamweight champion, in a fast-punching battle, an event of ten rounds.

In the earlier show at Motor Square Garden, Eddie Kid Wolfe opposed the "clown-prince of fisticuffs," Pee Wee Jarrell—and what a bout it was! The Fort Wayne welterweight jibed and jestered his path to what was an overwhelming triumph when suddenly in the eighth round Wolfe slipped one through Pee Wee's guard, thus calling a halt to the evening's entertainment.

Lew Raymond stages an occasional "new-talent" show in the Arena in addition to the regular Friday night shows there. A dozen or so bouts round out the bill which includes amateur graduates, prelim battlers and what not.

My rankings of local boys who have boxed locally during the past year follow. These ratings are based on the year's accomplishments.

HEAVYWEIGHT—George Panka, Emmett Rocco, Frank Novak, Leo Clements, Carl Gross.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Bruno Sala, Sunny Jim McVey, Lloyd Clements, Tom Farrow, Bill Klaas, Chuck Mullins.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Buck McTiernan, Lee Sala, Jack Wilson, Anson Green, Carl Montebano, Jimmy Moore, Indian Tiger West, Casey Rhodes, Billy Brent, Billy Flannigan, Johnny Riske, Al Becker, Tony Constantine, Billy Nichy, Jack Snyder.

WELTERWEIGHT—Teddy Yarosz, Jimmy Belmont, Davey Grove, Tiger Joe Randall, Young Rudy, Billy Holt, Joey Spiegal, General Burr, Marty McHale, Tom Malco, Ray Windbush, Max Elling, Young Joe Walcott, Patsy Wallace.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Battling Gizzy, Joe Marcus, Charley Baxter, Patsy Hennigan, Don Asto, Marty Gornick, Eddie Hebner, Eddie Brannon, Eddie Zivic, Johnny Hazel, Joey Severino, Johnny Durso, Al Farone.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Jackie Wilson, Moss Butch, Steve Senich, Jackie Rodgers, Fritzie Zivic, Jerry Clements, Sammy Asto, Bill Criggan, Shorty Washko, Johnny Woods.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Mose Butch, Jimmy Thomas, Willie Davies, Tony Marino, Nat Litfin.

IN AND AROUND THE CITY WITH MEMBERS OF THE CAULIFLOWER BRIGADE . . . . Al Fay, the 200-pounder from Charleroi, Pa., is still with Walker and Kearns . . . . the promoters ought to persuade Fay to box Panka for the local supremacy . . . . Lew Raymond, our Gotham-imported matchmaker, likes the town more'n ever . . . . Jack London, handler of Mose Butch, finds it difficult to keep his fighter busy . . . . all because wee Mose is a southpaw . . . . Bunny Buntach tacked another pug to his fast-growing string . . . . This one's Johnny Roberts from Huntington, West Va. . . . . the same Roberts who fought Joe Dundee when the Oriole was boss of the welters . . . . Eddie Borden (THE RING Eddie) has a splendid heavyweight in Charley Massare . . . . Charley's from East Monongahela, Pennsylvania . . . . and went to New York to make good . . . . he has boxed twice locally, stopping Jack Kearns and gave K. O. Christner a tough fight . . . . Jules Beck, who tells "who fights who" at Motor Square Garden, is one of the best matchmakers in the country . . . . The district boasts of some fine talent amongst the smaller fellows . . . . namely, Mose Butch, Jackie Wilson, Willie Davies, Eddie Zivic, Fritzie Zivic, Tony Marino and last but by no means the least—Jimmy Thomas . . . . Luke Carney, district trainer and handler of boxers, is guiding the young Zivic boys, Eddie and Fritz, up the pugilistic ladder . . . . Long, so long back, we had Jack Zivic, "the bearcat of the ring," and brother Pete, a good featherweight . . . . and now the new edition of the Zivic brothers arrives . . . . Jimmy Belmont, the slugging welterweight from Braddock, is one of the toughest battlers in the district . . . . Jimmy fights anybody regardless of how hard or how tough they may be . . . . he got a draw against Jackie Fields just before Fields regained the world crown.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT

By BOB RILEY

FIVE St. Louis warriors have invaded the Southland for the winter and, from press dispatches, are proving their superiority over all opposition. The five fighters, Dave Barry, featherweight; Lou Terry, lightweight; Chick Rains and Tom Hambrick, light-heavyweights, and Johnny Miles, heavyweight, have been headquartering at Savannah, Ga., since the middle of October and all of them are in constant demand by Southern promoters.

The records compiled by these scrappers since their invasion follow:

Dave Barry knocked out Baby Miller in two, and decisively defeated Ray Schnider, Jimmy Simpson and Sammy Lucas. This brings Barry's complete record up to 54 fights and 51 victories. He has never been stopped.

Lou Terry dropped interesting scuffles to Chino Alvarez and Battling Shaw via the decision route, and soundly thrashed Charley DeCaro. Terry dropped Shaw twice in ten rounds. Terry now has had 94 fights and has kayoed 34 opponents, lost 14 decisions and had 69 adversaries on the floor for a count. Lou has never been down for a count and has never been stopped.

Chick Rains travelled 3500 miles from San Francisco to meet Joe Knight at Savannah and blew the duke in ten rounds. Arturo Goduy scored a T.K.O. over Rains in five rounds when the doctor ordered Chick's bout stopped, fearing that the St. Louisan had suffered a dislocated jaw.

Tom Hambrick, former Mississippian who has adopted St. Louis as his home, received a draw in ten rounds with Russ Rowsey, though newspaper accounts clearly show Hambrick the winner of a vicious punching duel, and knocked out Billy Stallings in five rounds of a hotly contested match. Hambrick has won 9, knocked out 14, drawn 2, and lost 4 in a total of 28 battles. He has never been knocked down.

Johnny Miles whipped Charley Arthurs and Andy Commings and belted out Charley Scherer in seven. Miles also trounced Joe King, according to the sports writers, but the referee's award was a draw. This brings Johnny's total to 16 pro encounters and 16 triumphs.

In St. Louis there has been only one indoor show in which Jack Tippett, blind matchmaker and promoter, paired John Schwake, Webster Grove's heavyweight, with Primo Carnera in the feature ten-rounder. Carnera fouled Schwake in the second round, but after a 30-minute rest, the local mastodon returned to the fray, only to lose on a knockout in the seventh. Other bouts on the card: Allen Mathews, Negro middleweight, won from Benny Deathpain, six rounds; Eddie Edson licked George Daw in another middleweight six-rounder; Joe Huff and Nick Broglio drew in a six-round welterweight skirmish; Les Schulte knocked out Jack Adams in four rounds of a scheduled six-round heavyweight bout.

Receipts for the match were encouraging, as the gross exceeded $7500.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis, Mo.

"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

By JOHNNY ENNIS

PLEASANT will be the memories of 1932. Boxing in the past year reached its peak here with plenty of good material and loyal customers.

Selecting the past year's leading boxers, three in each class, so far as the Head of the Lakes and vicinity are concerned, finds Duluth, Minn., again leading with eight representatives; Superior—second, with five; Proctor, Minn.—third, with three; Ashland, Wis.—fourth, with two; while Virginia, Minn., and Cromwell, Minn., are fifth, with one each.

This is my rating:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Charley Retzlaff, Norman Reykdahl, Ronny Schroeder.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Mickey Stanfield, Larry West, Everett Gay.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Mel Coleman, Andy Puglisi, Johnny Erjavec.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Izzy Levine, Eddie Ruidle, Young Lahti.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Billy Petrolle, Gordy Harmon, Sammy Gallup.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Billy O'Brine, Harry Rankin, Dick Secord.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Kingfish Dodo.

FLYWEIGHTS—No selection.

Our outstanding boxer for 1932 is Billy Petrolle of Duluth.

Gordon Harmon, six-foot lightweight, Wisconsin National Guard champ, looks the most promising of the younger crop. This 18-year-old youth will carry his name deep into the Big Show should he accept boxing as his vocation.

DID YOU EXPECT—Izzy Levine's one-side win over Nick Lahti . . . . That a human could possess the endurance of Young Lahti . . . . Gordon Harmon's K.O. over Freddie Puglisi . . . . The comeback of the popularity of boxing in Superior . . . . The masterly promotion of boxing at Ashland, Wis.